

EVANGELICAL UNION

HYMNAL

To

The Rev. Sylvanus D. Phelps, D. D.

With the warmest thanks
of the Committee.

July. 1848.

THE
EVANGELICAL UNION
HYMNAL

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GLASGOW
THOMAS D. MORISON
1878

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H Y M N A L.

I.—GOD.

1

1112, 1210. Ir.

*"They rest not day and night, saying,
Holy, holy, holy."*

1 HOLY, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty,
Early in the morning our song shall
rise to thee;
Holy, holy, holy, merciful and mighty,
God in three persons, blessed Trinity.

2 Holy, holy, holy, all the saints adore
thee,
Casting down their golden crowns
around the glassy sea;
Cherubim and seraphim falling down
before thee,
Which wert, and art, and evermore
shalt be.

3 Holy, holy, holy, though the darkness
hide thee,
Though the eye of sinful man thy
glory may not see,
Only thou art holy, there is none beside
thee,
Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

4 Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty,
All thy works shall praise thy name,
in earth and sky and sea;
Holy, holy, holy, merciful and mighty,
God in three persons, blessed Trinity.

Bishop Reginald Heber. 1827.

2

L.M.

*"The Lord, not far from every one
of us."*

1 FATHER and Friend, thy light, thy love,
Beaming through all thy works we
see;
Thy glory gilds the heavens above,
And all the earth is full of thee,

B

2 Thy voice we hear, thy presence feel,
Whilst thou, too pure for mortal sight,
Involved in clouds, invisible,
Reignest the Lord of life and light.

3 We know not in what hallowed part
Of the wide heavens thy throne may
be,
But this we know, that where thou art,
Strength, wisdom, goodness dwell
with thee.

4 And through the various ways of time,
And through the infinity of space,
We follow thy career sublime,
And all thy wondrous footsteps trace.

5 Thy children shall not faint or fear,
Sustained by this delightful thought,—
Since thou their God art everywhere,
They cannot be where thou art not.

Sir John Bowring. 1824.

3

88, 88, 88.

"Search me, O God, and know my heart."

1 SEARCHER of hearts, to thee are known
The inmost secrets of my breast;
At home, abroad, in crowds, alone,
Thou mark'st my rising and my rest,
My thoughts far off, through every maze,
Source, stream, and issue,—all my ways.

2 How from thy presence should I go,
Or whither from thy Spirit flee,
Since all above, around, below,
Exist in thine immensity?
If up to heaven I take my way,
I meet thee in eternal day.

3 How precious are thy thoughts of peace,
O God, to me, how great the sum;
New every morn, they never cease;
They were, they are, and yet shall
come;
In number and in compass, more
Than ocean's sands or ocean's shore.

1

- 4 Search me, O God, and know my heart;
Try me, my inmost soul survey;
And warn thy servant to depart
From every false and evil way:
So shall thy truth my guidance be
To life and immortality.

James Montgomery. 1822.

4 77,77,77,77.

"Holy, holy, holy is the Lord of hosts."

- 1 Holy, holy, holy Lord
God of hosts, when heaven and earth,
Out of darkness, at thy word,
Issued into glorious birth,
All thy works before thee stood,
And thine eye beheld them good,
While they sang with sweet accord,
Holy, holy, holy Lord.

- 2 Holy, holy, holy, thee,
One Jehovah evermore,
Father, Son, and Spirit, we,
Dust and ashes, would adore;
Lightly by the world esteemed,
From that world by thee redeemed,
Sing we here, with glad accord,
Holy, holy, holy Lord.

- 3 Holy, holy, holy, all
Heaven's triumphant choirs shall
sing,
When the ransomed nations fall
At the footstool of their King:
Then shall saints and seraphim,
Hearts and voices, swell one hymn,
Round the throne with full accord,
Holy, holy, holy Lord.

James Montgomery. 1836.

5 C.M.

*"O Lord, our Lord, how excellent is thy
name in all the earth."*

- 1 O LORD, how good, how great art thou,
In heaven and earth the same;
There angels at thy footstool bow,
Here babes thy grace proclaim.

- 2 When glorious in the nightly sky
The countless worlds I see,
O what is man, I wondering cry,
To be so loved by thee.

- 3 To him thou hourly deign'st to give
New mercies from on high;
Didst quit thy throne with him to live,
For him in pain to die.

- 4 Close to thine own bright seraphim
His favoured path is trod,
And all beside are serving him,
That he may serve his God.

- 5 O Lord, how good, how great art thou,
In heaven and earth the same;
There angels at thy footstool bow,
Here babes thy grace proclaim.

Henry Francis Lyte. 1834.

6 L.M.

*"The earth is full of the goodness of the
Lord."*

- 1 Yes, God is good; in earth and sky,
From ocean-depths and spreading
wood,
Ten thousand voices seem to cry,
God made us all, and God is good.

- 2 The sun that keeps his trackless way,
And downward pours his golden flood,
Night's sparkling hosts,—all seem to
say,
In accents clear, that God is good.

- 3 The merry birds prolong the strain,
Their song with every spring renewed;
And balmy air and falling rain,
Each softly whispers, God is good.

- 4 I hear it in the rushing breeze;
The hills that have for ages stood,
The echoing sky and roaring seas,
All swell the chorus, God is good.

- 5 Yes, God is good, all nature says,
By God's own hand with speech
endued;
And man, in louder notes of praise,
Should sing for joy that God is good.

- 6 For all thy gifts we bless thee, Lord;
But chiefly for our heavenly food;
Thy pardoning grace, thy quickening
word,
These prompt our song that God is
good.

John Hampden Gurney. 1833.

7 77,77,77.

"God is Love."

- 1 EARTH, with her ten thousand flowers,
Air, with all its beams and showers,

Ocean's infinite expanse,
Heaven's resplendent countenance,
All around, and all above,
Hath this record, God is love.

2 Sounds among the vales and hills,
In the woods and by the rills,
Of the breeze, and of the bird,
By the gentle summer stirred,
All these songs, beneath, above,
Have one burden, God is love.

3 All the hopes and fears that start
From the fountain of the heart,
All the quiet bliss that lies
In our human sympathies,
These are voices from above,
Sweetly whispering, God is love.

Thomas Rawson Taylor. 1828.

8 *"God is wisdom, God is love."*

87,87.

1 God is love; his mercy brightens
All the path in which we rove;
Bliss he wakes, and woe he lightens:
God is wisdom, God is love.

2 Chance and change are busy ever;
Man decays and ages move;
But his mercy waneth never:
God is wisdom, God is love.

3 E'en the hour that darkest seemeth
Will his changeless goodness prove;
From the mist his brightness streameth:
God is wisdom, God is love.

He with earthly cares entwineth
Hope and comfort from above;
Everywhere his glory shineth:
God is wisdom, God is love.

Sir John Bowring. 1825.

9 *"Thy great goodness."*

L.M.

1 O Source divine and Life of all,
The Fount of being's fearful sea,
Thy depth would every heart appal,
That saw not love supreme in thee.

2 We shrink before thy vast abyss,
Where worlds on worlds eternal
brood;
We know thee truly but in this,
That thou bestowest all our good.

3 And so, 'mid boundless time and space
O grant us still in thee to dwell,
And through the ceaseless web to trace
Thy presence working all things well.

4 Nor let thou life's delightful play
Thy truth's transcendent vision hide
Nor strength and gladness lead astray
From thee, our nature's only Guide.

5 Bestow on every joyous thrill
Thy deeper tone of reverent awe;
Make pure thy creature's erring will,
And teach his heart to love thy law.
John Sterling. 1840.

10 *"My ways higher than your ways."* 87,87.

1 THERE'S a wideness in God's mercy,
Like the wideness of the sea;
There's a kindness in his justice,
Which is more than liberty.

2 There is no place where earth's sorrows
Are more felt than up in heaven;
There is no place where earth's failings
Have such kindly judgment given.

3 There is welcome for the sinner,
And more graces for the good;
There is mercy with the Saviour;
There is healing in his blood.

4 For the love of God is broader
Than the measures of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.

5 But we make his love too narrow
By false limits of our own;
And we magnify his strictness
With a zeal he will not own.

6 There is plentiful redemption
In the blood that has been shed;
There is joy for all the members
In the sorrows of the Head.

Frederick William Faber. 1848.

11 *"The wonders of redeeming love."* L.M.

1 How wondrous are the works of God,
Displayed through all the world abroad,
Immensely great, immensely small:
Yet one strange work exceeds them all.

GOD : HIS UNIVERSAL GRACE.

2 He formed the sun, fair fount of light;
The moon and stars to rule the night:
But night and stars and moon and sun
Are little works compared with one.

3 He rolled the seas, and spread the skies,
Made valleys sink, and mountains rise;
The meadows clothed with native green,
And bade the rivers glide between:

4 But what are seas, or skies, or hills,
Or verdant vales, or gliding rills,
To wonders man was born to prove,
The wonders of redeeming love?

Joseph Hart. 1759.

12

88,88,88.

"Ich habe nun den Grund gefunden."

1 O LOVE, thou bottomless abyss,
My sins are swallowed up in thee:
Covered is my unrighteousness,
Nor spot of guilt remains on me,
While Jesus' blood, through earth and
skies,
Mercy, free, boundless mercy, cries.

2 With faith I plunge me in this sea;
Here is my hope, my joy, my rest;
Hither, when hell assails, I flee;
I look into my Saviour's breast;
Away, sad doubt, and anxious fear;
Mercy is all that's written there.

3 Though waves and storms go o'er my
head,
Though strength and health and
friends be gone,
Though joys be withered all and dead,
Though every comfort be withdrawn,
On this my steadfast soul relies,—
Father, thy mercy never dies.

4 Fixed on this ground will I remain,
Though my heart fail and flesh decay;
This anchor shall my soul sustain
When earth's foundations melt away;
Mercy's full power I then shall prove,
Loved with an everlasting love.

Johann Andreas Rothe. 1728.

V. 1, Tr. P. H. Molther. 1740.

Tr. John Wesley. 1740.

13

L.M.

*"The grace of God, which bringeth
salvation to all men."*

1 FATHER, whose everlasting love
Thy only Son for sinners gave;
Whose grace to all did freely move,
And sent him down the world to save;

4

2 Help us thy mercy to extol,
Immense, unfathomed, unconfined;
To praise the Lamb who died for all,
The general Saviour of mankind.

3 Thy undistinguishing regard
Was cast on Adam's fallen race;
For all thou hast in Christ prepared
Sufficient, sovereign, saving grace.

4 The world he suffered to redeem,
For all he hath the atonement made;
For those that will not come to him,
The ransom of his life was paid.

5 Why then, thou universal Love,
Should any of thy grace despair?
To all thy tender mercies move,
And thy salvation all may share.

Charles Wesley. 1741.

14

888,888.

"All in our Father's house at last."

1 I say to thee, do thou repeat
To the first man thou mayest meet
In lane, highway, or open street,
That he and we and all men move
Under a canopy of love
As broad as the blue sky above;

2 That doubt and trouble, fear and pain
And anguish, all are shadows vain;
That death itself shall not remain;
That weary deserts we may tread,
A dreary labyrinth may thread,
Through dark ways under ground be
led,

3 Yet, if we will one Guide obey,
The dreariest path, the darkest way
Shall issue out in heavenly day.
And we, on divers shores now cast,
Shall meet, our perilous voyage past,
All in our Father's house at last.

Archbishop Richard Chenevix Trench.

1835.

15

C.M.

*"The grace of our Lord was exceeding
abundant."*

1 INFINITE, unexhausted Love,
Jesus and Love are one,
If still to me thy mercies move,
They are restrained to none.

2 What shall I do, my God to love?
My loving God to praise?

GOD : OUR PORTION.

The length, and breadth, and height
to prove,
And depth of sovereign grace?

- 3 Thy sovereign grace to all extends,
Immense and unconfined;
From age to age it never ends;
It reaches all mankind.
- 4 Throughout the world its breadth is
known,
Wide as infinity:
So wide, it never passed by one,
Or it had passed by me.
- 5 My trespass was grown up to heaven;
But far above the skies,
In Christ abundantly forgiven,
I see thy mercies rise.

Charles Wesley. 1749.

16 77,77,77,77.

"Whom have I in heaven but thee?"

- 1 Lord of earth, thy forming hand
Well this beauteous frame hath
planned,
Woods that wave, and hills that tower,
Ocean rolling in his power,
Yet, amidst this scene so fair,
Should I cease thy smile to share,
What were all its joys to me?
Whom have I on earth but thee?
- 2 Lord of heaven, beyond our sight
Rolls a world of purer light;
There, in love's unclouded reign,
Parted hands shall clasp again;
O that world is passing fair;
Yet, if thou were absent there,
What were all its joys to me?
Whom have I in heaven but thee?
- 3 Lord of earth and heaven, my breast
Seeks in thee its only rest;
I was lost; thy accents mild
Homeward lured thy wandering child:
O if once thy smile divine
Ceased upon my soul to shine,
What were earth or heaven to me?
Whom have I in each but thee?

Sir Robert Grant. 1839.

17 C.M.D. Ir.

"Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently."

- 1 My heart is resting, O my God,
I will give thanks and sing;
My heart is at the secret source
Of every precious thing.

Now the frail vessel thou hast made
No hand but thine shall fill;
For the waters of the earth have failed,
And I am thirsty still.

- 2 I thirst for springs of heavenly life,
And here all day they rise;
I seek the treasure of thy love,
And close at hand it lies.
And a new song is in my mouth
To long-loved music set;
Glory to thee for all the grace
I have not tasted yet.
- 3 Glory to thee for strength withheld,
For want and weakness known;
And the fear that sends me to thy breast
For what is most my own.
I have a heritage of joy
That yet I must not see;
But the hand that bled to make it mine
Is keeping it for me.
- 4 My heart is resting, O my God,
My heart is in thy care;
I hear the voice of joy and health
Resounding everywhere.
Thou art my portion, saith my soul,
Ten thousand voices say;
And the music of their glad Amen
Will never die away.

Anna Lætitia Waring. 1858.

18 77,77.

"O give thanks unto the Lord."

- 1 LET us, with a gladsome mind,
Praise the Lord, for he is kind;
For his mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.
- 2 Who, with all-commanding might,
Filled the new-made world with light;
For his mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.
- 3 He his chosen race did bless
In the wasteful wilderness;
For his mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.
- 4 He hath, with a piteous eye,
Looked upon our misery;
For his mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.
- 5 All things living he doth feed,
With full hand supplies their need;
For his mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

- 6 Let us therefore warble forth
His high majesty and worth;
For his mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

John Milton. 1624.

19

L.M.

"The Father of lights."

- 1 LORD of all being; throned afar,
Thy glory flames from sun and star;
Centre and soul of every sphere,
Yet to each loving heart how near.
- 2 Sun of our life, thy quickening ray
Sheds on our path the glow of day;
Star of our hope, thy softened light
Cheers the long watches of the night.
- 3 Our midnight is thy smile withdrawn;
Our noontide is thy gracious dawn;
Our rainbow arch thy mercy's sign;
All, save the clouds of sin, are thine.
- 4 Lord of all life, below, above,
Whose light is truth, whose warmth is love,
Before thy ever-blazing throne
We ask no lustre of our own.
- 5 Grant us thy truth to make us free,
And kindling hearts that burn for thee,
Till all thy living altars claim
One holy light, one heavenly flame.

Oliver Wendell Holmes. 1848.

20

C.M.

"Yet, the Lord thinketh upon me."

- 1 My God, how wonderful thou art,
Thy majesty how bright,
How beautiful thy mercy-seat
In depths of burning light.
- 2 O how I fear thee, living God,
With deepest, tenderest fears,
And worship thee with trembling hope,
And penitential tears.
- 3 Yet I may love thee too, O Lord,
Almighty as thou art,
For thou hast stooped to ask of me
The love of my poor heart.
- 4 No earthly father loves like thee,
No mother half so mild
Bears and forbears, as thou hast done
With me, thy sinful child.

- 5 Only to sit and think of God,
O what a joy it is,
To think the thought, to breathe the
name;
Earth has no higher bliss.

- 6 Father of Jesus, love's Reward,
What rapture will it be,
Prostrate before thy throne to lie,
And gaze and gaze on thee.

Frederick William Faber. 1849.

21

88, 6, 88, 6.

"Praise the Lord, for he is good."

- 1 My God, thy boundless love I praise;
How bright on high its glories blaze,
How sweetly bloom below:
It streams from thine eternal throne;
Through heaven its joys for ever run,
And o'er the earth they flow.
- 2 'Tis love that paints the purple morn,
And bids the clouds, in air upborne,
Their genial drops distil;
In every vernal beam it glows,
And breathes in every gale that blows,
And glides in every rill.
- 3 It robes in cheerful green the ground,
And pours its flowery beauties round,
Whose sweets perfume the gale;
Its bounties richly spread the plain,
—The blushing fruit, the golden grain,—
And smile on every vale.
- 4 Then let the love that makes me blessed
With cheerful praise inspire my breast,
And ardent gratitude;
And all my thoughts and passions tend
To thee, my Father, and my Friend,
My soul's eternal Good.

Henry Moore. 1806.

22

55, 55, 65, 65. 1r.

"Thou art clothed with majesty."

- 1 O WORSHIP the King
All glorious above,
O gratefully sing
His power and his love,
Our Shield and Defender,
The Ancient of days,
Pavilioned in splendour
And girded with praise.

2 O tell of his might,
O sing of his grace,
Whose robe is the light,
Whose canopy space.
His chariots of wrath
Deep thunder-clouds form,
And dark is his path
On the wings of the storm.

3 This earth, with its store
Of wonders untold,
Almighty, thy power
Hath founded of old;
Hath stablished it fast
By a changeless decree.
And round it hath cast
Like a mantle, the sea.

4 Thy bountiful care
What tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air,
It shines in the light,
It streams from the hills,
It descends to the plain,
And sweetly distils
In the dew and the rain.

5 Frail children of dust,
And feeble as frail,
In thee do we trust,
Nor find thee to fail:
Thy mercies, how tender,
How firm to the end,
Our Maker, Defender,
Redeemer, and Friend.

6 O measureless Might,
Ineffable Love,
While angels delight
To hymn thee above,
The humbler creation,
Though feeble their lays,
With true adoration
Shall lisp to thy praise.

Sir Robert Grant. 1839.

23

87,87,47.

*"Bless the Lord in all places of his
dominion."*

1 PRAISE, my soul, the King of heaven,
To his feet thy tribute bring;
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,
Who, like me, his praise should sing?
Praise him, praise him,
Praise the everlasting King.

2 Fatherlike he tends and spares us;
Well our feeble frame he knows;
In his hands he gently bears us,
Rescues us from all our foes.
Praise him, praise him,
Widely as his mercy flows.

3 Angels, help us to adore him;
Ye behold him face to face:
Sun and moon, bow down before him;
Dwellers all in time and space,
Praise him, praise him,
Praise with us the God of grace.

Henry Francis Lyte. 1834.

24

77,77,88.

"Sing aloud unto God our strength."

1 SING aloud to God, our strength;
He has brought us hitherto;
He will bring us home at length,
This the Lord our God will do:
Doubt not, for his word is stable:
Fear not, for his arm is able.

2 Sing aloud to God, our strength;
Sing with wonder of his love;
Who can tell its breadth and length,
Who below, or who above?
Who its depth and height can measure?
'Tis a rich unbounded treasure.

3 Sing aloud to God, our strength;
He is with us where we go;
Fear we not the journey's length,
Fear we not the mighty foe:
All our foes shall be defeated,
And our journey be completed.

Thomas Kelly. 1809.

25

77,77.

"His mercy endureth for ever."

1 To our God loud praises give,
Source of good to all who live;
Praise his name, whose mercy sure
Shall eternally endure.

2 To the Lord your homage bring,
God of gods, of kings the King;
For his mercy, free and sure,
Shall eternally endure.

3 Praise him for his deeds of might,
For his greatness infinite,
For his mercy, free and sure,
Which doth evermore endure.

- 4 He by wisdom built the skies,
And bade earth from ocean rise;
Filled the sun with glorious light;
Gave the moon to rule the night.
- 5 He beheld us when brought low,
And redeemed us from the foe;
He doth every blessing give;
By his bounty all things live.
- 6 O give thanks; your voices raise
To the God of heaven in praise;
For his mercy, free and sure,
Shall eternally endure.

Josiah Conder. 1837.

II.—JESUS CHRIST.

26

87,87,47.

"We are come to worship him."

- 1 ANGELS, from the realms of glory,
Wing your flight o'er all the earth;
Ye who sang creation's story,
Now proclaim Messiah's birth;
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.
- 2 Shepherds, in the fields abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night,
God with man is now residing,
Yonder shines the infant light;
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.
- 3 Sages, leave your contemplations,
Brighter visions beam afar;
Seek the great Desire of Nations;
Ye have seen his natal star;
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.
- 4 Saints, before the altar bending,
Watching long in hope and fear,
Suddenly the Lord, descending,
In his temple shall appear;
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

James Montgomery. 1819.

27

77,77,77.

*"When they saw the star, they rejoiced
with exceeding great joy."*

- 1 As with gladness men of old
Did the guiding star behold,

As with joy they hailed its light,
Leading onward, beaming bright;
So, most gracious Lord, may we
Evermore be led to thee.

- 2 As with joyful steps they sped
Saviour, to thy lowly bed,
There to bend the knee before
Thee whom heaven and earth adore;
So may we with willing feet
Ever seek the mercy-seat.
- 3 As they offered gifts most rare
At thy cradle rude and bare;
So may we with holy joy,
Pure and free from sin's alloy,
All our costliest treasures bring,
Christ, to thee our heavenly King.

- 4 Holy Jesus, every day
Keep us in the narrow way;
And, when earthly things are past,
Bring our ransomed souls at last
Where they need no star to guide,
Where no clouds thy glory hide.

- 5 In the heavenly country bright
Need they no created light;
Thou its light, its joy, its crown,
Thou its sun which goes not down;
There for ever may we sing
Hallelujahs to our King.

William Chatterton Dix. 1856.

28

1110,1110.

"Star of the East."

- 1 BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the
morning,
Dawn on our darkness and lend us
thine aid;
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is
laid.
- 2 Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are
shining,
Low lies his head with the beasts of
the stall;
Angels adore him in slumber reclining,
Maker and Monarch and Saviour of
all.
- 3 Say, shall we yield him, in costly de-
votion,
Odours of Edom and offerings di-
vine?

Gems of the mountain and pearls of
the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest or gold from
the mine?

4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation :
Vainly with gifts would his favour
secure :
Richer by far is the heart's adoration ;
Dearer to God are the prayers of the
poor.

5 Brightest and best of the sons of the
morning,
Dawn on our darkness and lend us
thine aid ;
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is
laid.

Bishop Reginald Heber. 1811.

29 *"Glory to God in the highest."* 77,77.

1 HARK, how all the welkin rings,
Glory to the King of kings ;
Peace on earth, and mercy mild ;
God and sinners reconciled.

2 Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies ;
Universal nature, say,
Christ the Lord is born to-day.

3 Christ, by highest heaven adored,
Christ, the everlasting Lord,
Late in time behold him come,
Offspring of a virgin's womb.

4 Veiled in flesh the Godhead see ;
Hail the incarnate Deity :
Pleased as man with men to appear,
Jesus our Immanuel here.

5 Hail the heavenly Prince of Peace,
Hail the Sun of Righteousness ;
Light and life to all he brings,
Risen with healing in his wings.

6 Mild he lays his glory by,
Born that man no more may die ;
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.

Charles Wesley. 1739.

30 87,87,4.

*"A multitude of the heavenly host
praising God."*

1 HARK, what mean those holy voices
Sweetly warbling in the skies ?
Sure, the angelic host rejoices,
Loudest hallelujahs rise.
Hallelujah.

2 Listen to the wondrous story,
Which they chant in hymns of joy,
Glory in the highest, glory ;
Glory be to God most high.
Hallelujah.

3 Peace on earth, good will from heaven,
Reaching far as man is found ;
Souls redeemed and sins forgiven ;
Loud our golden harps shall sound.
Hallelujah.

4 Christ is born, the great Anointed ;
Heaven and earth his glory sing ;
Glad receive whom God appointed,
For your Prophet, Priest, and King.
Hallelujah.

5 Let us learn the wondrous story
Of our great Redeemer's birth ;
Spread the brightness of his glory,
Till it cover all the earth.
Hallelujah.

John Cawood. 1819.

31 C.M.D.
The angels' song.

1 It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth
To touch their harps of gold :
Peace to the earth, good will to men
From heaven's all-gracious King :—
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.

2 Still through the cloven skies they come
With peaceful wings unfurled ;
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world :
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on hovering wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds
The blessed angels sing.

3 Yet with the woes of sin and strife
The world has suffered long ;
Beneath the angel-strain have rolled
Two thousand years of wrong ;
And man, at war with man, hears not
The love-song which they bring :
O hush the noise, ye men of strife,
And hear the angels sing.

4 And ye, beneath life's crushing load
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way
With painful steps and slow,—

JESUS CHRIST: HIS PRAYERS.

Look now; for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing:
O rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing.

- 5 For lo, the days are hastening on,
By prophet-bards foretold,
When with the ever-circling years
Comes round the age of gold:
When peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendours fling,
And the whole world give back the song
Which now the angels sing.

Edmund Hamilton Sears. 1850.

32

77,77,77,77.

"Watchman, what of the night?"

- 1 WATCHMAN, tell us of the night,
What its signs of promise are?
Traveller, o'er yon mountain's height
See that glory-beaming star.
Watchman, does its beauteous ray
Aught of hope or joy foretell?
Traveller, yes, it brings the day,—
Promised day of Israel.
- 2 Watchman, tell us of the night;
Higher yet that star ascends:
Traveller, blessedness and light,
Peace and truth, its course portends.
Watchman, will it beam alone
On the spot that gave it birth?
Traveller, ages are its own;
See, it bursts o'er all the earth.
- 3 Watchman, tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn:
Traveller, darkness takes its flight,
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
Watchman, let thy wandering cease,
Hie thee to thy quiet home:
Traveller, lo, the Prince of Peace,
Lo, the Son of God is come.

Sir John Bowring. 1825.

33

88,88,88.

Our Saviour's prayers.

PART FIRST.

- 1 EARLY Christ rose, ere dawn of day,
And to a desert place withdrew;
There was he wont to watch and pray,
Until his locks were wet with dew,
And birds below, and beams above,
Had warned him thence to works of love.

10

- 2 At evening, when his toils were o'er,
He sent the multitudes away,
And on the mountain or the shore,
All night remained to watch and pray,
Till o'er his head the stars grew dim,
When was the hour of rest for him?
- 3 In field or city, while he taught,
Oft went his spirit forth in sighs;
And when his mightiest deeds were wrought,
To heaven he lifted up his eyes;
He prayed at Lazarus' grave, and shed
Tears with the word that waked the dead.
- 4 When mothers brought their babes, he took
The lambs into his arms, and prayed;
On Tabor, his transfigured look,
While praying, turned the sun to shade,
And forms, too pure for human sight,
Grew visible amidst that light.

PART SECOND.

- 1 'O FATHER, save me from this hour,
Yet for this hour to earth I came,'
He prayed in weakness; then with power
Cried, 'Father, glorify thy name.'
'I have,' a voice from heaven replied,
'And still it shall be glorified.'
- 2 Next, with strong cries and bitter tears,
Thrice bellowed he that doleful ground,
Where, trembling with mysterious fears,
His sweat, like blood-drops, fell around,
And, being in an agony,
He prayed yet more earnestly.
- 3 Stretched on the ignominious tree,
For those whose hands had nailed him there,
Who stood and mocked his misery,
He offered up his latest prayer;
Then with the voice of victory cried,
'Tis finished,'—bowed his head and died.
- 4 Now by the throne of God he stands,
Aloft the golden censer bears,
And offers, with high-priestly hands,
Pure incense with his people's prayers;
Well pleased the Father eyes the Son,
And says to each request,—'Tis done.

James Montgomery. 1853.

34

Gethsemane.

77,77,77.

PART FIRST.

1 JESUS, while he dwelt below,
As divine historians say,
To a place would often go,
Near to Kedron's brook it lay;
In this place he loved to be,
And 'twas named Gethsemane.

2 Full of love to man's lost race,
On his conflict much he thought:
This he knew the destined place;
And he loved the sacred spot.
Therefore 'twas he liked to be
Often in Gethsemane.

3 Came at length the dreadful night,—
Vengeance, with its iron rod,
Stood, and with collected might
Bruised the harmless Lamb of God.
See, my soul, thy Saviour see
Prostrate in Gethsemane.

4 View him in that olive press,
Wrung with anguish, whelmed in
blood;
Hear him pray, in his distress,
With strong cries and tears to God.
Then reflect what sin must be,
Gazing on Gethsemane.

PART SECOND.

1 EDEN from each flowery bed
Did for man short-sweetness breathe;
Soon, by Satan's counsel led,
Man wrought sin, and sin wrought
death.
But of life the healing tree
Grows in rich Gethsemane.

2 Hither, Lord, thou didst resort
Oft-times with thy little train;
Here wouldst keep thy private court:
O confer that grace again;
Lord, resort with worthless me
Oft-times to Gethsemane.

3 True, I can't deserve to share
In a favour so divine;
But since sin first fixed thee there,
None have greater sins than mine;
And to this, my woful plea,
Witness thou, Gethsemane.

4 Sins against a holy God,
Sins against his righteous laws,
Sins against his love, his blood,
Sins against his name, and cause;
Sins immense as is the sea,—
Hide me, O Gethsemane.

Joseph Hart. 1759.

35

87,87,77.

"Mercy and truth are met together."

1 COME, behold a great expedient,
God revealed in flesh appears;
God himself becomes obedient,
And the curse for sinners bears;
'Tis a great, a gracious plan,
Wounding sin, yet sparing man.

2 O the wisdom of contrivance,
O the grace that shines therein,
God forgives without connivance,
He forgives, yet spares not sin;
Justice sees the victim bleed,
Nothing more can justice need.

3 Whither should we go, O whither,
Whither from the glorious sight?
Truth and mercy meet together,
Righteousness and peace unite:
'Tis the cross that gives us rest,
Makes us safe, and makes us blessed.
Thomas Kelly. 1809.

36

87,87.

"In the cross of Christ I glory."

1 IN the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time,
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me;
Lo, it glows with peace and joy.

3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming,
Adds more lustre to the day.

4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

5 In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.
Sir John Bowring. 1825.

JESUS CHRIST: HIS DEATH.

37

The three mountains.

77,77.

1 WHEN on Sinai's top I see
God descend in majesty,
To proclaim his holy law,
All my spirit sinks with awe.

2 When, in ecstasy sublime,
Tabor's glorious steep I climb,
At the too transporting light,
Darkness rushes o'er my sight.

3 When on Calvary I rest,
God, in flesh made manifest,
Shines in my Redeemer's face
Full of beauty, truth, and grace.

4 Here I would for ever stay,
Weep and gaze my soul away:
Thou art heaven on earth to me,
Lovely, mournful Calvary.

James Montgomery. 1812.

38

76,76,76,76.

"Salve caput cruentatum."

1 O SACRED Head, now wounded,
With grief and shame weighed down,
Now scornfully surrounded
With thorns, thy only crown:
O sacred Head, what glory,
What bliss till now was thine;
Yet, though despised and gory,
I joy to call thee mine.

2 What thou, my Lord, hast suffered,
Was all for sinners' gain:
Mine, mine was the transgression,
But thine the deadly pain.
Lo, here I fall, my Saviour:
'Tis I deserve thy place;
Look on me with thy favour,
Vouchsafe to me thy grace.

3 What language shall I borrow
To thank thee, dearest Friend,
For this thy dying sorrow,
Thy pity without end?
O make me thine for ever;
And should I fainting be,
Lord, let me never, never
Outlive my love to thee.

4 Be near me when I'm dying,
O show thy cross to me:
And for my succour flying,
Come, Lord, and set me free.

12

These eyes, new faith receiving,
From Jesus shall not move;
For he, who dies believing,
Dies safely through thy love.
Bernard of Clairvaux. c. 1140.
Tr. Paul Gerhardt. 1659.
Tr. James Waddell Alexander. 1849.

39

88,88,88.

"A light shined in the prison."

1 'Tis mystery all! the Immortal dies,
Who can explore his strange design?
In vain the first-born seraph tries
To sound the depths of love divine.
'Tis mercy all! let earth adore;
Let angel-minds inquire no more.

2 He left his Father's throne above,
So free, so infinite his grace,
Emptied himself of all but love,
And bled for Adam's helpless race.
'Tis mercy all, immense and free,
For, O my God, it found out me.

3 Long my imprisoned spirit lay
Fast bound in sin and nature's night;
Thine eye diffused a quickening ray;
I woke; the dungeon flamed with
light,
My chains fell off, my heart was free,
I rose, went forth, and followed thee.

4 No condemnation now I dread;
Jesus, and all in him, is mine;
Alive in him, my living Head,
And clothed in righteousness divine,
Bold I approach the eternal throne,
And claim the crown, through Christ
my own.

Charles Wesley. 1739.

40

C.M.D.

"Arise, shine, for thy light is come."

1 AWAKE, glad soul, awake, awake;
Thy Lord hath risen long,
Go to his grave, and with thee take
Both tuneful heart and song;
Where life is waking all around,
Where love's sweet voices sing,
The first bright blossom may be found
Of an eternal spring.

2 O Love, which lightens life's distress,
Love, death can not destroy,
O grave, whose very emptiness
To faith is full of joy;

Let but that love our hearts supply
From Heaven's eternal spring,
Then, grave, where is thy victory?
And, death, where is thy sting?

3 The shade and gloom of life are fled
This resurrection-day,
Henceforth in Christ are no more dead,
The grave hath no more prey;
In Christ we live, in Christ we sleep,
In Christ we wake and rise,
And the sad tears death makes us weep,
God wipes from all our eyes.

4 Then wake, glad heart, awake, awake;
And seek thy risen Lord,
Joy in his resurrection take,
And comfort in his word;
And let thy life, through all its ways,
One long thanksgiving be,
Its theme of joy, its song of praise,—
Christ died, and rose for me.

John Samuel Bewley Monseil. 1857.

41

77,77.

"He is risen, as he said."

1 'CHRIST, the Lord, is risen to-day,'
Sons of men and angels say;
Raise your joys and triumphs high;
Sing, ye heavens; and earth, reply.

2 Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the battle won:
Lo, our Sun's eclipse is o'er;
Lo, he sets in blood no more.

3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal;
Christ hath burst the gates of hell;
Death in vain forbids his rise;
Christ has opened Paradise.

4 Lives again our glorious King;
Where, O death, is now thy sting?
Once he died our souls to save;
Where thy victory, O grave?

5 Soar we now where Christ has led,
Following our exalted Head:
Made like him, like him we rise;
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies,

6 King of Glory, Soul of bliss,
Everlasting life is this,
Thee to know, thy power to prove,
Thou to sing, and thus to love.

Charles Wesley. 1739.

42

74,74,74,74.

"Surrexit Christus hodie."

1 Jesus Christ is risen to-day,
Hallelujah.
Our triumphant holy day;
Hallelujah.
Who did once upon the cross,
Hallelujah.
Suffer to redeem our loss.
Hallelujah.

2 Hymns of praise then let us sing
Hallelujah.
Unto Christ our heavenly King,
Hallelujah.
Who endured the cross and grave,
Hallelujah.
Sinners to redeem and save.
Hallelujah.

3 But the pains which he endured,
Hallelujah.
Our salvation have procured;
Hallelujah.
Now above the sky he's King,
Hallelujah.
Where the angels ever sing.
Hallelujah.

4 Sing we to our God above
Hallelujah.
Praise eternal as his love;
Hallelujah.
Praise him, all ye heavenly host,
Hallelujah.
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.
Hallelujah.

Anon. 15th Cent.

Tate and Brady's Supple-
ment. 1703.

V. 4, Charles Wesley. 1743.

43

66,66,44,44.

"The Lord is risen indeed."

1 Yes, the Redeemer rose,
The Saviour left the dead;
And o'er our hellish foes
High raised his conquering head:
In wild dismay,
The guards around
Fell to the ground,
And sunk away.

JESUS CHRIST : HIS ASCENSION.

2 Lo, the angelic bands
In full assembly meet,
To wait his high commands,
And worship at his feet:
Joyful they come,
And wing their way
From realms of day
To such a tomb.

3 Then back to heaven they fly,
And the glad tidings bear;
Hark, as they soar on high,
What music fills the air.
Their anthems say,—
Jesus who bled
Hath left the dead;
He rose to-day.

4 Ye mortals, catch the sound,
Redeemed by him from hell,
And send the echo round
The globe on which you dwell;
Transported, cry,—
Jesus who bled
Hath left the dead
No more to die.

5 All hail, triumphant Lord,
Who sav'st us with thy blood,
Wide be thy name adored,
Thou rising, reigning God.
With thee we rise,
With thee we reign,
And empires gain
Beyond the skies.

Philip Doddridge. 1755.

44

96,96. Ir.

"God is gone up with a shout."

1 God is gone up with a merry noise
Of saints that sing on high:
With his own right hand and his holy
arm
He hath won the victory.

2 Now empty are the courts of death,
And crushed thy sting, despair;
And roses bloom in the desert tomb,
For Jesus hath been there.

3 And he hath tamed the Strength of hell,
And dragged him through the sky;
And captive, behind his chariot wheel,
He hath bound captivity.

14

4 God is gone up with a merry noise
Of saints that sing on high:
With his own right hand and his holy
arm
He hath won the victory.
Bishop Reginald Heber. 1827.

45

77,77.

"He was received up into heaven."

1 HAIL the day that sees him rise,
Ravished from our wishful eyes;
Christ, awhile to mortals given,
Re-ascends his native heaven.

2 There the pompous triumph waits:
Lift your heads, eternal gates;
Wide unfold the radiant scene;
Take the King of Glory in.

3 Circled round with angel powers,
Their triumphant Lord, and ours,
Conqueror over death and sin;
Take the King of Glory in.

4 Him though highest heaven receives,
Still he loves the earth he leaves;
Though returning to his throne,
Still he calls mankind his own.

5 See, he lifts his hands above;
See, he shows the prints of love;
Hark, his gracious lips bestow
Blessings on his church below.

6 Still for us his death he pleads;
Prevalent he intercedes;
Near himself prepares our place,
Harbinger of human race.

Charles Wesley. 1739.

46

L.M.D.

*"Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and the
King of Glory shall come in."*

1 OUR Lord is risen from the dead;
Our Jesus is gone up on high;
The powers of hell are captive led,
Dragged to the portals of the sky;
There his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay,—
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates,
Ye everlasting doors, give way:

2 Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold the ethereal scene;
He claims these mansions as his right;
Receive the King of Glory in.

JESUS CHRIST : HIS REIGN.

Who is the King of Glory, who?
The Lord that all our foes o'ercame;
The world, sin, death, and hell o'er-
threw;
And Jesus is the conqueror's name.

- 3 Lo, his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay,—
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates;
Ye everlasting doors, give way.
Who is the King of Glory, who?
The Lord, of glorious power pos-
sessed;
The King of saints, and angels too,
God over all, for ever blessed.

Charles Wesley. 1743.

47 S.M.D.

"Who is gone into heaven."

- 1 Thou art gone up on high
To mansions in the skies,
And round thy throne unceasingly
The songs of praise arise.
But we are lingering here,
With sin and care oppressed;
Lord, send thy promised Comforter,
And lead us to thy rest.
- 2 Thou art gone up on high:
But thou didst first come down,
Through earth's most bitter misery
To pass unto thy crown.
And girt with griefs and fears
Our onward course must be;
But only let this path of tears
Lead us at last to thee.

Emma Toke. 1851.

48 66,66,83.

"He ever liveth to make intercession."

- 1 ARISE, my soul, arise,
Shake off thy guilty fears;
The bleeding Sacrifice
In my behalf appears;
Before the throne my Surety stands;
My name is written on his hands.
- 2 He ever lives above,
For me to intercede;
His all-redeeming love,
His precious blood, to plead:
His blood atoned for all our race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.
- 3 My God is reconciled;
His pardoning voice I hear;

He owns me for his child;
I can no longer fear:
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And Father, Abba Father, cry.
Charles Wesley. 1742.

49 76,76,76,76.

"Let the whole earth be filled with his glory."

- 1 HAIL to the Lord's Anointed,
Great David's greater Son;
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun.
He comes to break oppression,
To let the captive free:
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.
- 2 He comes with succour speedy,
To those who suffer wrong;
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong;
To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light;
Whose souls condemned and dying,
Were precious in his sight.
- 3 He shall come down like showers
Upon the fruitful earth,
And love, joy, hope, like flowers,
Spring in his path to birth;
Before him, on the mountains,
Shall peace, the herald, go;
And righteousness, in fountains,
From hill to valley flow.
- 4 Arabia's desert-ranger
To him shall bow the knee,
The Ethiopian stranger
His glory come to see;
With offerings of devotion,
Ships from the isles shall meet,
To pour the wealth of ocean
In tribute at his feet.
- 5 Kings shall fall down before him,
And gold and incense bring;
All nations shall adore him,
His praise all people sing;
For he shall have dominion
O'er river, sea, and shore,
Far as the eagle's pinion
Or dove's light wing can soar.
- 6 For him shall prayer unceasing,
And daily vows ascend;
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end;

JESUS CHRIST : THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD.

The mountain dews shall nourish
A seed in weakness sown,
Whose fruit shall spread and flourish,
And shake like Lebanon.

- 7 O'er every foe victorious,
He on his throne shall rest,
From age to age more glorious,
All-blessing and all-blessed;
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His name shall stand for ever,
That name to us is Love.

James Montgomery. 1822.

50

77,77,77,77.

"Hallelujah, for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth."

- 1 HARK, the song of Jubilee,
Loud as mighty thunders roar,
Or the fulness of the sea,
When it breaks upon the shore:
Hallelujah! for the Lord
God Omnipotent shall reign;
Hallelujah! let the word
Echo round the earth and main.
- 2 Hallelujah! hark, the sound,
From the depths unto the skies,
Wakes above, beneath, around,
All creation's harmonies;
See Jehovah's banner furled,
Sheathed his sword: he speaks—'tis done,
And the kingdoms of this world
Are the kingdom of his Son.
- 3 He shall reign from pole to pole
With illimitable sway;
He shall reign, when like a scroll
Yonder heavens have passed away:
Then the end;—beneath his rod
Man's last enemy shall fall;
Hallelujah! Christ in God,
God in Christ, is all in all.

James Montgomery. 1819.

51

L.M.

"He shall have dominion from sea to sea."

- 1 Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

16

- 2 For him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown his head:
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

- 3 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.

- 4 Blessings abound where'er he reigns;
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blessed.

Isaac Watts. 1719.

52

76,76,76,76.

"I am the light of the world."

- 1 LIGHT of the world, we hail thee
Flushing the eastern skies,
Never shall darkness veil thee
Again from human eyes;
Too long, alas, withholden,
Now spread from shore to shore,
Thy light, so glad and golden,
Shall set on earth no more.
- 2 Light of the world, thy beauty
Steals into every heart,
And glorifies with duty
Life's poorest, humblest part;
Thou robest in thy splendour
The simple ways of men,
And helpest them to render
Light back to thee again.
- 3 Light of the world, before thee
Our spirits prostrate fall;
We worship, we adore thee,
Thou Light, the life of all;
With thee is no forgetting
Of all thine hand hath made,
Thy rising hath no setting,
Thy sunshine hath no shade.
- 4 Light of the world, illumine
This darkened land of thine,
Till everything that's human
Be filled with what's divine;
Till every tongue and nation,
From sin's dominion free,
Rise in the new creation
Which springs from Love and thee.

John Samuel Bewley Monsell. 1863.

JESUS CHRIST : THE SAVIOUR.

53

C.M.

"Thy name is as ointment poured forth."

- 1 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear:
It soothes his sorrows, heals his
wounds,
And drives away his fear.
- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.
- 3 Dear name, the rock on which I build;
My shield and hiding-place;
My never-failing treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace.
- 4 By thee my prayers acceptance gain,
Although with sin defiled;
Satan accuses me in vain,
And I am owned a child.
- 5 Jesus, my Shepherd, Husband, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King;
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.
- 6 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see thee as thou art,
I'll praise thee as I ought.
- 7 Till then I would thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

John Newton. 1779.

54

66,66,88.

"None other name whereby we must be saved."

- 1 JESUS, transporting sound,
The joy of earth and heaven;
No other help is found,
No other name is given,
By which we can salvation have;
But Jesus came the world to save.
- 2 His name the sinner hears,
And is from sin set free;
'Tis music in his ears,
'Tis life and victory;
New songs do now his lips employ,
And dances his glad heart for joy.

C

- 3 O unexampled love,
O all-redeeming grace,
How swiftly didst thou move
To save a fallen race.
What shall I do to make it known
What thou for all mankind hast done?

- 4 O for a trumpet-voice,
On all the world to call,
To bid their hearts rejoice
In him who died for all;
For all my Lord was crucified:
For all, for all, my Saviour died.

Charles Wesley. 1741.

55

C.M.

"Thou shalt call his name Jesus."

- 1 O FOR a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise,
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace.
- 2 Jesus, the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears;
'Tis life, and health, and peace.
- 3 He breaks the power of cancelled sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean,
His blood availed for me.
- 4 He speaks,—and, listening to his voice,
New life the dead receive;
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice;
The humble poor believe.
- 5 Hear him, ye deaf; his praise, ye dumb,
Your loosened tongues employ;
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come;
And leap, ye lame, for joy.
- 6 Look unto him, ye nations; own
Your God, ye fallen race;
Look, and be saved through faith alone,
Be justified by grace.
- 7 See all your sins on Jesus laid:
The Lamb of God was slain,
His soul was once an offering made
For every soul of man.

Charles Wesley. 1740.

JESUS CHRIST : HIS LOVE.

56

C.M.

"There shall be a fountain opened for sin and uncleanness."

1 THERE is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
And sinners plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there have I, as vile as he,
Washed all my sins away.

3 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

4 Then in a nobler, sweeter song
I'll sing thy power to save;
When this poor lisping, stammering
tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

William Cowper. 1779.

57

76,76,76,76.

"The Lord possessed me in the beginning of his way."

1 Ere God had built the mountains
Or raised the fruitful hills;
Before he filled the fountains
That feed the running rills;
In me, from everlasting,
The wonderful I AM
Found pleasures never-wasting,
And Wisdom is my name.

2 When, like a tent to dwell in,
He spread the skies abroad,
And swathed about the swelling
Of ocean's mighty flood;
He wrought by weight and measure;
And I was with him then;
Myself the Father's pleasure,
And mine the sons of men.

3 Thus wisdom's words discover
Thy glory and thy grace,
Thou everlasting Lover
Of our unworthy race:
Thy gracious eye surveyed us
Ere stars were seen above:
In wisdom thou hast made us,
And died for us in love.

18

4 And couldst thou be delighted
With creatures such as we,
Who, when we saw thee, slighted
And nailed thee to a tree?
Unfathomable wonder,
And mystery divine;
The voice that speaks in thunder,
Says, Sinner, I am thine.

William Cowper. 1779.

58

L.M.

"The loving-kindness of the Lord."

1 AWAKE, my soul, in joyful lays,
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;
He justly claims a song from me,
His loving-kindness is so free.

2 He saw me ruined in the fall,
Yet loved me notwithstanding all,
And saved me from my lost estate,
His loving-kindness is so great.

3 Through mighty hosts of cruel foes,
Where earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along,
His loving-kindness is so strong.

4 Often I feel my sinful heart
Prone from my Jesus to depart;
And though I oft have him forgot,
His loving-kindness changes not.

5 So when I pass death's gloomy vale,
And life and mortal powers shall fail,
O may my last expiring breath
His loving-kindness sing in death.

6 Then shall I mount, and soar away
To the bright world of endless day;
There shall I sing, with sweet surprise,
His loving-kindness in the skies.

Samuel Medley. 1785.

59

S.M.D.

"Whom having not seen ye love."

1 How strange is heavenly love!
I never saw his face,
I never trod his courts above,
I have but known his grace;
Yet my affections cling
To his beloved side,
I feel he is my God, my King,
And I his ransomed bride.

JESUS CHRIST : HIS LOVE.

2 How strong is heavenly love!
Stronger than aught below;
Though wide and wild my passions
rove,
I will not let him go.
What though I see him not,
I feel the ardour burn,
He hath for me the victory wrought,
I love him in return.

3 How sweet is heavenly love!
'Tis all in all to me;
I muse on him in field or grove,
Or wandering on the sea.
I walk with Jesus here,
Not lonely, though alone,
Till in his mansions I appear,
And know as I am known.

John Antes La Trobe. 1841.

60

L.M.

"Thou art fairer than the children of men."

1 JESUS, my Lord, divinely fair,
No seraph can with him compare;
Nor saints below, nor saints above,
Can fitly celebrate his love.

2 He loved me first, he loves me still,
Subdued my soul, inclined my will,
Taught me to choose the better part,
And stamped his image on my heart.

3 With steady feet I still would tread
The path in which he deigns to lead;
His life transcribe and make my own,
Till all his will in me be done.

4 But O how oft I step aside;
How apt to stray without a guide;
Lord, fix my heart and let me be
Afraid of sin, and true to thee.

Benjamin Beddome. 1818.

61

84,84,888,4.

"Closer than a brother."

1 ONE there is above all others,—
O how he loves!
His is love beyond a brother's,
O how he loves!
Earthly friends may fall and leave us,
This day kind, the next bereave us;
But this friend will ne'er deceive us,
O how he loves!

2 Blesséd Jesus, would'st thou know him?
O how he loves!
Give thine heart, thine all unto him;
O how he loves!
Is it sin that pains and grieves thee?
Unbelief and trials tease thee?
Jesus can from all release thee,
O how he loves!

3 Love this friend who longs to save thee:
O how he loves!
Dost thou love? he will not leave thee;
O how he loves!
Think no more then of to-morrow,
Take his easy yoke and follow;
Jesus carries all thy sorrow,
O how he loves!

4 All thy sins shall be forgiven,
O how he loves!
Backward shall thy foes be driven;
O how he loves!
Best of blessings he'll provide thee,
Nought but good shall e'er betide thee,
Safe to glory he will guide thee,
O how he loves!

Marianne Nunn. 1817.

62

O.M.D. Ir.

The Redeemer's tears.

1 'Tis evening; over Salem's towers a
golden lustre gleams,
And lovingly and lingeringly the sun
prolongs his beams.
He looks as on some work undone, for
which the hour has passed,
So tender is his glance and mild, it
seems to be his last.
But a brighter Sun is looking on, more
earnest is his eye,
For thunder-clouds must veil him soon,
and darken all the sky:
O'er Zion still he bends, as loath his
presence to remove,
And o'er her walls there lingers yet
the sunshine of his love.

2 'Tis Jesus! with an anguished heart,
a parting glance he throws,
For mercy's day she has sinned away
for a night of dreadful woes:
'Would thou hadst known,' he said,
while down his face rolled many
a tear,
'My words of peace in this thy day—
but now thy end is near.

JESUS CHRIST: HIS REDEEMING LOVE.

Alas for thee, Jerusalem! How cold
thy heart to me!
How often in these arms of love would
I have gathered thee!
My sheltering wing had been your
shield, my love your happy lot,
I would it had been thus with thee; I
would, but ye would not.'

3 He wept alone, and men passed on—
the men whose woes he bore,
They saw the Man of Sorrows weep,
they had seen him weep before;
They asked not who those tears were
for, they asked not whence they
flowed:
Those tears were for rebellious man,
their source the heart of God.
They fell upon this desert earth like
drops from heaven on high,
Struck from an ocean-tide of love that
fills eternity.
With love and tenderness divine those
crystal cells o'erflow:
'Tis God that weeps, through human
eyes, for human guilt and woe!

4 That hour has fled, those tears are
told, the agony is passed:
The Lord has wept, the Lord has bled,
but he has not loved—his last.
From heaven his eye is downward
bent, still ranging to and fro,
Where'er, in this wild wilderness, there
roams a child of woe;
Nor his alone, the Three in One that
looked through Jesus' eye,
Could still the harps of angel bands to
hear the suppliant sigh;
And when the rebel chooses wrath,
God wails his hapless lot,
Deep breathing from his heart of love,
'I would, but ye would not.'

John Guthrie. 1846.

63

76,76,77,77.

"We are come to the blood of sprinkling."

1 Blood of sprinkling, healing tide,
Life and peace bestowing;
From its fount in Jesus' side,
Full and ever flowing:
Like the stream in Horeb, struck
From the cleft and living rock,
On it flows, and flows for me,
Ever near and ever free.

20

2 Heart of Jesus, pierced for me,
Pledge of sins forgiven,
Mirrored in thy fount I see
All the smiles of Heaven.
Hence, when sin has stung my soul,
Flows the balm that makes it whole,
Life to God, and death to sin,
Peace without and peace within.

3 Every rival I dethrone,
Every tie dis sever;
Lamb of God, reign thou alone
In my heart for ever;
Wash it clean from every stain,
Cool its fever, soothe its pain,
Chase its gloom and clear its way,
Onward to the perfect day.

John Guthrie. 1846.

64

77,77.

"Lovest thou me?"

1 HARK, my soul, it is the Lord;
'Tis thy Saviour, hear his word;
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee:
'Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?'
2 'I delivered thee when bound,
And, when bleeding, healed thy wound;
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
Turned thy darkness into light.
3 'Can a woman's tender care
Cease towards the child she bare?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee.
4 'Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above;
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.
5 'Thou shalt see my glory soon,
When the work of grace is done;
Partner of my throne shalt be,
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?'

6 Lord, it is my chief complaint
That my love is weak and faint;
Yet I love thee and adore:
O for grace to love thee more.

William Cowper. 1779.

65

10 10,10 10.

"He loved me, and gave himself for me."

1 'He loved me, and gave himself for me;
Amazing love, amazing sacrifice:

JESUS CHRIST : HIS REDEEMING LOVE.

I'll take my harp down from the willow tree,
And bid its notes in praise of Jesus rise.

2 'He loved me, and gave himself for me;
And what a rebel against him I was;
Like those that nailed him to the cruel tree
I hated him, alas, without a cause.

3 'He loved me, and gave himself for me,
And made atonement to the broken law,
And wrought a righteousness on Calvary
Which God has tried, and found without a flaw.

4 'He loved me, and gave himself for me,
And surely I myself to him will give;
None, Jesus, will I ever love like thee,
And to thy glory only will I live.

5 O when I stand 'mid yonder shining throng,
And on fair Canaan's coast my Saviour see,
I'll add this chorus to my swelling song,—
'He loved me, and gave himself for me.'

Fergus Ferguson. 1850.

66

77,77.

"He sent redemption to his people."

1 Now begin the heavenly theme,
Sing aloud in Jesus' name;
Ye who Jesus' kindness prove,
Triumph in redeeming love.

2 Ye who see the Father's grace
Beaming in the Saviour's face,
As to Canaan on ye move,
Praise and bless redeeming love.

3 Mourning souls, dry up your tears,
Banish all your guilty fears;
See your guilt and curse remove,
Cancelled by redeeming love.

4 Ye, alas, who long have been
Willing slaves of death and sin,
Now from bliss no longer rove;
Stop and taste redeeming love.

5 Welcome, all by sin oppressed,
Welcome to his sacred rest;
Nothing brought him from above,
Nothing but redeeming love.

6 Hither then your music bring,
Strike aloud each joyful string;
Mortals, join the hosts above,
Join to praise redeeming love.

Martin Madan's Collection. 1763.

67

88,6,88,6.

"The love of Christ which passeth knowledge."

1 O LOVE Divine, how sweet thou art!
When shall I find my willing heart
All taken up by thee?
I thirst, I faint, I die to prove
The greatness of redeeming love,
The love of Christ to me.

2 Stronger his love than death or hell;
Its riches are unsearchable:
The first-born sons of light
Desire in vain its depths to see:
They cannot reach the mystery,
The length, and breadth, and height.

3 God only knows the love of God:
O that it now were shed abroad
In this poor stony heart.
For love I sigh, for love I pine:
This only portion, Lord, be mine,
Be mine this better part.

Charles Wesley. 1746.

68

88,88,88.

"Being in an agony."

1 O NEVER, never can we know
The Saviour's deep mysterious woe;
The secret of that anguish sore,
Which wrung his blood from every pore;
The burden of that awful cry,
When he for us vouchsafed to die.

2 Yes, man for man perchance may brave
The horrors of the yawning grave;
And horror for friend, or child for sire,
Undaunted and unmoved expire,
From love, or piety, or pride;
But who can die as Jesus died?

- 3 For fainter than the pale star's ray
Before the noontide blaze of day,
Is all of love that man can know,
All that in angel-breast can glow,
Compared, O blessed Lord, with thine,
Eternal, infinite, divine.

Thomas Dale. 1822.

69

87,87,77.

"A friend of sinners."

- 1 ONE there is, above all others,
Well deserves the name of Friend;
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end:
They who once his kindness prove,
Find it everlasting love.
- 2 Which of all our friends, to save us,
Could or would have shed their blood?
But our Jesus died to have us
Reconciled in him to God:
This was boundless love indeed:
Jesus is a friend in need.
- 3 When he lived on earth abased,
Friend of sinners was his name;
Now above all glory raised,
He rejoices in the same:
Still he calls them brethren, friends,
And to all their wants attends.

John Newton. 1779.

70

C.M.

*"Touched with the feeling of our
infirmities."*

- 1 THERE's not a grief, however light,
Too light for sympathy;
There's not a care, however slight,
Too slight to bring to thee.
- 2 Thou, who hast trod the thorny road,
Wilt share each small distress;
For he who bore the greater load,
Will not refuse the less.
- 3 There's not a secret sigh we breathe,
But meets thine ear divine;
And every cross grows light beneath
The shadow, Lord, of thine.
- 4 Life's woes without, sin's strife within,
The heart would overflow,
But for that love which died for sin,
That love which wept with woe.

Jane Crewdson. 1860.

71

88,88,83.

"Who can have compassion."

- 1 WHEN gathering clouds around I view,
And days are dark and friends are few,
On Him I lean, who, not in vain,
Experienced every human pain;
He sees my wants, allays my fears,
And counts and treasures up my tears.
- 2 If aught should tempt my soul to stray
From heavenly wisdom's narrow way;
To fly the good I would pursue,
Or do the sin I would not do,
Still he, who felt temptation's power,
Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.
- 3 When sorrowing o'er some stone I bend,
Which covers what was once a friend,
And from his voice, his hand, his smile,
Divides me—for a little while;
Thou, Saviour, mark'st the tears I shed,
For thou didst weep o'er Lazarus dead.
- 4 And O, when I have safely passed
Through every conflict, but the last,
Still, still unchanging, watch beside
My painful bed,—for thou hast died;
Then point to realms of cloudless day,
And wipe the latest tear away.

Sir Robert Grant. 1806.

72

C.M.

"He healeth the broken in heart."

- 1 O THOU who driest the mourner's tear,
How dark this world would be,
If, when deceived and wounded here,
We could not fly to thee.
- 2 The friends, who in our sunshine live,
When winter comes, are flown;
And he, who has but tears to give,
Must weep those tears alone.
- 3 But thou wilt heal that broken heart
Which, like the plants that throw
Their fragrance from the wounded part,
Breathes sweetness out of woe.
- 4 When joy no longer soothes or cheers,
And even the hope, that threw
A moment's sparkle o'er our tears,
Is dimmed and vanished too;
- 5 O who would bear life's stormy doom,
Did not thy wing of love

JESUS CHRIST : OUR EXAMPLE.

Come, brightly wafting through the
gloom
Our peace-branch from above?

- 6 Then sorrow, touched by thee, grows
bright
With more than rapture's ray,
As darkness shows us worlds of light,
We never saw by day.

Thomas Moore, 1816.

73

77,77.

"He hath borne our griefs."

- 1 WHEN our heads are bowed with woe,
When our bitter tears o'erflow,
When we mourn the lost, the dear,
Gracious Son of Mary, hear.
- 2 Thou our throbbing flesh hast worn,
Thou our mortal griefs hast borne,
Thou hast shed the human tear;
Gracious Son of Mary, hear.
- 3 When the sullen death-bell tolls,
For our own departed souls,
When our final doom is near,
Gracious Son of Mary, hear.
- 4 Thou hast bowed the dying head,
Thou the blood of life hast shed,
Thou hast filled a mortal bier;
Gracious Son of Mary, hear.
- 5 When the heart is sad within
With the thought of all its sin,
When the spirit shrinks with fear,
Gracious Son of Mary, hear.
- 6 Thou the shame, the grief hast known;
Though the sins were not thine own,
Thou hast deigned their load to bear;
Gracious Son of Mary, hear.

Henry Hart Milman. 1827.

74

77,77,77.

*"Christ also suffered for us, leaving us
an example."*

- 1 Go to dark Gethsemane,
Ye that feel the tempter's power;
Your Redeemer's conflict see,
Watch with him one bitter hour;
Turn not from his griefs away,
Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.

- 2 Follow to the judgment hall,
View the Lord of life arraigned;
O the wormwood and the gall!
O the pangs his soul sustained!
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss;
Learn of him to bear the cross.

- 3 Calvary's mournful mountain climb,
There, adoring at his feet,
Mark that miracle of time,
God's own sacrifice complete:
'It is finished;' hear the cry;
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

- 4 Early hasten to the tomb,
Where they laid his breathless clay:
All is solitude and gloom;
Who hath taken him away?
Christ is risen: he meets our eyes.
Saviour, teach us so to rise.

James Montgomery. 1822.

75

I.M.

"I have given you an example."

- 1 My dear Redeemer and my Lord,
I read my duty in thy word:
But in thy life the law appears,
Drawn out in living characters.
- 2 Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal,
Such deference to thy Father's will,
Such love, and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe and make them
mine.
- 3 Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witnessed the fervour of thy prayer;
The desert thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict and thy victory too.

- 4 Be thou my pattern; make me bear
More of thy gracious image here;
Then God, the Judge, shall own my
name

Amongst the followers of the Lamb.

Isaac Watts. 1709.

76

C.M.

"Grace is poured into thy lips."

- 1 WHAT grace, O Lord, and beauty shone
Around thy steps below;
What patient love was seen in all
Thy life and death of woe.

JESUS CHRIST : OUR REFUGE.

- 2 For ever on thy burdened heart
A weight of sorrow hung,
Yet no ungentle murmuring word
Escaped thy silent tongue.
 - 3 Thy foes might hate, despise, revile,
Thy friends unfaithful prove;
Unwearied in forgiveness still,
Thy heart could only love.
 - 4 O give us hearts to love like thee,
Like thee, O Lord, to grieve
Far more for others' sins, than all
The wrongs that we receive.
 - 5 One with thyself, may every eye
In us, thy brethren, see
That gentleness and grace that springs
From union, Lord, with thee.
- Sir Edward Denny, Bart. 1839.

77

L.M.

"Thou art my hiding-place."

- 1 HAIL, sovereign love, that first began
The scheme to rescue fallen man.
Hail, matchless, free, eternal grace,
That gave my soul a hiding-place.
- 2 Against the God who rules the sky
I fought with hand uplifted high;
Despised the mention of his grace,
Too proud to seek a hiding-place.
- 3 Enwrapped in thick Egyptian night,
And fond of darkness more than light,
Madly I ran the sinful race,
Secure—without a hiding-place.
- 4 Indignant justice stood in view;
To Sinai's fiery mount I flew:
But justice cried, with frowning face,
This mountain is no hiding-place.
- 5 Ere long a heavenly voice I heard,
And mercy's angel-form appeared;
She led me on, with placid pace
To Jesus, as my hiding-place.
- 6 A few more rolling suns at most
Will land me on fair Canaan's coast,
Where I shall sing the song of grace,
And see my glorious hiding-place.

Jehoida Brewer. 1776.

78

77,77,77,77

"He is my refuge."

- 1 Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high:
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life be past;
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last.
- 2 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me:
All my trust on thee is stayed:
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.
- 3 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound;
Make and keep me pure within:
Thou of life the fountain art;
Freely let me take of thee;
Spring thou up within my heart;
Rise to all eternity.

Charles Wesley. 1740.

79

C.M.

"Jesus only."

- 1 WHEN, wounded sore, the stricken soul
Lies bleeding and unbound,
One only hand, a pierced hand,
Can save the sinner's wound.
- 2 When sorrow swells the laden breast,
And tears of anguish flow,
One only heart, a broken heart,
Can feel the sinner's woe.
- 3 When penitence has wept in vain
Over some foul dark spot,
One only stream, a stream of blood,
Can wash away the blot.
- 4 'Tis Jesus' blood that washes white,
His hand that brings relief.
His heart that's touched with all our
joys,
And feeleth for our grief.
- 5 Lift up thy bleeding hand, O Lord;
Unseal that cleansing tide;
We have no shelter from our sin,
But in thy wounded side.

Cecil Frances Alexander. 1853.

80

65,65,11 11.

"The Lord our righteousness."

1 I ONCE was a stranger
To grace and to God;
I knew not my danger,
And felt not my load;
Though friends spoke in rapture of
Christ on the tree,
Jehovah-Tsidkenu was nothing to me.

2 I oft read with pleasure
To soothe or engage,
Isaiah's wild measure,
And John's simple page;
But e'en when they pictured the blood-
sprinkled tree,
Jehovah-Tsidkenu seemed nothing to me.

3 Like tears from the daughters
Of Zion that roll,
I wept when the waters
Went over his soul;
Yet thought not that my sins had nailed
to the tree
Jehovah-Tsidkenu; 'twas nothing to me.

4 When free grace awoke me,
By light from on high,
Then legal fears shook me,
I trembled to die;
No refuge, no safety, in self could I see,
Jehovah-Tsidkenu my Saviour must be.

5 My terrors all vanished
Before the sweet name;
My guilty fears banished,
With boldness I came
To drink at the fountain, life-giving and
free:
Jehovah-Tsidkenu is all things to me.

6 Jehovah-Tsidkenu,
My treasure and boast;
Jehovah-Tsidkenu,
I ne'er can be lost:
In thee I shall conquer by flood and by
field,
My cable, my anchor, my breastplate and
shield.

7 Even treading the valley,
The shadow of death,
This watchword shall rally
My faltering breath;
For while from life's fever my God sets
me free,
Jehovah-Tsidkenu my death-song shall
be.
Robert Murray M'Cheyne. 1834.

81

76,76,76,76.

"Without me ye can do nothing."

1 I COULD not do without thee,
O Saviour of the lost,
Whose precious blood redeemed me
At such tremendous cost;
Thy righteousness, thy pardon,
Thy precious blood must be
My only hope and comfort,
My glory and my plea.

2 I could not do without thee,
I cannot stand alone,
I have no strength or goodness,
No wisdom of my own;
But thou, beloved Saviour,
Art all in all to me,
And weakness will be power
If leaning hard on thee.

3 I could not do without thee,
O Jesus, Saviour dear;
E'en when my eyes are holden,
I know that thou art near;
How dreary and how lonely
This changeful life would be
Without the sweet communion,
The secret rest with thee.

4 I could not do without thee;
No other friend can read
The spirit's strange deep longings,
Interpreting its need;
No human heart could enter
Each dim recess of mine,
And soothe, and hush, and calm it,
O blessed Lord, but thine.

5 I could not do without thee,
For years are fleeting fast,
And soon in solemn loneliness
The river must be passed;
But thou wilt never leave me,
And though the waves roll high,
I know thou wilt be near me,
And whisper, It is I.

Frances Ridley Havergal. 1874.

82

C.M.

"Chiefest among ten thousand."

1 IN Christ all excellence is found,
Both human and divine;
Through all his works, in all his words
His matchless glories shine.

2 His name is music to my ear,
And transport to my heart;
My hopes revive when he is nigh,
And droop if he depart.

3 Let the rich miser prize his gold,
The monarch boast his crown;
'Tis all I crave, and all I ask,
To call the Lord my own.

Benjamin Beddome. 1818.

6 O let me see thy foot-marks,
And in them plant mine own;
My hope to follow duly
Is in thy strength alone.
O guide me, call me, draw me,
Uphold me to the end;
And then in heaven receive me,
My Saviour and my Friend.

John Ernest Bode. 1869.

83

76,76,76,76.

*"Lord, I will follow thee whithersoever
thou goest."*

1 O JESUS, I have promised
To serve thee to the end;
Be thou for ever near me,
My Master and my Friend.
I shall not fear the battle
If thou art by my side,
Nor wander from the pathway
If thou wilt be my guide.

2 O let me feel thee near me—
The world is ever near;
I see the sights that dazzle,
The tempting sounds I hear.
My foes are ever near me,
Around me and within;
But, Jesus, draw thou nearer,
And shield my soul from sin.

3 O let me hear thee speaking
In accents clear and still,
Above the storms of passion,
The murmurs of self-will.
O speak to re-assure me,
To hasten or control:
O speak, and make me listen,
Thou Guardian of my soul.

4 O let me see thy features,
The look that once could make
So many a true disciple
Leave all things for thy sake;
The look that beamed on Peter,
When he thy name denied,
The look that draws thy lovers
Close to thy pierced side.

5 O Jesus, thou hast promised
To all who follow thee,
That where thou art in glory
There shall thy servant be;
And, Jesus, I have promised
To serve thee to the end:
O give me grace to follow,
My Master and my Friend.

84

88,88,88.

"Christ is all."

1 Thou hidden Source of calm repose,
Thou all-sufficient Love Divine,
My help and refuge from my foes,
Secure I am, if thou art mine;
And lo, from sin, and grief, and shame,
I hide me, Jesus, in thy name.

2 Jesus, my all in all thou art;
My rest in toil, my ease in pain;
The medicine of my broken heart;
In war, my peace; in loss, my gain;
My smile beneath the tyrant's frown;
In shame, my glory and my crown;

3 In want, my plentiful supply;
In weakness, my almighty power;
In bonds, my perfect liberty;
My light in Satan's darkest hour;
In grief, my joy unspeakable;
In death, my triumph over hell.

Charles Wesley. 1749.

85

C.M.

"A crown given unto him."

1 ALL hail the power of Jesus' name,
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
To crown him Lord of all.

2 Crown him, ye martyrs of your God,
Who from his altar call;
Extol, of Jesse's stem, the rod,
And crown him Lord of all.

3 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.

4 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

JESUS CHRIST : PRAISE TO.

5 O that, with yonder sacred throng,
We at his feet may fall,
Join in the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

Edward Perronet. 1780.

V. 5, John Rippon. 1787.

86

77,77,77,77.

"Singing in psalms and hymns."

1 COME, and let us sweetly join,
Christ to praise in hymns divine;
Give we all, with one accord,
Glory to our common Lord;
Hands, and hearts, and voices raise ;
Sing as in the ancient days;
Antedate the joys above ;
Celebrate the feast of love.

2 Sing we then in Jesus' name,
Now as yesterday the same;
One in every time and place,
Full for all of truth and grace.
We, for Christ our Master, stand
Lights in a benighted land ;
We our dying Lord confess,
We are Jesus' witnesses.

3 Witnesses that Christ hath died,
We with him are crucified;
Christ hath burst the bands of death ;
We his quickening Spirit breathe;
Christ is now gone up on high;
Thither all our wishes fly:
Sits at God's right hand above;
There with him we reign in love.

Charles Wesley. 1740.

87

77,77,77.

*"Every good gift and every perfect gift
is from above."*

1 FOR the beauty of the earth,
For the beauty of the skies,
For the love which from our birth
Over and around us lies:
Christ, our God, to thee we raise
This our sacrifice of praise.

2 FOR the beauty of each hour
Of the day and of the night,
Hill and vale, and tree and flower,
Sun and moon and stars of light:
Christ, our God, to thee we raise
This our sacrifice of praise.

3 For the joy of ear and eye,
For the heart and mind's delight,
For the mystic harmony
Linking sense to sound and sight:
Christ, our God, to thee we raise
This our sacrifice of praise.

4 For the joy of human love,
Brother, sister, parent, child,
Friends on earth, and friends above;
For all gentle thoughts and mild:
Christ, our God, to thee we raise
This our sacrifice of praise.

5 For each perfect gift of thine
To our race so freely given,
Graces human and divine,
Flowers of earth and buds of heaven;
Christ, our God, to thee we raise
This our sacrifice of praise.

Folliott Sandford Pierpoint. 1861.

88

66,4,66,4.

"Worthy the Lamb."

1 GLORY to God on high,
Let praises fill the sky;
Praise ye his name:
Angels his name adore,
Who all our sorrows bore,
And saints cry evermore,
'Worthy the Lamb.'

2 All they around the throne
Cheerfully join in one,
Praising his name:
We who have felt his blood
Sealing our peace with God,
Spread his dear fame abroad,
'Worthy the Lamb.'

3 To him our hearts we raise;
None else shall have our praise;
Praise ye his name:
Him our exalted Lord,
By us below adored,
We praise with one accord,
'Worthy the Lamb.'

James Allen. 1761.

89

87,87,87,87.

"Thou art worthy."

1 HAIL, thou once despised Jesus,
Hail, thou Galilean King,
Who didst suffer to release us;
Who didst free salvation bring.

Hail, thou universal Saviour,
Who hast borne our sin and shame;
By whose merits we find favour:
Life is given through thy name.

2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
All our sins were on thee laid;
By almighty Love anointed,
Thou hast full atonement made.
Every sin may be forgiven,
Through the virtue of thy blood;
Opened is the gate of heaven,
Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

3 Jesus, hail, enthroned in glory,
There for ever to abide:
All the heavenly hosts adore thee,
Seated at thy Father's side.
There for sinners thou art pleading,
'Spare them yet another year:'
Thou for saints art interceding,
Till in glory they appear.

4 Worship, honour, power, and blessing,
Christ is worthy to receive;
Loudest praises, without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give.
Help, ye bright, angelic spirits;
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays;
Help to sing our Jesus' merits;
Help to chant Immanuel's praise.

John Bakewell. 1757.

90

C.M.

"He is precious."

1 JESUS, I love thy charming name,
'Tis music to my ear;
Fain would I sound it out so loud
That earth and heaven should hear.

2 Yes, thou art precious to my soul,
My transport, and my trust;
Jewels to thee are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.

3 All my capacious powers can wish
In thee most richly meet;
Nor to my eyes is life so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.

4 Thy grace still dwells upon my heart,
And sheds its fragrance there;
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.

5 I'll speak the honours of thy name
With my last labouring breath;
Then, speechless, clasp thee in my arms,
The antidote of death.

Phillip Doddridge. 1747.

91

76, 76, 88, 77.

'Ἰησοῦ γλυκύτατι.

1 JESUS, name all names above,
Jesus, best and dearest,
Jesus, fount of perfect love,
Holiest, tenderest, nearest,
Jesus, source of grace completest,
Jesus purest, Jesus sweetest,
Jesus, well of power divine,
Make me, keep me, seal me thine.

2 Jesus, open me the gate
That of old he entered
Who, in that most lost estate,
Wholly on thee ventured;
Thou, whose wounds are ever pleading,
And thy passion interceding,
From my misery let me rise
To a home in Paradise.

3 Jesus, crowned with thorns for me,
Scourged for my transgression,
Witnessing, through agony,
That, thy good confession;
Jesus, clad in purple raiment,
For my evils making payment,
Let not all thy woe and pain,
Let not Calvary be in vain.

4 When I reach death's bitter sea
And its waves roll higher,
Help the more forsaking me
As the storm draws nigher,
Jesus, leave me not to languish,
Helpless, hopeless, full of anguish:
Tell me,—'Verily I say,
Thou shalt be with me to-day.'
Theoctistus of the Studium. c. 890.
Tr. John Mason Neale. 1862.

92

C.M.

"Jesu dulcis memoria."

1 JESUS, the very thought of thee
With sweetness fills my breast;
But sweeter far thy face to see,
And in thy presence rest.

2 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can
frame,
Nor can the memory find,
A sweeter sound than thy blessed
name,
O Saviour of mankind.

3 O Hope of every contrite heart,
O Joy of all the meek,

JESUS CHRIST: PRAISE TO.

To those who fall, how kind thou art,
How good to those who seek:

- 4 But what to those who find? Ah, this
Nor tongue nor pen can show:
The love of Jesus, what it is,
None but his lovers know.

- 5 Jesus, my only joy be thou,
As thou my prize wilt be;
Jesus, be thou my glory now,
And through eternity.

Bernard of Clairvaux. 1140.
Tr. Edward Caswall. 1849.

93

87,87,47.

"And he shall reign for ever and ever."

- 1 Look, ye saints, the sight is glorious,
See the Man of Sorrows now:
From the fight returned victorious,
Every knee to him shall bow:
Crown him, crown him;
Crowns become the victor's brow.

- 2 Crown the Saviour, angels, crown him;
Rich the trophies Jesus brings;
In the seat of power enthroned him,
While the vault of heaven rings:
Crown him, crown him;
Crown the Saviour 'King of kings.'

- 3 Sinners in derision crowned him,
Mocking thus the Saviour's claim;
Saints and angels crowd around him,
Own his title, praise his name:
Crown him, crown him;
Spread abroad the victor's fame.

- 4 Hark, those bursts of acclamation!
Hark, those loud triumphant chords!
Jesus takes the highest station;
O what joy the sight affords:
Crown him, crown him,
'King of kings and Lord of lords.'

Thomas Kelly. 1809.

94

76,76,76,76.

"Worship thou him."

- 1 O SAVIOUR, precious Saviour,
Whom yet unseen we love,
O name of might and favour,
All other names above;
We worship thee, we bless thee,
To thee alone we sing;
We praise thee and confess thee,
Our holy Lord and King.

- 2 O Bringer of salvation,
Who wondrously hast wrought,
Thyself the revelation
Of love beyond our thought;
We worship thee, we bless thee,
To thee alone we sing;
We praise thee and confess thee,
Our gracious Lord and King.

- 3 In thee all fulness dwelleth,
All grace and power divine;
The glory that excellet,
O Son of God, is thine;
We worship thee, we bless thee,
To thee alone we sing;
We praise thee and confess thee,
Our glorious Lord and King.

- 4 O grant the consummation
Of this our song above,
In endless adoration
And everlasting love;
Then shall we praise and bless thee,
Where perfect praises ring,
And ever more confess thee,
Our Saviour and our King.

Frances Ridley Havergal. 1870.

95

C.M.

"A name above every name."

- 1 THERE is a name I love to hear;
I love to speak its worth;
It sounds like music in mine ear,
The sweetest name on earth.

- 2 It tells of One whose loving heart
Can feel my deepest woe,
Who in my sorrow bears a part
That none can bear below.

- 3 Jesus, the name I love so well,
The name I love to hear:
No saint on earth its worth can tell,
No heart conceive how dear.

- 4 This name shall shed its fragrance still
Along this thorny road,
Shall sweetly smooth the rugged hill,
That leads me up to God.

Frederick Whitfield. 1855.

96

S.M.

"Summi Parentis Filio."

- 1 To Christ, the Prince of Peace,
And Son of God most high,
The Father of the world to come,
Sing we with holy joy.

2 Deep in his heart for us
The wound of love he bore;
That love, wherewith he still inflames
The hearts that him adore.

3 O Jesus, victim blessed,
What else but love divine
Could thee constrain to open thus
That sacred heart of thine?

4 O Fount of endless life,
O Spring of waters clear,
O Flame celestial, cleansing all
Who unto thee draw near;

5 Hide me in thy dear heart,
For thither do I fly;
There seek thy grace through life, in
death
Thine immortality.

Roman Breviary.
Tr. Edward Caswall. 1849.

97 66,6.

"Gelobt sey Jesus Christ."

1 WHEN morning gilds the skies,
My heart awaking cries,
May Jesus Christ be praised.

2 Alike at work and prayer
To Jesus I repair;
May Jesus Christ be praised.

3 To thee, my God above,
I cry with glowing love,
May Jesus Christ be praised.

4 This song of sacred joy,
It never seems to cloy,
May Jesus Christ be praised.

5 When sleep her balm denies,
My silent spirit sighs,
May Jesus Christ be praised.

6 When evil thoughts molest,
With this I shield my breast,
May Jesus Christ be praised.

7 Does sadness fill my mind?
A solace here I find,
May Jesus Christ be praised.

8 The night becomes as day,
When from the heart we say,
May Jesus Christ be praised.

9 In heaven's eternal bliss
The loveliest strain is this,
May Jesus Christ be praised.

10 Let earth's wide circle round
In joyful notes resound,
May Jesus Christ be praised.
Tr. Edward Caswall. 1858.

98

65,65,11 11. Ir.

"Hosanna to Jesus!"

1 YE ransomed of Jesus,
Come sing of his love,
He stooped down to raise us
To mansions above:
Jehovah on him our transgressions did
lay,
And he bore the huge burden, and bore
it away.

2 Sin's bondage was bitter,
And heavy its chain;
But Christ took the fetter,
And snapped it in twain;
The strong one was bound and the cap-
tive set free,
When he fell back in triumph and died
on the tree.

3 To him what a treasure
Of blessing we owe;
For there thrills not a pleasure
But pierced him with woe:
Our blessings on earth, and our glory
above,
Shot many a pang through that bosom
of love.

4 Hosanna to Jesus!
He bore all our pains;
The ransom that frees us
Was pressed from his veins:
The blood for our cleansing, the balm for
our smart,
Were great drops of agony wrung from
his heart.

5 Each drop in the garden,
Each stream on the tree,
Proclaims a full pardon,
O sinner, for thee;
Not vengeance, like that which once
cried from the ground,
But an accent of love, a sweet jubilee
sound.

6 With love and with pity
Christ's heart overflows;
He wept o'er the city;
He prayed for his foes;

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

He could not exclaim, 'It is finished,'
and die,
Till 'Father, forgive them,' was wafted
on high.

7 Then praise be to Jesus,
Each day let it swell;
He died to release us
From sin and from hell:

May it spread through creation, above
and around,
Till all her vast temple re-echo the sound.

John Guthrie. 1845.

99

77,77,77,77.

"Hear our solemn litany."

1 SAVIOUR, when in dust to thee
Low we bow the adoring knee;
When repentant, to the skies
Scarce we lift our weeping eyes:
O by all thy pains and woe
Suffered once for man below,
Bending from thy throne on high,
Hear our solemn litany.

2 By thy helpless infant years,
By thy life of want and tears,
By thy days of sore distress
In the savage wilderness,
By the dread mysterious hour
Of the insulting tempter's power,
Turn, O turn, a favouring eye,
Hear our solemn litany.

3 By the sacred griefs that wept
O'er the grave where Lazarus slept,
By the boding tears that flowed
Over Salem's loved abode,
By the anguished sigh that told
Treachery lurked within thy fold,
From thy seat above the sky
Hear our solemn litany.

4 By thine hour of dire despair,
By thine agony of prayer,
By the cross, the nail, the thorn,
Piercing spear and torturing scorn,
By the gloom that veiled the skies
O'er the dreadful sacrifice,
Listen to our humble cry,
Hear our solemn litany.

5 By thy deep expiring groan,
By the sad sepulchral stone,
By the vault, whose dark abode
Held in vain the rising God,

O from earth to heaven restored,
Mighty re-ascended Lord,
Listen, listen to the cry
Of our solemn litany.

Sir Robert Grant. 1815.

III.—THE HOLY SPIRIT.

100

88.

"Veni Creator Spiritus."

1 COME, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire,
And lighten with celestial fire.

2 Thou the anointing Spirit art,
Who dost thy sevenfold gifts impart.

3 Thy blessed unction from above
Is comfort, life, and fire of love.

4 Enable with perpetual light
The dulness of our blinded sight.

5 Anoint and cheer our soiled face
With the abundance of thy grace.

6 Keep far our foes, give peace at home;
Where thou art guide, no ill can come.

Anon. 7th or 8th Cent.

Tr. Bishop John Cosin. 1627.

101

777,5.

"The Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost."

1 COME to our poor nature's night
With thy blessed inward light,
Holy Ghost, the Infinite;
Comforter Divine.

2 We are sinful,—cleanse us, Lord:
Sick and faint,—thy strength afford:
Lost, until by thee restored,
Comforter Divine.

3 Like the dew, thy peace distil;
Guide, subdue our wayward will,
Things of Christ unfolding still,
Comforter Divine.

4 Gentle, awful, holy Guest,
Make thy temple in each breast;
There thy presence be confessed,
Comforter Divine.

5 With us, for us, intercede,
And, with voiceless groanings, plead
Our unutterable need,
Comforter Divine.

6 In us 'Abba Father' cry,
Earnest of the bliss on high,
Seal of immortality,
Comforter Divine.

George Rawson. 1853.

102

77,77,77.

"He dwelleth with you."

1 GRACIOUS Spirit, dwell with me,—
I myself would gracious be;
And, with words that help and heal,
Would thy life in mine reveal;
And, with actions bold and meek,
Would for Christ, my Saviour, speak.

2 Truthful Spirit, dwell with me,—
I myself would truthful be;
And, with wisdom kind and clear,
Let thy life in mine appear;
And, with actions brotherly,
Speak my Lord's sincerity.

3 Tender Spirit, dwell with me,—
I myself would tender be;
Shut my heart up like a flower
At temptation's darksome hour;
Open it, when shines the sun,
And his love by fragrance own.

4 Holy Spirit, dwell with me,—
I myself would holy be;
Separate from sin, I would
Choose and cherish all things good;
And whatever I can be
Give to Him who gave me thee.

Thomas Toke Lynch. 1855.

103

77,7,77,7.

"Veni Sancte Spiritus."

1 HOLY Spirit, Lord of Light,
From the clear celestial height
Thy pure beaming radiance give.
Come, thou Father of the poor,
Come, with treasures which endure,
Come, thou Light of all that live.

2 Thou of all consolers best,
Thou the soul's delightful guest,
Dost refreshing peace bestow;

32

Thou in toil art comfort sweet,
Pleasant coolness in the heat,
Solace in the midst of woe.

3 Light immortal, Light divine,
Visit thou these hearts of thine,
And our inmost being fill.
If thou take thy grace away,
Nothing pure in man will stay,
All his good is turned to ill.

4 Heal our wounds; our strength renew;
On our dryness pour thy dew;
Wash the stains of guilt away:
Bend the stubborn heart and will,
Melt the frozen, warm the chill;
Guide the steps that go astray.

5 Thou, on those who evermore
Thee confess and thee adore,
In thy sevenfold gifts descend.
Give them comfort when they die;
Give them life with thee on high;
Give them joys that never end.

Robert II., King of France.
11th Cent.

Tr. Edward Caswall. 1849.

104

76,76,777,6.

"The Spirit of truth will guide you into all truth."

1 MIGHTY Quickener, Spirit blessed,
Who to life didst wake me,
Wilt thou not become my guest,
For thy dwelling take me,
Strong and sweet in me abide,
To all truth become my guide,
And for spirits glorified
Meet companion make me?

2 Lord, along this earthly way
Thou thy pilgrim greetest;
To thy thankful child each day
Thou thy love repeatest.
Thou dost bid me weep no more,
Thou dost teach this song to soar,
Thou dost all the sweetness pour
When my life is sweetest.

3 Here, while yet my race I run,
Thou wilt never leave me:
Of my Shield and of my Sun
What can e'er bereave me?
There, with all the heirs of grace
Shall not I behold thy face?
To the bliss of thine embrace
Wilt thou not receive me?

Thomas Hornblower Gill. 1839.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

105

C.M.

"He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost and with fire."

- 1 O BREATHE upon this languid frame,
Spirit of heavenly might,
Baptize me with the vital flame
Of purity and light.
- 2 Descend, like heaven's self-kindled fire,
On my heart's sacrifice,
Till self in flames of love expire,
In clouds of incense rise.
- 3 O Light and Power, O Life and Love,
Of every good the source,
Send me sweet succour from above,
To speed me on my course.
- 4 Instruct me, rule me, guide my feet,
My every thought control;
My Teacher, Patron, Paraclete,
Possess and guard my soul.

Josiah Conder. 1836.

106

86, 84.

"If I depart, I will send him unto you."

- 1 Our blessed Redeemer, ere he breathed
His tender last farewell,
A Guide, a Comforter, bequeathed
With us to dwell.
- 2 He came in semblance of a dove,
With sheltering wings outspread,
The holy balm of peace and love
On earth to shed.
- 3 He came sweet influence to impart,
A gracious, willing guest,
While he can find one humble heart
Wherein to rest.
- 4 And his that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breath of even,
That checks each thought, that calms
each fear,
And speaks of heaven.
- 5 And every virtue we possess,
And every victory won,
And every thought of holiness,
Are his alone.
- 6 Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness, pitying, see;
O make our hearts thy dwelling-place,
And worthier thee.

Harriet Anber. 1829.

107

777, 6.

"Hear us, Holy Spirit."

PART FIRST.

- 1 SPIRIT blessed, who art adored,
With the Father and the Word,
One eternal God and Lord,
Hear us, Holy Spirit.
- 2 Spirit guiding to the right,
Spirit making darkness light,
Spirit of resistless might,
Hear us, Holy Spirit.
- 3 Thou, by whom, in days of old,
Men did write as they were told,
And the truths of heaven unfold,
Hear us, Holy Spirit.
- 4 Spirit, by whose gifts of grace
Jesus blessed our fallen race,
Raising them from lowly place,
Hear us, Holy Spirit.
- 5 Thou, whom Jesus from his throne
Gave to cheer and help his own,
That they might not be alone,
Hear us, Holy Spirit.
- 6 Comforter, to whom we owe
All that we rejoice to know
Of our Saviour's work below,
Hear us, Holy Spirit.
- 7 Thou, by whom our souls are fed
With the true and living bread—
Even Him who for us bled,
Hear us, Holy Spirit.
- 8 Spirit showing us the way,
Warning when we go astray,
Pleading in us when we pray,
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

PART SECOND.

- 1 SPIRIT, whom our failings grieve,
Whom the world will not receive,
Who dost help us to believe,
Hear us, Holy Spirit.
- 2 Spirit, guarding us from ill,
Bending right our stubborn will;
Though we grieve thee, patient still,
Hear us, Holy Spirit.
- 3 Holy Ghost, when sinners fall,
And when snares their souls enthrall,
Leading back with gentle call,
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

4 Calming Spirit, always nigh,
Helping our infirmity,
When in lonely doubt we lie,
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

5 Spirit, strength of all the weak,
Giving courage to the meek,
Teaching faltering tongues to speak,
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

6 Spirit, aiding all who yearn
More of truth divine to learn,
And with deeper love to burn,
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

7 Source of love and light divine,
With that hallowing grace of thine,
More and more upon us shine,
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

8 Holy, loving as thou art,
Come and live within our heart,
Never from us to depart,
Hear us, Holy Spirit.
Thomas Benson Pollock. 1868.

IV.—NATURE.

108 C.M.
"The earth is full of the goodness of the Lord."

1 God, in the high and holy place,
Looks down upon the spheres;
Yet in his providence and grace
To every eye appears.

2 He bows the heavens, the mountains
stand
A highway for our God;
He walks amidst the desert-sand;
'Tis Eden where he trod.

3 In every stream his bounty flows,
Diffusing joy and wealth;
In every breeze his Spirit blows
The breath of life and health.

4 His blessings fall in plenteous showers
Upon the lap of earth,
That teems with foliage, fruits, and
flowers,
And rings with infant mirth.

5 If God hath made this world so fair,
Where sin and death abound,

How beautiful, beyond compare,
Will Paradise be found.
James Montgomery. 1825.

109 C.M.

"The invisible things of him, from the creation of the world, are clearly seen."

1 THERE is a book, who runs may read,
Which heavenly truth imparts,
And all the lore its scholars need,
Pure eyes and Christian hearts.

2 The works of God, above, below,
Within us and around,
Are pages in that book to show,
How God himself is found.

3 The glorious sky, embracing all,
Is like the Maker's love,
Wherewith encompassed great and
small
In peace and order move.

4 The moon above, the church below,
A wondrous race they run;
But all their radiance, all their glow,
Each borrows of its Sun.

5 The Saviour lends the light and heat
That crowns his holy hill;
The saints, like stars, around his seat
Perform their courses still.

6 Thou, who hast given me eyes to see
And love this sight so fair,
Give me a heart to find out thee,
And read thee everywhere.

John Keble. 1827.

110 88,88,88.

"The day is thine, the night also is thine."

1 Thou art, O God, the life and light
Of all this wondrous world we see;
Its glow by day, its smile by night,
Are but reflections caught from thee.
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine.

2 When day, with farewell beam, delays
Among the opening clouds of even,
And we can almost think we gaze
Through golden vistas into heaven,
Those hues, that make the sun's decline
So soft, so radiant, Lord, are thine.

PROVIDENCE.

3 When night, with wings of starry gloom,
O'ershadows all the earth and skies,
Like some dark beauteous bird, whose plume
Is sparkling with unnumbered eyes;—
That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
So grand, so countless, Lord, are thine.

4 When youthful spring around us breathes,
Thy Spirit warms her fragrant sigh;
And every flower the summer wreathes,
Is born beneath that kindling eye.
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine.

Thomas Moore. 1814.

V.—PROVIDENCE.

111

C.M.

"Unto the upright there ariseth light in the darkness."

1 God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will.

3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take,
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

William Cowper. 1779.

112

C.M.

"I will keep thee in all places whither thou goest."

1 How are thy servants blessed, O Lord;
How sure is their defence;
Eternal wisdom is their guide;
Their help, omnipotence.

2 In foreign realms and lands remote,
Supported by thy care,
Through burning climes they pass unhurt,
And breathe in tainted air.

3 When by the dreadful tempest borne,
High on the broken wave,
They know thou art not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.

4 In midst of dangers, fears, and death,
Thy goodness we'll adore;
And praise thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.

5 Our life, while thou preserv'st that life,
Thy sacrifice shall be;
And death, when death shall be our lot,
Shall join our souls to thee.

Joseph Addison. 1712.

113

C.M.

"In him we live and move and have our being."

1 In thee I live, and move, and am;
Thou deal'st me out my days:
As thou renew'st my being, Lord,
Let me renew thy praise.

2 From thee I am, through thee I am,
And for thee I must be:
'Tis better for me not to live,
Than not to live to thee.

3 I do not praise my labouring hand,
My labouring head, or chance;
Thy providence, most gracious God,
Is mine inheritance.

4 Lord, in the day, thou art about
The paths wherein I tread;
And in the night, when I lie down,
Thou art about my bed.

5 Then let my house a temple be,
That I and mine may sing
Hosannas to thy Majesty,
And praise our heavenly King.

John Mason. 1683.

THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

114

C.M.

"Delight thyself in the Lord."

- 1 O LORD, I would delight in thee,
And on thy care depend,
To thee in every trouble flee,
My best, my only friend.
- 2 When all created streams are dried,
Thy fulness is the same:
May I with this be satisfied,
And glory in thy name.
- 3 No good in creatures can be found
But may be found in thee:
I must have all things and abound,
While God is God to me.
- 4 He that has made my heaven secure,
Will here all good provide;
While Christ is rich, can I be poor?
What can I want beside?
- 5 O Lord, I cast my care on thee;
I triumph and adore;
Henceforth my great concern shall be,
To love and please thee more.

John Ryland. 1777.

115

C.M.

*"Lord, thou hast been our dwelling-
place in all generations."*

- 1 Our God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home:
- 2 Under the shadow of thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure:
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.
- 3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.
- 4 A thousand ages in thy sight
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.
- 5 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

36

- 6 Our God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come;
Be thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home. ●

Isaac Watts. 1719.

VI.—THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

116

C.M.

*"The entrance of thy words giveth
light."*

- 1 A GLORY gilds the sacred page,
Majestic, like the sun;
It gives a light to every age,—
It gives, but borrows none.
- 2 The hand that gave it still supplies
The gracious light and heat:
His truths upon the nations rise,—
They rise, but never set.
- 3 Let everlasting thanks be thine,
For such a bright display
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.
- 4 My soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of him I love,
Till glory breaks upon my view
In brighter worlds above.

William Cowper. 1770.

117

C.M.

"Thy word is a lamp to my feet."

- 1 How precious is the book divine,
By inspiration given:
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,
To guide our souls to heaven.
- 2 Its light, descending from above,
Our gloomy world to cheer,
Displays a Saviour's boundless love,
And brings his glories near.
- 3 It shows to man his wandering ways,
And where his feet have trod;
And brings to view the matchless grace
Of a forgiving God.

THE GOSPEL : ITS INVITATIONS.

4 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts
In this dark vale of tears;
Life, light, and joy, it still imparts,
And quells our rising fears.

5 This lamp, through all the tedious night
Of life, shall guide our way,
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day.

John Fawcett. 1782.

VII.—THE GOSPEL.

118

L.M.

*"Du hast für mich und alle Welt
Bezahlt ein ewig Lösegeld."*

1 LORD, I believe were sinners more
Than sands upon the ocean shore,
Thou hast for all a ransom paid,
For all a full atonement made.

2 When from the dust of death I rise,
To claim my mansion in the skies,
Even then, this shall be all my plea,
Jesus hath lived, hath died for me.

3 Jesus, be endless praise to thee,
Whose boundless mercy hath for me,
For me, and all thy hands have made,
An everlasting ransom paid.

Nicolaus Ludwig Count von Zinzendorf. 1739.

Tr. John Wesley. 1740.

119

86, 86, 883, 7.

"My heart shall rejoice in thy salvation."

1 SALVATION, O the joyful sound,
'Tis pleasure to our ears,
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.
Glory, honour, praise, and power,
Be unto the Lamb for ever:
Jesus Christ is our Redeemer,
Hallelujah, praise the Lord.

2 Buried in sorrow and in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay;
But we arise, by grace divine,
To see a heavenly day.
Glory, honour, praise, and power,
Be unto the Lamb for ever:
Jesus Christ is our Redeemer,
Hallelujah, praise the Lord.

3 Salvation, let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.
Glory, honour, praise, and power,
Be unto the Lamb for ever:
Jesus Christ is our Redeemer,
Hallelujah, praise the Lord.

Isaac Watts. 1709.

Refr. Theodulph. c. 820.

120

C.M.

*"The Lord God, abundant in goodness
and truth."*

1 THY ceaseless, unexhausted love,
Unmerited and free,
Delights our evil to remove,
And help our misery.

2 Thy goodness and thy truth to me,
To every soul, abound;
A vast, unfathomable sea,
Where all our thoughts are drowned.

3 Its streams the whole creation reach,
So plenteous is the store;
Enough for all, enough for each,
Enough for evermore.

4 Throughout the universe it reigns,
Unalterably sure,
And, while the truth of God remains,
The goodness must endure.

Charles Wesley. 1762.

121

L.M.

"Behold, I stand at the door and knock."

1 BEHOLD, a stranger 's at the door;
He gently knocks, has knocked before;
Has waited long; is waiting still;
You treat no other friend so ill.

2 O lovely attitude! he stands
With melting heart, and laden hands;
O matchless kindness! and he shows
This matchless kindness to his foes.

3 Admit him, for the human breast
Ne'er entertained so kind a guest;
Admit him now, nor e'er expel;
Where'er he comes, he comes to dwell.

4 Yet know, nor of the terms complain,
If Jesus comes, he comes to reign,
To reign, and with no partial sway;
Thoughts must be slain that disobey.

THE GOSPEL : ITS INVITATIONS.

- 5 Sovereign of souls, thou Prince of Peace,
O may thy gentle reign increase:
Throw wide the door, each willing mind,
And be his empire all mankind.

Joseph Grigg. 1765.

122 66,66,88.

*"Thou shalt cause the trumpet of the
Jubilee to sound."*

- 1 Blow ye the trumpet, blow
The gladly solemn sound;
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

- 2 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Hath full atonement made:
Ye weary spirits, rest;
Ye mournful souls, be glad:
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

- 3 Extol the Lamb of God,
The all-atoning Lamb:
Redemption through his blood
Throughout the world proclaim:
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

- 4 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive;
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And blessed in Jesus live:
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

- 5 Ye who have sold for nought
Your heritage above,
Shall have it back unbought,
The gift of Jesus' love:
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

- 6 The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of heavenly grace;
And, saved from earth, appear
Before your Saviour's face:
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

Charles Wesley. 1750.

123 87,87,77.

*"I will give of the fountain of the water
of life freely."*

- 1 COME to Calvary's holy mountain,
Sinners ruined by the fall;

88

Here a pure and healing fountain
Flows to you, to me, to all,
In a full, perpetual tide,
Opened when our Saviour died.

- 2 Come, in poverty and meanness,
Come, defiled without, within:
From infection and uncleanness,
From the leprosy of sin,
Wash your robes and make them white;
Ye shall walk with God in light.

- 3 Come, in sorrow and contrition,
Wounded, impotent, and blind;
Here the guilty, free remission,
Here the troubled, peace may find.
Health this fountain will restore,
He that drinks shall thirst no more.

James Montgomery. 1819.

124 76,76,76,76.

"Come unto me."

- 1 'Come unto me, ye weary,
And I will give you rest:
O blessed voice of Jesus,
Which comes to hearts oppressed;
It tells of benediction,
Of pardon, grace, and peace,
Of joy that hath no ending,
Of love that cannot cease.

- 2 'Come unto me, ye wanderers,
And I will give you light:
O loving voice of Jesus,
Which comes to cheer the night;
Our hearts were filled with sadness,
And we had lost our way,
But he has brought us gladness,
And songs at break of day.

- 3 'Come unto me, ye fainting,
And I will give you life:
O cheering voice of Jesus,
Which comes to aid our strife.
The foe is stern and eager,
The fight is fierce and long;
But he has made us mighty,
And stronger than the strong.

- 4 'And whosoever cometh,
I will not cast him out:
O welcome voice of Jesus,
Which drives away our doubt;
Which calls us, very sinners,
Unworthy though we be,
Of love so free and boundless,
To come, dear Lord, to thee.

William Chatterton Dix. 1869.

125

87,87,47.

"Come and welcome."

- 1 COME, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity joined with power;
He is able,
He is willing; doubt no more.
- 2 Let not conscience make you linger.
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness he requireth,
Is to feel your need of him;
This he gives you;
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.
- 3 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall;
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all;
Not the righteous,
Sinners Jesus came to call.
- 4 Agonizing in the garden,
Lo, your Saviour prostrate lies;
On the bloody tree behold him,
Hear him cry, before he dies,
'It is finished;'
Sinner, will not this suffice?

Joseph Hart. 1759.

126

66,66,88.

"Proclaim liberty throughout all the land."

- 1 FAIR shines the morning star;
The silver trumpets sound,
Their notes re-echoing far,
While dawns the day around:
Joy to the slave; the slave is free;
It is the year of Jubilee.
- 2 Prisoners of hope, in gloom
And silence left to die,
With Christ's unfolding tomb,
Your portals open fly;
Rise with your Lord,—he sets you free;
It is the year of Jubilee.
- 3 Ye who have sold for nought
The land your fathers won,
Behold, how God hath wrought
Redemption through his Son;
Your heritage again is free;
It is the year of Jubilee.
- 4 Ye who yourselves have sold
For debts to justice due,

Ransomed, but not with gold,
He gave himself for you;
The blood of Christ hath made you free;
It is the year of Jubilee.

- 5 Captives, of sin and shame,
O'er earth and ocean, hear
An angel's voice proclaim
The Lord's accepted year:
Let Jacob rise, be Israel free;
It is the year of Jubilee.

James Montgomery. 1825.

127

87,87.

"Let him take the water of life freely."

- 1 HATH the invitation ended?
Is the voice of mercy dumb?
Still the message is extended,
Still the call is, Freely come.
- 2 Still with sinners Jesus pleadeth
In compassion's gentlest tones;
Still the Spirit intercedeth
With unutterable groans.
- 3 Still the Bride, the church, would gather
Every wanderer to her fold;
Still the everlasting Father
Would with love each child behold.
- 4 Still the fount is freely flowing
Christ hath opened to redeem;
Endless life on all bestowing,
Who partake its living stream.
- 5 Then let each who truly thirsteth
Freely to that fount repair;
And, while yet its tide out-bursteth,
Drink, and grow immortal there.

Bernard Barton. 1826.

128

C.M.D.

"The voice of Jesus."

- 1 I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,
'Come unto me and rest;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon my breast.'
I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary, and worn, and sad;
I found in him a resting-place,
And he has made me glad.
- 2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
'Behold, I freely give
The living water; thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink, and live.'

THE GOSPEL : ITS INVITATIONS.

I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quenched, my soul
revived,
And now I live in him.

- 3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"I am this dark world's light;
Look unto me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright."
I looked to Jesus, and I found,
In him, my Star, my Sun;
And in that light of life I'll walk
Till travelling days are done.

Horatius Bonar. 1860.

129

1211, 12 12. 1r.

"Who is rich in mercy."

- 1 O COME to the merciful Saviour who
calls you,
O come to the Lord who forgives and
forgets;
Though dark be the fortune on earth
that befalls you,
There's a bright home above where
the sun never sets.
- 2 Yes, come to the Saviour, whose mercy
grows brighter
The longer you look at the depths of
his love;
And fear not; 'tis Jesus, and life's cares
grow lighter,
As you think of the home and the
glory above.
- 3 Have you sinned as none else in the
world have before you?
Are you blacker than all other
creatures in guilt?
O fear not, and doubt not; the mother,
who bore you,
Loves you less than the Saviour,
whose blood you have spilt.
- 4 O come then to Jesus, and say how you
love him,
And vow at his feet you will keep in
his grace;
For one tear that is shed by a sinner
can move him,
And your sins will drop off in his
tender embrace.
- 5 Come, come to his feet and lay open
your story
Of suffering and sorrow, of guilt and
of shame;

40

For the pardon of sin is the crown of
his glory,
And the joy of our Lord to be true to
his name.

Frederick William Faber. 1849.

130

86, 86, 4.

"Return unto the Lord thy God."

- 1 RETURN, O wanderer, to thy home,
Thy Father calls for thee;
No longer now an exile roam,
In guilt and misery.
Return, return.
- 2 Return, O wanderer, to thy home,
'Tis Jesus calls for thee;
The Spirit and the Bride say, Come;
O now for refuge flee.
Return, return.
- 3 Return, O wanderer, to thy home,
'Tis madness to delay;
There are no pardons in the tomb,
And brief is mercy's day.
Return, return.
- Thomas Hastings. 1830.

131

77, 77, 77, 77.

"Why will ye die?"

- 1 SINNERS, turn, why will ye die?
God, your Maker, asks you why:
God, who did your being give,
Made you with himself to live;
He the fatal cause demands,
Asks the work of his own hands,
Why, ye thankless creatures, why
Will ye cross his love, and die?
- 2 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
God, your Saviour, asks you why:
God, who did your souls retrieve,
Died himself, that ye might live.
Will you let him die in vain?
Crucify your Lord again?
Why, ye ransomed sinners, why
Will you slight his grace, and die?
- 3 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
God, the Spirit, asks you why;
He, who all your lives hath striven,
Wooed you to aspire to heaven:
Will you not his grace receive?
Will you still refuse to live?
Why, ye long-sought sinners, why
Will you grieve your God, and die?

Charles Wesley. 1741.

THE SOUL.

132

87,87,47.

*"A fountain shall come forth of the house
of the Lord."*

1 SEE, from Zion's fountain rises
Life's rich stream, whose rolling tide
All impediments despises,
Rising high and spreading wide;
It dispenses
Life from Jesus crucified.

2 Barren sands and lofty mountains
Open channels for its course;
And all other streams and fountains
Dry away before its force:
This is daily
Well supplied from Christ its source.

3 Flow, ye waves, to every nation,
Every tribe, and every tongue,
Till the blessings of salvation
Visit all the ransomed throng,
And the Saviour's
Praises through the earth are sung.

4 Jesus, let thy gospel river
Spread its blessings all around;
Loudest songs to thee, the giver,
Shall throughout thy church resound;
And for ever,
'Lord of all,' thou shalt be crowned.
Joseph Irons. 1816.

133

L.M.

"Their sound went into all the earth."

1 THE heavens declare thy glory, Lord,
In every star thy wisdom shines;
But when our eyes behold thy word,
We read thy name in fairer lines.

2 The rolling sun, the changing light,
And nights and days, thy power
confess;
But the blessed volume thou hast writ
Reveals thy justice and thy grace.

3 Sun, moon, and stars convey thy praise
Round the whole earth, and never
stand;
So when thy truth began its race,
It touched and glanced on every land.

4 Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest
Till through the world thy truth has
run,
Till Christ has all the nations blessed
That see the light or feel the sun.

5 Great Sun of Righteousness, arise,
Bless the dark world with heavenly
light;
Thy gospel makes the simple wise,
Thy laws are pure, thy judgments
right.

Isaac Watts. 1719.

134

66,66,44,44.

"Ye shall go out with joy."

1 MARK the soft-falling snow,
And the diffusive rain;
To heaven, from whence it fell,
It turns not back again,
But waters earth
Through every pore,
And calls forth all
Its secret store.

2 Arrayed in beauteous green,
The hills and valleys shine,
And man and beast are fed
By providence divine;
The harvest bows
Its golden ears,
The copious seed
Of future years.

3 So, saith the God of grace,
My gospel shall descend,
Almighty to effect
The purpose I intend;
Millions of souls
Shall feel its power,
And bear it down
To millions more.

4 Joy shall begin your march,
And peace protect your ways,
While all the mountains round
Echo melodious praise;
The vocal groves
Shall sing the God,
And every tree
Consenting nod.

Philip Doddridge. 1755.

VIII.—THE SOUL.

135

C.M.

*"What shall a man give in exchange
for his soul?"*

1 WHAT is the thing of greatest price,
The whole creation round?

That, which was lost in Paradise,
That, which in Christ is found.

2 The soul of man,—Jehovah's breath!
That keeps two worlds at strife:
Hell moves beneath to work its death;
Heaven stoops to give it life.

3 God, to reclaim it, did not spare
His well-beloved Son;
Jesus, to save it, deigned to bear
The sins of all in One.

4 The Holy Spirit sealed the plan,
And pledged the blood divine,
To ransom every soul of man;
That price was paid for mine.

James Montgomery. 1825.

IX.—DECISION.

136

L.M.

"Now is the accepted time."

1 At every motion of our breath
Life trembles on the brink of death,
A taper's flame that upward turns,
While downward to the dust it burns.

2 A moment ushered us to birth,
Heirs of the commonwealth of earth;
Moment by moment years are passed,
And one ere long will be our last.

3 'Twixt that, long fled, which gave us
light,
And that which soon shall end in night,
There is a point no eye can see,
Yet on it hangs eternity.

4 Time past and time to come are not;
Time present is our only lot;
Now is the moment,—as we choose,
The immortal soul we save or lose.

James Montgomery. 1825.

137

C.M.

Fleeting days and lasting favours.

1 TIME, what an empty vapour 'tis,
And days how swift they are;
Swift as an Indian arrow flies,
Or like a shooting star.

2 The present moments just appear,
Then slide away in haste,
That we can never say, They're here,
But only say, They're past.

3 Our life is ever on the wing,
And death is ever nigh;
The moment when our lives begin
We all begin to die.

4 Yet, mighty God, our fleeting days
Thy lasting favours share;
Yet with the bounties of thy grace
Thou load'st the rolling year.

5 'Tis sovereign mercy finds us food,
And we are clothed with love;
While grace stands pointing out the
road,
That leads our souls above.

6 His goodness runs an endless round;
All glory to the Lord:
His mercy never knows a bound;
And be his name adored.

Isaac Watts. 1707.

138

S.M.

"While it is called To-day."

1 To-morrow, Lord, is thine,
Lodged in thy sovereign hand;
And if its sun arise and shine,
It shines by thy command.

2 The present moment flies,
And bears our life away;
O make thy servants truly wise,
That they may live to-day.

3 Since on this wingéd hour
Eternity is hung,
Waken, by thine almighty power,
The aged and the young.

4 One thing demands our care;
O be it still pursued,
Lest slighted once, the season fair
Should never be renewed.

5 To Jesus may we fly
Swift as the morning light,
Lest life's young golden beams should
die
In sudden endless night.

Philip Doddridge. 1755.

CONVERSION.

X.—CONVERSION.

139

88,88,88.

"A new creature."

- 1 I HAD one only thing to do,
Yet would a thousand things pursue:
God only could exhaust my mind,
In God alone I rest could find;
Yet o'er the world wild flights I took,
While I myself and God forsook.
- 2 My thought things perishable filled;
My soul what was my poison willed;
I fondly loved what I should hate,
Desired what horror should create;
I lying vanities believed,
And trusted most, where most deceived.
- 3 God, shining on me from his throne,
Benignly brake this heart of stone.
On thee, my God, my thought shall
muse,
Thee sovereignly my will shall choose;
My love shall to thy love aspire,
The sole desirable desire.

Thomas Ken. 1721.

140

C.M.

"Look unto me and be ye saved."

- 1 In evil long I took delight,
Unawed by shame or fear,
Till a new object struck my sight,
And stopped my wild career.
- 2 I saw one hanging on a tree,
In agonies and blood,
Who fixed his languid eyes on me,
As near his cross I stood.
- 3 Sure never till my latest breath
Can I forget that look;
It seemed to charge me with his death,
Though not a word he spoke.
- 4 My conscience felt and owned the guilt,
And plunged me in despair:
I saw my sins his blood had spilt,
And helped to nail him there.
- 5 Alas, I knew not what I did;
But now my tears are vain;
Where shall my trembling soul be hid?
For I the Lord have slain.
- 6 A second look he gave, which said,
'I freely all forgive;

This blood is for thy ransom paid,
I die that thou mayest live.

John Newton. 1779.

141

888,3.

"My Saviour."

- 1 In form I long had bowed the knee,
But nought attractive then could see,
To win my wayward heart to thee,
My Saviour.
- 2 Yet oft I trembled when I thought
How I had sold myself for nought;
But still against thy love I fought,
My Saviour.
- 3 When self-accused I trembling stood,
I promised fair, as any could,
But never counted on thy blood,
My Saviour.
- 4 Too soon the promise vain I proved
That sinners make, while sin is loved:
But still to thee this heart ne'er moved,
My Saviour.
- 5 To pleasure prone, I thought it hard
From pleasure's path to be debarred,
Nor pleasure sought from thy regard,
My Saviour.
- 6 Thou, whom I had so long withstood,
Thou did'st redeem my soul with blood,
And thou hast brought me nigh to God,
My Saviour.
- 7 Through storms and waves of conflict
past,
Thy potent arm has held me fast,
And thou wilt save me to the last,
My Saviour.

Thomas Kelly. 1804.

142

I.M.

"I am the way."

- 1 JESUS, my All, to heaven is gone,
He that I placed my hopes upon:
His track I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way, till him I view.
- 2 The way the holy prophets went,
The road that leads from banishment,
The King's highway of holiness,
I'll go; for all the paths are peace.

CONVERSION.

3 This is the way I long have sought,
And mourned because I found it not;
My grief, my burden, long have been,
Because I could not cease from sin.

4 The more I strove against its power,
I sinned and stumbled but the more;
Till late I heard my Saviour say,
'Come hither, soul, for I'm the way.'

5 Lo, glad I come; and thou, dear Lamb,
Shalt take me to thee, as I am:
Nothing but sin I thee can give;
Yet help me, and thy praise I'll live.

6 I'll tell to all poor sinners round,
What a dear Saviour I have found;
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And say, Behold the way to God.

John Cennick. 1743.

143

888,6.

"Just as I am."

1 Just as I am—without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bidd'st me come to thee—
O Lamb of God, I come.

2 Just as I am—and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To thee whose blood can cleanse each
spot—
O Lamb of God, I come.

3 Just as I am—though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings and fears within, without—
O Lamb of God, I come.

4 Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need in thee to find—
O Lamb of God, I come.

5 Just as I am—thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
Because thy promise I believe—
O Lamb of God, I come.

6 Just as I am—thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down;
Now to be thine, yea thine alone—
O Lamb of God, I come.

Charlotte Elliott. 1836.

144

L.M.

"All Judah rejoiced at the oath."

1 O HAPPY day, that fixed my choice
On thee, my Saviour and my God:
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

2 'Tis done, the great transaction's done;
I am my Lord's, and he is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

3 Now rest my long-divided heart,
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest:
With ashes who would grudge to part,
Whencalled on angels' bread to feast.

4 High heaven, that heard the solemn
vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear;
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

Phillip Doddridge. 1755.

145

L.M.

"The star of Bethlehem."

1 WHEN, marshalled on the nightly plain,
The glittering host bestud the sky,
One star alone of all the train
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.

2 Hark, hark! to God the chorus breaks,
From every host, from every gem;
But one alone the Saviour speaks,
It is the star of Bethlehem.

3 Once on the raging seas I rode,
The storm was loud, the night was
dark,
The ocean yawned, and rudely blowed
The wind that tossed my foundering
bark.

4 Deep horror then my vitals froze;
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to
stem;
When suddenly a star arose,
It was the star of Bethlehem.

5 It was my guide, my light, my all;
It bade my dark forebodings cease;
And, through the storm and danger's
thrail,
It led me to the port of peace.

CHRISTIAN LIFE—ITS PRIVILEGES : COMMUNION WITH GOD.

6 Now safely moored, my perils o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
For ever and for evermore,
The star, the star of Bethlehem.
Henry Kirke White. 1806.

XL.—CHRISTIAN LIFE.

146 C.M.

*"Come ye apart into a desert place, and
rest awhile."*

1 FAR from the world, O Lord, I flee,
From strife and tumult far,
From scenes where Satan wages still
His most successful war.

2 The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree,
And seem by thy sweet bounty made
For those who follow thee.

3 There, if thy Spirit touch the soul,
And grace her mean abode,
O with what peace, and joy, and love,
She communes with her God.

4 There, like the nightingale, she pours
Her solitary lays;
Nor asks a witness of her song,
Nor thirsts for human praise.

5 Author and Guardian of my life,
Sweet source of light divine,
And—all harmonious names in one—
My Saviour, thou art mine.

6 What thanks I owe thee, and what love,
A boundless, endless store,
Shall echo through the realms above,
When time shall be no more.

William Cowper. 1779.

147 C.M.

*"To tell of thy loving-kindness early in
the morning, and of thy truth in the
night season."*

1 I THINK of thee, my God, by night,
And talk of thee, by day,
Thy love, my treasure and delight,
Thy truth, my strength and stay.

2 The day is dark, the night is long,
Unblessed with thoughts of thee,
And dull to me the sweetest song,
Unless its theme thou be.

3 Like pleasant thoughts of those we love,
Which are of self a part,
Which neither day nor night remove
Out of the loving heart:

4 So all day long, and all the night,
Lord, let thy presence be
Mine air, my breath, my shade, my
light—
Myself absorbed in thee.

John Samuel Bewley Monsell. 1833.

148 C.M.

"With him in the holy mount."

1 I WOULD commune with thee, my God;
E'en to thy seat I come:
I leave my joys, I leave my sins,
And seek in thee my home.

2 I stand upon the mount of God,
With sunlight in my soul;
I hear the storms in vales beneath,
I hear the thunders roll:

3 But I am calm with thee, my God,
Beneath these glorious skies;
And to the height on which I stand,
Nor storms nor clouds can rise.

4 O this is life, O this is joy,
My God, to find thee so;
Thy face to see, thy voice to hear,
And all thy love to know.

George Burden Bubier. 1855.

149 C.M.D.

"My soul thirsteth for the living God."

1 O who is like the Mighty One,
Whose throne is in the sky,
Who compasseth the universe
With his all-searching eye,
At whose creative word appeared
The dry land and the sea?
My spirit thirsts for thee, O Lord,
My spirit thirsts for thee.

2 Around him suns and systems swim
In harmony and light:
Beside him harps angelic hymn
His praises day and night;
Yet, to the contrite in the dust
In mercy turn will he:
My spirit thirsts for thee, O Lord,
My spirit thirsts for thee.

CHRISTIAN LIFE—ITS PRIVILEGES: COMMUNION WITH CHRIST.

- 3 Yes, though unlimited his works,
His power upholds them all;
He clothes the lilies of the field,
And marks the sparrow's fall;
The ravens young cry not in vain,
Then will he pass not me:
My spirit thirsts for thee, O Lord,
My spirit thirsts for thee.
- David Macbeth Moir. 1832.

150

C.M.

*"Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace,
whose mind is stayed on thee."*

- 1 THE thought of God, the thought of thee,
Who liest in my heart,
And yet beyond imagined space
Outstretched and present art,—
- 2 The thought of thee, above, below,
Around me and within,
Is more to me than health and wealth,
Or love of kith and kin.
- 3 It is a thought which ever makes
Life's sweetest smiles from tears,
And is a daybreak to our hopes,
A sunset to our fears.
- 4 One while it bids the tears to flow,
Then wipes them from the eyes,
Most often fills our souls with joy,
And always sanctifies.
- 5 To think of thee is almost prayer,
And is outspoken praise;
And pain can even passive thoughts
To actual worship raise.
- 6 All murmurs lie inside thy will
Which are to thee addressed;
To suffer for thee is our work,
To think of thee our rest.
- Frederick William Faber. 1861.

151

610,610.

"Christ in you."

- 1 BIRDS have their quiet nest,
Foxes their holes, and man his peace-
ful bed;
All creatures have their rest;
But Jesus had not where to lay his head.
- 2 And yet he came to give
The weary and the heavy-laden rest,
To bid the sinner live,
And soothe our griefs to slumber on
his breast.

- 3 I, who once made him grieve,
I, who once bid his gentle spirit mourn,
Whose hand essayed to weave
For his meek brow the cruel crown of
thorn,—

- 4 O why should I have peace?
Why?—but for that unchanged, undy-
ing love
Which would not, could not cease,
Until it made me heir of joys above.

- 5 Let the birds seek their nest,
Foxes their holes, and man his peace-
ful bed;
Come, Saviour, in my breast
Deign to repose thine oft-rejected head.

- 6 Come, give me rest, and take
The only rest on earth thou lov'st,
within
A heart that for thy sake
Lies bleeding, broken, penitent for sin.
- John Samuel Bewley Monsell. 1837.

152

104,104.

"I will not let thee go."

- 1 JESUS, I cannot, will not let thee go,
I love thee so;
Far less thy love will ever suffer thee
To part with me.
- 2 I know thou lovest me, but cannot tell
How long, how well;
And all the love that fills this heart of
mine
Is drawn from thine.
- 3 I feel no sorrow, and I fear no fear
When thou art near;
And all my sinful feelings droop and die
Beneath thine eye.
- 4 O let my weary head sink down to rest
Upon thy breast;
And let me drink, in loving words, my
fill
Of thy sweet will.
- 5 Thou hast, thy dear self, of the pain I
bear
The largest share;
My sorest agony is very bliss,
When I think this.
- 6 When my weak spirit cannot rise in
song,
O make me strong.

CHRISTIAN LIFE—ITS PRIVILEGES : PRAYER.

And when uneasy murmurings will not
cease,

O whisper peace.

7 Upon thy bosom leaning, let me there
Lose all my care;
And gazing on thy glory, let me be
Made like to thee.

8 O love of Christ, that I can never know,
Nor yet let go;
With thee, all sorrow from my life is
driven,

And death is heaven.

Thomas Dunlop. 1876.

153

S.M.

"Brotherly love"

1 BLESSED be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love
The fellowship of kindred min
Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes;
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathising tear.

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

John Fawcett. 1772.

154

C.M.

"The golden chain."

1 How sweet, how heavenly is the sight
When those that love the Lord,
In one another's peace delight,
And so fulfil his word.

2 When each can feel his brother sigh,
And with him bear a part;
When sorrow flows from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart.

3 When, free from envy, scorn, and pride,
Our wishes all above,
Each can his brother's failings hide,
And show a brother's love.

4 When love, in one delightful stream,
Through every bosom flows;
When union sweet, and dearest love,
In every action glows.

5 Love is the golden chain that binds
The happy souls above;
And he's an heir of heaven that finds
His bosom glow with love.

Joseph Swain. 1792.

155

L.M.

*"I will commune with thee from above
the mercy-seat."*

1 FROM every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat;
'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.

2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads;
A place than all beside more sweet;
It is the blood-stained mercy-seat.

3 There is a spot where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with
friend;
Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.

4 Ah, whither could we flee for aid
When tempted, desolate, dismayed,
Or how the hosts of hell defeat,
Had suffering saints no mercy-seat?

5 There, there on eagle wing we soar,
And time and sense seem all no more;
And heaven comes down our souls to
greet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat?

6 O may my hand forget her skill,
My tongue be silent, cold, and still,
This bounding heart forget to beat,
If I forget the mercy-seat.

Hugh Stowell. 1832.

156

C.M.

*"Let us come boldly to the throne of
grace."*

1 How sweet to the believer's soul
The place of private prayer,
Where he can all his burdens roll
On God, and leave them there.

- 2 Whether we bend the suppliant knee
In forest's still retreat,
Or in the chamber's secrecy,
The place of prayer is sweet.
- 3 As children tell their little wants,
And earthly parents hear;
So our requests Jehovah grants
When whispered in his ear.
- 4 When worldly cares, and griefs, and
fears
Are there to God made known,
He quells the fears, he dries the tears,
And makes the cares his own.
- 5 Teach us, O Lord, to leave with thee
Each soul-depressing load,
To feel ourselves made light and free
By rolling all on God;
- 6 Waiting the day that shall disclose
Our Father's dwelling-place,
Where thrones of glory wait for those
Who loved the throne of grace.
Fergus Ferguson. 1846.

157

C.M.

Prayer.

- 1 PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire
Uttered or unexpressed,
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.
- 2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.
- 3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try,
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.
- 4 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways,
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry, 'Behold, he prays.'
- 5 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air,
His watchword at the gates of death;
He enters heaven with prayer.
- 6 O Thou by whom we come to God,
The Life, the Truth, the Way:
The path of prayer thyself hast trod;
Lord, teach us how to pray.

James Montgomery. 1819.

158

L.M.

"Continue in prayer."

- 1 WHAT various hindrances we meet,
In coming to a mercy-seat:
Yet who that knows the worth of
prayer,
But wishes to be often there?
- 2 Prayer makes the darkened cloud with-
draw,
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw,
Gives exercise to faith and love,
Brings every blessing from above.
- 3 While Moses stood with arms spread
wide,
Success was found on Israel's side;
But when through weariness they failed,
That moment Amalek prevailed.
- 4 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight;
Prayer makes the Christian's armour
bright;
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.

William Cowper. 1779.

159

85,83.

Κόπος εἰ καὶ κάματον.

- 1 ART thou weary, art thou languid,
Art thou sore distressed?
'Come to me,' saith One, 'and coming,
Be at rest.'
- 2 Hath he marks to lead me to him,
If he be my guide?
'In his feet and hands are wound-
prints,
And his side.'
- 3 Is there diadem, as monarch,
That his brow adorns?
'Yea, a crown, in very surety,
But of thorns.'
- 4 If I find him, if I follow,
What his guerdon here?
'Many a sorrow, many a labour,
Many a tear.'
- 5 If I still hold closely to him,
What hath he at last?
'Sorrow vanquished, labour ended,
Jordan passed.'

6 If I ask him to receive me,
Will he say me nay?
'Not till earth, and not till heaven
Pass away.'

John Mason Neale. 1862.

160

"A closer walk."

C.M.

- 1 O FOR a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame;
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb.
- 2 Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word?
- 3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed;
How sweet their memory still;
But they have left an aching void,
The world can never fill.
- 4 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest;
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.
- 5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.
- 6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

William Cowper. 1779.

161

83,88,88.

"I will heal their backsliding."

- 1 O JESUS, full of truth and grace,
More full of grace than I of sin,
Yet once again I seek thy face,
Open thine arms and take me in;
And freely my backslidings heal,
And love the faithless sinner still.
- 2 Thou know'st the way to bring me back,
My fallen spirit to restore;
O for thy truth and mercy's sake
Forgive, and bid me sin no more;
The ruins of my soul repair,
And make my heart a house of prayer.

3 Ah give me, Lord, the tender heart,
That trembles at the approach of sin:
A godly fear of sin impart;
Implant and root it deep within;
That I may dread thy gracious power,
And never dare to offend thee more.

Charles Wesley. 1749.

162

87,87,66,66,7.

"Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott."

- 1 A SAFE stronghold our God is still,
A trusty shield and weapon;
He'll help us clear from all the ill
That hath us now o'ertaken.
The ancient Prince of Hell
Hath risen with purpose fell;
Strong mail of craft and power
He weareth in this hour;
On earth is not his fellow.
- 2 With force of arms we nothing can,
Full soon were we down-ridden;
But for us fights the proper Man,
Whom God himself hath bidden.
Ask ye, Who is this same?
Christ Jesus is his name,
The Lord Sabaoth's Son:
He and no other one
Shall conquer in the battle.
- 3 And were this world all devils o'er,
And watching to devour us,
We lay it not to heart so sore,
Not they can overpower us.
And let the Prince of Ill
Look grim as e'er he will,
He harms us not a whit:
For why? His doom is writ;
A word shall quickly slay him.
- 4 God's word for all their craft and force
One moment will not linger,
But, spite of hell, shall have its course;
'Tis written by his finger.
And though they take our life,
Goods, honour, children, wife,
Yet is their profit small;
These things shall vanish all.
The city of God remaineth.

Martin Luther. 1529.

Tr. Thomas Carlyle. 1831.

163

1010,1010,1010.

"Stille, mein Wille, dein Jesu hilft
siegen."

- 1 BE still, my soul: the Lord is on thy
side;
Bear patiently the cross of grief and
pain;

Leave to thy God to order and provide;
In every change he faithful will
remain.

Be still, my soul: thy best, thy heavenly
Friend
Through thorny ways leads to a joyful
end.

2 Be still, my soul: thy God doth under-
take
To guide the future, as he has the
past.

Thy hope, thy confidence, let nothing
shake;
All now mysterious shall be bright
at last.

Be still, my soul: the waves and winds
still know
His voice, who ruled them while he
dwelt below.

3 Be still, my soul: when dearest friends
depart,
And all is darkened in the vale of
tears,

Then shalt thou better know his love,
his heart,
Who comes to soothe thy sorrow and
thy fears.

Be still, my soul: thy Jesus can repay
From his own fulness all he takes away.

4 Be still, my soul: the hour is hasten-
ing on
When we shall be for ever with the
Lord;

When disappointment, grief, and fear
are gone;
Sorrow forgot, love's purest joys
restored.

Be still, my soul: when change and
tears are past,
All safe and blessed we shall meet at
last.

Anon.
Tr. H. L. L. 1854.

2 Though dark be my way,
Since he is my guide,
'Tis mine to obey,
'Tis his to provide;
Though cisterns be broken,
And creatures all fail,
The word he has spoken
Will surely prevail.

3 His love in time past
Forbids me to think
He'll leave me at last
In trouble to sink;
Each sweet Ebenezer
I have in review,
Confirms his good pleasure
To help me quite through.

4 Why should I complain
Of want or distress,
Temptation or pain?
He told me no less:
The heirs of salvation,
I know from his word,
Through much tribulation
Must follow their Lord.

5 How bitter that cup
No heart can conceive,
Which he drank quite up,
That sinners might live.
His way was much rougher
And darker than mine;
Did Jesus thus suffer,
And shall I repine?

6 Since all that I meet
Shall work for my good,
The bitter is sweet,
The medicine is food;
Though painful at present,
'Twill cease before long;
And then, O how pleasant
The conqueror's song.

John Newton. 1779.

164

55,55,65,65.

"I will trust and not be afraid."

1 BEGONE, unbelief,
My Saviour is near,
And for my relief
Will surely appear:
By prayer let me wrestle,
And he will perform;
With Christ in the vessel,
I smile at the storm.

165

87,87.

"Trust in God and do the right."

1 COURAGE, brother, do not stumble,
Though thy path is dark as night;
There's a star to guide the humble—
'Trust in God and do the right.'

2 Let the road be long and dreary,
And its ending out of sight;
Foot it bravely, strong or weary;
'Trust in God and do the right.'

- 3 Perish 'policy' and cunning,
Perish all that fears the light;
Whether losing, whether winning,
'Trust in God and do the right.'
- 4 Trust no party, church, or faction;
Trust no leaders in the fight;
But in every word and action,
'Trust in God and do the right.'
- 5 Trust no forms of guilty passion,
Fiends can look like angels bright;
Trust no custom, school, or fashion;
'Trust in God and do the right.'
- 6 Some will hate thee, some will love thee,
Some will flatter, some will slight;
Cease from man, and look above thee,
'Trust in God and do the right.'
- 7 Simple rule and safest guiding;
Inward peace and inward light;
Star upon our path abiding;
'Trust in God and do the right.'

Norman Macleod. 1857.

166

86,86,86. Ir.

*"I seek not mine own will, but the will
of the Father."*

- 1 FATHER, I know that all my life
Is portioned out for me;
And the changes that are sure to come,
I do not fear to see;
But I ask thee for a present mind
Intent on pleasing thee.
- 2 I would not have the restless will
That hurries to and fro,
Seeking for some great thing to do,
Or secret thing to know;
I would be treated as a child,
And guided where I go.
- 3 Wherever in the world I am,
In whatsoever estate,
I have a fellowship with hearts
To keep and cultivate;
And a work of lowly love to do
For the Lord on whom I wait.
- 4 So I ask thee for the daily strength,
To none that ask denied;
And a mind to blend with outward life,
While keeping at thy side;
Content to fill a little space,
If thou be glorified.

- 5 There are briars besetting every path,
That call for patient care;
There is a cross in every lot,
And an earnest need for prayer;
But a lowly heart that leans on thee
Is happy anywhere.
- 6 In a service which thy will appoints
There are no bonds for me;
For my inmost heart is taught the truth,
That makes thy children free;
And a life of self-renouncing love
Is a life of liberty.

Anna Lætitia Waring. 1850.

167

S.M.

"Befiehl du deine Wege."

- 1 GIVE to the winds thy fears;
Hope, and be undismayed;
God hears thy sighs and counts thy
tears;
God shall lift up thy head.
- 2 Through waves, and clouds, and
storms,
He gently clears thy way;
Wait thou his time, so shall this night
Soon end in joyous day.
- 3 Still heavy is thy heart?
Still sink thy spirits down?
Cast off the weight, let fear depart,
Bid every care be gone.
- 4 What though thou rulest not?
Yet heaven, and earth, and hell
Proclaim, God sitteth on the throne,
And ruleth all things well.
- 5 Leave to his sovereign sway
To choose and to command;
So shalt thou wondering own, his way
How wise, how strong his hand.
- 6 Far, far above thy thought
His counsel shall appear,
When fully he the work hath wrought
That caused thy needless fear.
- 7 Thou seest our weakness, Lord,
Our hearts are known to thee;
O lift thou up the sinking hand,
Confirm the feeble knee.
- 8 Let us in life, in death,
Thy steadfast truth declare,
And publish with our latest breath
Thy love and guardian care.

Paul Gerhardt. 1659.
Tr. John Wesley. 1739.

168

C.M.

"Jesus died for me."

- 1 GREAT God, when I approach thy throne,
And all thy glory see,
This is my stay, and this alone,
That Jesus died for me.
- 2 How can a soul condemned to die
Escape the just decree?
A vile, unworthy wretch am I,
But Jesus died for me.
- 3 Burdened with sin's oppressive chain,
O how can I get free?
No peace can all my efforts gain,
But Jesus died for me.
- 4 My course I could not safely steer
Through life's tempestuous sea,
Did not this truth relieve my fear,
That Jesus died for me.
- 5 And, Lord, when I behold thy face,
This must be all my plea;
Save me by thy almighty grace,
For Jesus died for me.

William Hiley Bathurst. 1830.

169

76,76,76,76.

"I will fear no evil."

- 1 In heavenly love abiding,
No change my heart shall fear;
And safe is such confiding,
For nothing changes here.
The storm may roar without me,
My heart may low be laid,
But God is round about me,
And can I be dismayed?
- 2 Wherever he may guide me,
No want shall turn me back;
My Shepherd is beside me
And nothing can I lack.
His wisdom ever waketh,
His sight is never dim,
He knows the way he taketh,
And I will walk with him.
- 3 Green pastures are before me,
Which yet I have not seen;
Bright skies will soon be o'er me,
Where the dark clouds have been.
My hope I cannot measure,
My path to life is free,
My Saviour has my treasure,
And he will walk with me.

Anna Lætitia Waring. 1850.

170

77,77,77.

"Meine Stund' ist noch nicht kommen."

- 1 'Jesus' hour is not yet come,
Let this word thine answer be,
Pilgrim, asking for thy home,
Longing to be blessed and free.
Yet a season tarry on;
Nobly borne is nobly done.
- 2 While oppressing cares and fears
Night and day no respite leave,
Still prolonged through many years,
None to help thee or relieve;
Hold the word of promise fast
Till deliverance comes at last.
- 3 Every creature—hope and trust,
Every earthly prop or stay,
May lie prostrate in the dust,
May have failed or passed away;
Then, when darkest falls the night,
Jesus comes, and all is light.
- 4 Dost thou ask, When comes his hour?
Then, when it shall aid thee best,
Trust his faithfulness and power,
Trust in him, and quietly rest;
Suffer on, and hope, and wait,
Jesus never comes too late.

Carl Johann Philipp Spitta. 1833.
Tr. H. L. L. 1854.

171

C.M.

"Yet what I shall choose I wot not."

- 1 LORD, it belongs not to my care
Whether I die or live;
To love and serve thee is my share,
And this thy grace must give.
- 2 If death shall bruise this springing seed
Before it come to fruit,
The will with thee goes for the deed,
Thy life was in the root.
- 3 If life be long, I will be glad,
That I may long obey;
If short, yet why should I be sad
To end my toilsome day.
- 4 Christ leads me through no darker
rooms
Than he went through before;
He that unto God's kingdom comes
Must enter by this door.
- 5 Come, Lord, when grace has made me
meet
Thy blessed face to see;

CHRISTIAN LIFE—ITS PRIVILEGES : TRUST.

For if thy work on earth be sweet,
What will thy glory be?

- 6 My knowledge of that life is small,
The eye of faith is dim;
But it's enough that Christ knows all,
And I shall be with him.

Richard Baxter. 1681.

172

88,6,88,6.

"The righteous shall hold on his way."

- 1 Not all the powers of hell can fright
A soul that walks with Christ in light:
He walks, and cannot fall;
Clearly he sees, and wins his way,
Shining unto the perfect day.
And more than conquers all.

- 2 Light of the world, thy beams I bless;
On thee, bright Sun of Righteousness.
My faith hath fixed its eye;
Guided by thee, through all I go,
Nor fear the ruin spread below,
For thou art always nigh.

- 3 Ten thousand snares my path beset,
Yet will I, Lord, the work complete
Which thou to me hast given;
Regardless of the pains I feel,
Close by the gates of death and hell,
I urge my way to heaven.

Charles Wesley. 1749.

173

L.M. Ir.

"Thou, Lord, only makest me dwell in safety."

- 1 O THOU who dwell'st in the heavens
high,
Above yon stars, and within yon sky,
Where the dazzling fields never needed
light
Of the sun by day, nor the moon by night,

- 2 Though shining millions around thee
stand,
For the sake of One that's at thy right
hand
O think of them that have cost him dear,
Still chained in doubt and in darkness
here.

- 3 Our night is dreary and dim our day,
And if thou turnest thy face away,
We are sinful, feeble, and helpless dust,
And have none to look to, and none to
trust.

- 4 The powers of darkness are all abroad,
They own no Saviour, and fear no God;
And we are trembling in dumb dismay,
O turn not thus thy face away.

- 5 Thy aid, O Mighty One, we crave;
Not shortened is thy arm to save;
Afar from thee, we now sojourn;
Return to us, O God, return.

James Hogg. 1818.

174

S.M.

"My grace is sufficient for thee."

- 1 SAY not, my soul, From whence
Can God relieve my care?
Remember that Omnipotence
Has servants everywhere.

- 2 God's help is always sure;
His method seldom guessed;
Delay will make our pleasure pure;
Surprise will give it zest.

- 3 His wisdom is sublime,
His heart profoundly kind,
God never is before his time,
And never is behind.

- 4 Hast thou assumed a load,
Which few will share with thee,
And art thou carrying it for God,
And shall he fail to see?

- 5 Be comforted at heart;
Thou art not left alone:
Now thou the Lord's companion art,
Soon thou wilt share his throne.

Thomas Toke Lynch. 1855.

175

76,76,76,76.

*"Weeping may endure for a night, but
joy cometh in the morning."*

- 1 SOMETIMES a light surprises
The Christian while he sings;
It is the Lord who rises
With healing in his wings.
When comforts are declining,
He grants the soul again
A season of clear shining,
To cheer it after rain.

- 2 In holy contemplation,
We sweetly then pursue
The theme of God's salvation,
And find it ever new.

Set free from present sorrow,
We cheerfully can say,
Even let the unknown to-morrow
Bring with it what it may:

3 It can bring with it nothing
But he will bear us through;
Who gives the lilies clothing,
Will clothe his people too.
Beneath the spreading heavens,
No creature but is fed;
And he who feeds the ravens,
Will give his children bread.

4 Though vine nor fig-tree neither
Their wanted fruit shall bear;
Though all the field should wither,
Nor flocks nor herds be there:
Yet God the same abiding,
His praise shall tune my voice;
For while in him confiding,
I cannot but rejoice.

William Cowper. 1779.

176

L.M.

"Out of the depths have I cried to thee."

1 The billows swell, the winds are high,
Clouds overcast my wintry sky;
Out of the depths to thee I call,
My fears are great, my strength is small.

2 O Lord, the pilot's part perform,
And guide and guard me through the
storm;
Defend me from each threatening ill.
Control the waves, say, 'Peace, be still.'

3 Amidst the roaring of the sea,
My soul still hangs her hopes on thee;
Thy constant love, thy faithful care,
Is all that saves me from despair.

4 Though tempest-tossed, and half a
wreck,
My Saviour through the floods I seek;
Let neither winds nor stormy main
Force back my shattered bark again.

William Cowper. 1779.

177

55, 55, 65, 65.

"The Lord will provide."

1 THOUGH troubles assail,
And dangers affright,
Though friends should all fail,
And foes all unite;

54

Yet one thing secures us,
Whatever betide.
The Scripture assures us,
The Lord will provide.

2 The birds without barn
Or storehouse are fed:
From them let us learn
To trust for our bread:
His saints what is fitting
Shall ne'er be denied,
So long as 'tis written,
The Lord will provide.

3 We may, like the ships,
By tempests be tossed
On perilous deeps,
But cannot be lost:
Though Satan enrages
The wind and the tide,
The promise engages
The Lord will provide.

4 His call we obey,
Like Abram of old,
Not knowing our way,
But faith makes us bold:
For, though we are strangers,
We have a good guide,
And trust, in all dangers,
The Lord will provide.

5 When Satan appears
To stop up our path,
And fill us with fears,
We triumph by faith;
He cannot take from us,
Though oft he has tried,
This heart-cheering promise,
The Lord will provide.

6 He tells us we're weak,
Our hope is in vain,
The good that we seek
We ne'er shall obtain;
But when such suggestions
Our spirits have plied,
This answers all questions,
The Lord will provide.

7 No strength of our own,
Or goodness, we claim;
Yet since we have known
The Saviour's great name,
In this, our strong tower,
For safety we hide:
The Lord is our power,
The Lord will provide.

8 When life sinks apace,
And death is in view,

CHRISTIAN LIFE—ITS DUTIES : CONFORMITY TO GOD'S WILL.

This word of his grace
Shall comfort us through ;
No fearing or doubting,
With Christ on our side ;
We hope to die shouting,
The Lord will provide.

John Newton. 1777.

178

84,84,888,4.

"It shall be well."

- 1 THROUGH the love of God our Saviour,
All will be well ;
Free and changeless is his favour,
All, all is well.
Precious is the blood that healed us ;
Perfect is the grace that sealed us ;
Strong the hand stretched forth to
shield us ;
All must be well.
- 2 Though we pass through tribulation,
All will be well ;
Ours is such a full salvation,
All, all is well.
Happy, still to God confiding ;
Fruitful, if in Christ abiding ;
Holy, through the Spirit's guiding ;
All must be well.
- 3 We expect a bright to-morrow,
All will be well ;
Faith can sing through days of sorrow,
All, all is well.
On our Father's love relying,
Jesus every need supplying,
Or in living or in dying,
All must be well.

Mary Peters. 1817.

179

C.M.

*"Be of good courage, all ye that hope in
the Lord."*

- 1 WHEN I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.
- 2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And hellish darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.
- 3 Let cares, like a wild deluge, come,
And storms of sorrow fall ;
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all !

- 4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

Isaac Watts. 1709.

180

C.M.

"Not my will, but thine."

- 1 I WORSHIP thee, sweet Will of God,
And all thy ways adore,
And every day I live I seem
To love thee more and more.
- 2 Thou wert the end, the blessed rule,
Of our Saviour's toils and tears ;
Thou wert the passion of his heart
Those three-and-thirty years.
- 3 And he hath breathed into my soul
A special love of thee,
A love to lose my will in his,
And by that loss be free.
- 4 I have no cares, O blessed Will,
For all my cares are thine ;
I live in triumph, Lord, for thou
Hast made thy triumphs mine.
- 5 Man's weakness waiting upon God
Its end can never miss,
For men on earth no work can do
More angel-like than this.
- 6 He always wins who sides with God,
To him no chance is lost ;
God's will is sweetest to him when
It triumphs at his cost.
- 7 Ill that he blesses is our good,
And unblessed good is ill ;
And all is right that seems most wrong,
If it be his sweet will.

Frederick William Faber. 1849.

181

C.M.

"Teach me to do thy will."

- 1 ONE prayer I have,—all prayers in one,
When I am wholly thine,
Thy will, my God, thy will be done,
And let that will be mine.
- 2 All-wise, all-mighty, and all-good,
In thee I firmly trust ;
Thy ways, unknown or understood,
Are merciful and just.

3 Is life with many comforts crowned,
Upheld in peace and health,
With dear affections twined around?
Lord, in my time of wealth,—

4 May I remember that to thee
"Whate'er I have I owe;
And back, in gratitude from me,
May all thy bounties flow.

5 Thy gifts are only then enjoyed
When used as talents lent;
Those talents only well employed
When in thy service spent.

6 And though thy wisdom takes away,
Shall I arraign thy will?
No, let me bless thy name, and say,
The Lord is gracious still.

James Montgomery. 1825

182

66,66,66.

*"Consider how great things he hath done
for you."*

1 I GAVE my life for thee,
My precious blood I shed
That thou might'st ransomed be,
And quickened from the dead.
I gave my life for thee:
What hast thou given me?

2 I spent long years for thee,
In weariness and woe,
That an eternity
Of joy thou mightest know.
I spent long years for thee:
Hast thou spent one for me?

3 My Father's home of light,
My rainbow-circled throne,
I left for earthly night,
For wanderings sad and lone;
I left it all for thee:
Hast thou left aught for me?

4 I suffered much for thee,
More than thy tongue may tell
Of bitterest agony,
To rescue thee from hell.
I suffered much for thee:
What canst thou bear for me?

5 And I have brought to thee
Down from my home above,
Salvation full and free,
My pardon and my love.
Great gifts I brought to thee:
What hast thou brought to me?

Frances Ridley Havergal. 1860.

183

64,64,1010.

"My beloved is mine, and I am his."

1 I LIFT my heart to thee,
Saviour divine,
For thou art all to me,
And I am thine.
Is there on earth a closer bond than
this—
That 'My beloved's mine and I am his'?

2 Thine am I by all ties;
But chiefly thine
That through thy sacrifice
Thou, Lord, art mine.
By thine own cords of love, so sweetly
wound
Around me, I to thee am closely bound.

3 To thee, thou bleeding Lamb,
I all things owe;
All that I have and am,
And all I know.
All that I have is now no longer mine,
And I am not mine own: Lord, I am
thine.

4 How can I, Lord, withhold
Life's brightest hour
From thee; or gathered gold,
Or any power?
Why should I keep one precious thing
from thee,
When thou hast given thine own dear
self for me?

5 I pray thee, Saviour, keep
Me in thy love,
Until death's holy sleep
Shall me remove
To that fair realm, where, sin and sorrow
o'er,
Thou and thine own are one for ever-
more.

Charles Edward Mudie. 1872.

184

87,87,87,87.

"Lo, we have left all and followed thee."

1 JESUS, I my cross have taken,
All to leave, and follow thee;
Destitute, despised, forsaken,
Thou, from hence, my all shalt be.
And while thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate, and friends may shun
me;
Show thy face, and all is bright.

CHRISTIAN LIFE—ITS DUTIES : CONSECRATION.

2 Man may trouble and distress me,
'Twill but drive me to thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest;
O 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While thy love is left to me;
O 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with thee.

2 Take, my soul, thy full salvation;
Rise o'er sin and fear and care;
Joy to find in every station
Something still to do or bear.
Soon shall close thy earthly mission;
Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days;
Hope soon changed to glad fruition;
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

Henry Francis Lyte. 1825.

185

L.M.

"For to me to live is Christ."

1 My gracious Lord, I own thy right
To every service I can pay;
And call it my supreme delight
To hear thy dictates, and obey.

2 What is my being, but for thee,
Its sure support, its noblest end
Thy ever-smiling face to see,
And serve the cause of such a Friend?

3 I would not breathe for worldly joy,
Or to increase my worldly good,
Nor future days or powers employ,
To spread a sounding name abroad.

4 'Tis to my Saviour I would live;
To him who for my ransom died;
Nor could untainted Eden give
Such bliss as blossoms at his side.

Philip Doddridge. 1755.

186

88,88,6,

"Zeuch, Herr, mein unbeständig Herz."

1 O Lord, thy heavenly grace impart,
And fix my frail, inconstant heart;
Henceforth my chief desire shall be
To dedicate myself to thee,
To thee, my God, to thee.

2 Whate'er pursuits my time employ,
One thought shall fill my soul with joy;
That silent, secret thought shall be,
That all my hopes are fixed on thee,
On thee, my God, on thee.

3 Thy glorious eye pervadeth space;
Thou'rt present, Lord, in every place;
And wheresoe'er my lot may be,
Still shall my spirit cleave to thee;
To thee, my God, to thee.

4 Renouncing every worldly thing,
Safe 'neath the covert of thy wing,
Mysweetest thought henceforth shall be,
That all I want I find in thee,
In thee, my God, in thee.

Jean Frédéric Oberlin. 1820.

Tr. Lucy Wilson. 1829.

187

L.M.

"Who shall confirm you to the end."

1 O thou who camest from above,
The pure celestial fire to impart,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
On the mean altar of my heart.

2 There let it for thy glory burn,
With inextinguishable blaze;
And trembling to its source return,
In humble prayer and fervent praise.

3 Jesus, confirm my heart's desire
To work and speak and think for thee;
Still let me guard the holy fire,
And still stir up thy gift in me;

4 Ready for all thy perfect will,
My acts of faith and love repeat,
Till death thy endless mercies seal,
And make the sacrifice complete.

Charles Wesley. 1762.

188

64,64,666,4.

"Something for thee."

1 SAVIOUR, thy dying love
Thou gavest me:
Nor should I aught withhold,
Dear Lord, from thee:
In love my soul would bow,
My heart fulfil its vow,
Some offering bring thee now,
Something for thee.

2 O'er the blessed mercy-seat,
Pleading for me,
My feeble faith looks up,
Jesus, to thee:
Help me the cross to bear,
Thy wondrous love declare,
Some song to raise, or prayer,
Something for thee.

3 Give me a faithful heart—
Likeness to thee,
That each departing day
Henceforth may see
Some work of love begun,
Some deed of kindness done,
Some wanderer sought and won,
Something for thee.

4 All that I am and have—
Thy gifts so free—
In joy, in grief, through life,
Dear Lord, for thee;
And when thy face I see,
My ransomed soul shall be,
Through all eternity,
Something for thee.

Sylvanus Dryden Phelps. 1862.

189

L.M.

"I count all things but loss."

- 1 WHEN I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.
- 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.
- 3 See from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
- 4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

Isaac Watts. 1709.

190

L.M.

"I will bless thee, and thou shalt be a blessing."

- 1 WHERE'ER the patriarch pitched his tent
He built an altar to his God,
And sanctified, where'er he went,
With faith and prayer, the ground he trod.
- 2 Through all the East for riches famed,
Heaven's gifts, he set his heart on none;
Nor, when the dearest was reclaimed,
Withheld his son, his only son.

58

3 Wherefore, in blessing, he was blessed;
Friendless, the friend of God became:
Long wandering, everywhere found
rest;
Long childless, nations bear his name.

4 My God, what thou hast made my home,
Let me thy sanctuary make;
My God, if called by thee to roam,
Glad may I all for thee forsake.

5 Thy law, thy love, be my delight.
Whate'er I do, or think, or am;
Walking by faith and not by sight,
Like a true child of Abraham.

James Montgomery. 1853.

191

C.M.

"Only be strong and of good courage."

- 1 O it is hard to work for God,
To rise and take his part
Upon this battlefield of earth,
And not sometimes lose heart.
- 2 Workman of God, O lose not heart,
But learn what God is like:
And in the darkest battlefield
Thou shalt know where to strike.
- 3 Thrice blessed is he to whom is given
The instinct that can tell,
That God is on the field when he
Is most invisible.
- 4 Blessed too is he who can divine
Where real right doth lie,
And dares to take the side that seems
Wrong to man's blindfold eye.
- 5 Then learn to scorn the praise of men,
And learn to lose with God;
For Jesus won the world through shame,
And beckons thee his road.
- 6 For right is right, since God is God;
And right the day must win;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin.

Frederick William Faber. 1849.

192

S.M.

"Keep thou the charge of the Lord."

- 1 A CHARGE to keep I have,
A God to glorify,
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky;

2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfil:
O may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will.

3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live:
And O thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give.

Charles Wesley. 1762.

193

L.M.

"All things are yours."

1 How vast the treasure we possess;
How rich thy bounty, King of grace;
This world is ours, and worlds to come:
Earth is our lodge, and heaven our home.

2 If peace and plenty crown my days,
They help me, Lord, to speak thy praise:
If bread of sorrows be my food,
Those sorrows work my lasting good.

3 I would not change my blessed estate
For all the world calls good or great;
And while my faith can keep her hold,
I envy not the sinner's gold.

4 Father, I wait thy daily will;
Thou shalt divide my portion still;
Grant me on earth what seems thee best,
Till death and heaven reveal the rest.

Isaac Watts. 1721.

194

84, 84, 84.

"I thank thee, O God."

1 My God, I thank thee who hast made
The earth so bright;
So full of splendour and of joy,
Beauty and light;
So many glorious things are here,
Noble and right.

2 I thank thee, too, that thou hast made
Joy to abound;
So many gentle thoughts and deeds
Circling us round,
That in the darkest spot of earth
Some love is found.

3 I thank thee more that all our joy
Is touched with pain;
That shadows fall on brightest hours;
That thorns remain;
So that earth's bliss may be our guide,
And not our chain.

4 For thou who knowest, Lord, how soon
Our weak heart clings,
Hast given us joys, tender and true,
Yet all with wings:
So that we see, gleaming on high,
Diviner things.

5 I thank thee, Lord, that thou hast kept
The best in store;
We have enough, yet not too much
To long for more,—
A yearning for a deeper peace,
Not known before.

6 I thank thee, Lord, that here our souls,
Though amply blessed,
Can never find, although they seek,
A perfect rest,—
Nor ever shall, until they lean
On Jesus' breast.

Adelaide Anne Procter. 1853.

195.

76, 76, 76, 66, 84.

"Wir pflügen und wir streuen."

1 We plough the fields, and scatter
The good seed on the land,
But it is fed and watered
By God's almighty hand;
He sends the snow in winter,
The warmth to swell the grain,
The breezes, and the sunshine,
And soft refreshing rain.
All good gifts around us
Are sent from heaven above,
Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord,
For all his love.

2 He only is the Maker
Of all things near and far;
He paints the wayside flower,
He lights the evening star;
The winds and waves obey him,
By him the birds are fed;
Much more to us, his children,
He gives our daily bread.
All good gifts around us
Are sent from heaven above,
Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord,
For all his love.

3 We thank thee then, O Father,
For all things bright and good,
The seed-time and the harvest,
Our life, our health, our food.
No gifts have we to offer
For all thy love imparts,

But that which thou desirest,
Our humble, thankful hearts.
All good gifts around us
Are sent from heaven above,
Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord,
For all his love.

Matthias Claudius. 1782.

Tr. Jane Montgomery Campbell. 1861.

196

77,77,77.

"Then shall I know."

1 WHEN this passing world is done,
When has sunk yon glaring sun,
When we stand with Christ in glory,
Looking o'er life's finished story,
Then, Lord, shall I fully know,
Not till then, how much I owe.

2 When I stand before the throne,
Dressed in beauty not my own,
When I see thee as thou art,
Love thee with unsinning heart,
Then, Lord, shall I fully know,
Not till then, how much I owe.

3 When the praise of heaven I hear,
Loud as thunders to the ear,
Loud as many waters' noise,
Sweet as harp's melodious voice,
Then, Lord, shall I fully know,
Not till then, how much I owe.

Robert Murray McCheyne. 1837.

197

C.M.

"Walk in the light."

1 WALK in the light, so shalt thou know
That fellowship of love
His Spirit only can bestow,
Who reigns in light above.

2 Walk in the light, and sin, abhorred,
Shall ne'er defile again;
The blood of Jesus Christ thy Lord
Shall cleanse from every stain.

3 Walk in the light, and even the tomb
No fearful shade shall wear;
Glory shall chase away its gloom,
For Christ hath conquered there.

4 Walk in the light, and thine shall be
A path, though thorny, bright;
For God by grace shall dwell in thee,
And God himself is light.

Bernard Barton. 1826.

198

87,87,47.

"O God, my heart is fixed."

1 GRACIOUS Lord, my heart is fixed,
Sing I will, and sing of thee;
Since the cup that justice mixed,
Thou didst drink, and drink for me:
Great Deliverer,
Thou hast set the prisoner free.

2 Many were the chains that bound me,
But the Lord has loosed them all:
Arms of mercy now surround me,
Favours these, nor few nor small:
Saviour, keep me,
Keep, O keep me, lest I fall.

3 Fair the scene that lies before me,
Life eternal Jesus gives:
While he waves his banner o'er me,
Peace and joy my soul receives:
Sure his promise,
I shall live because he lives.

4 When the world would bid me leave
thee,
Telling me of shame and loss,
Saviour, guard me, lest I grieve thee,
Lest I cease to love thy cross:
This is treasure;
All the rest I know is dross.

Thomas Kelly. 1806.

199

77,77.

"O Lord, I will praise thee."

1 I WILL praise thee every day,
Now thine anger's turned away;
Comfortable thoughts arise
From the bleeding sacrifice.

2 Here, in the fair gospel field,
Wells of free salvation yield
Streams of life, a plenteous store,
And my soul shall thirst no more.

3 Jesus is become at length
My salvation and my strength;
And his praises shall prolong,
While I live, my pleasant song.

4 Praise ye then his glorious name,
Publish his exalted fame;
Still his worth your praise exceeds,
Excellent are all his deeds.

5 Raise again the joyful sound,
Let the nations roll it round ;
Zion, shout, for this is he,
God the Saviour dwells in thee.

William Cowper. 1779.

200

"Songs of praise."

77,77.

- 1 Songs of praise the angels sang,
Heaven with hallelujahs rang,
When Jehovah's work begun,
When he spake and it was done.
- 2 Songs of praise awoke the morn
When the Prince of Peace was born;
Songs of praise arose, when he
Captive led captivity.
- 3 Heaven and earth must pass away,
Songs of praise shall crown that day:
God will make new heavens, new earth,
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.
- 4 And can man alone be dumb
Till that glorious kingdom come ?
No, the church delights to raise
Psalms, and hymns, and songs of praise.
- 5 Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice;
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.
- 6 Borne upon their latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death;
Then, amidst eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ.

James Montgomery. 1819.

201

Ir.

"*Cantemus cuncti melodum. Alleluia.*"

THE strain upraise
Of joy and praise, Hallelujah.
To the glory of their King
Shall the ransomed people sing
Hallelujah.

And the choirs that dwell on high
Shall re-echo through the sky
Hallelujah.

They through the fields of Paradise that
roam,
The blessed ones, repeat through that
bright home
Hallelujah.

The planets glittering on their heavenly
way,
The shining constellations, join and say
Hallelujah.

Ye clouds that onward sweep,
Ye winds on pinions light,
Ye thunders, echoing loud and deep,
Ye lightnings, wildly bright,
In sweet consent unite your
Hallelujah.

Ye floods and ocean billows,
Ye storms and winter snow,
Ye days of cloudless beauty,
Hoar frost and summer glow,
Ye groves that wave in spring,
And glorious forests, sing
Hallelujah.

First let the birds with painted plumage
gay
Exalt their great Creator's praise, and say
Hallelujah.

Then let the beasts of earth, with varying
strain,
Join in creation's hymn, and cry again
Hallelujah.

Here let the mountains thunder forth,
sonorous,
Hallelujah.

There let the valleys sing in gentler
chorus
Hallelujah.

Thou jubilant abyss of ocean, cry
Hallelujah.

Ye tracts of earth and continents, reply
Hallelujah.

To God, who all creation made,
The frequent hymn be duly paid,
Hallelujah.

This is the strain, the eternal strain, the
Lord of all things loves,
Hallelujah.

This is the song, the heavenly song,
that Christ himself approves,
Hallelujah.

Wherefore we sing, both heart and voice
awaking,
Hallelujah.

CHRISTIAN LIFE—ITS DUTIES : RESIGNATION.

And children's voices echo, answer
making,
Hallelujah.

Now from all men be out-poured
Hallelujah to the Lord;
With Hallelujah evermore
The Son and Spirit we adore;
Praise be done to the Three in One.
Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

Godescalcus, 10th Cent.
Tr. John Mason Neale. 1863.

202

C.M.

"My God shall supply all your need."

- 1 AUTHOR of good, to thee I turn:
Thy ever-wakeful eye
Alone can all my wants discern,
Thy hand alone supply.
- 2 O let thy fear within me dwell,
Thy love my footsteps guide;
That love shall vainer loves expel,
That fear all fear beside.
- 3 And O, by error's force subdued,
Since oft my stubborn will
Preposterous shuns the latent good,
And grasps the specious ill,
- 4 Not to my wish, but to my want,
Do thou thy gifts supply;
Unasked, what good thou knowest,
grant;
What ill, though asked, deny.

James Merrick. 1765.

203

888,4.

"Thy will be done."

- 1 My God and Father, while I stray
Far from my home on life's rough way,
O teach me from my heart to say,
'Thy will be done.'
- 2 What though in lonely grief I sigh
For friends beloved, no longer nigh,
Submissive still would I reply,
'Thy will be done.'
- 3 If thou shouldst call me to resign
What most I prize, it ne'er was mine;
I only yield thee what was thine:
'Thy will be done.'

4 If but my fainting heart be blessed
With thy sweet Spirit for its guest,
My God, to thee I leave the rest:
'Thy will be done.'

5 Renew my will from day to day,
Blend it with thine, and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
'Thy will be done.'

6 Then, when on earth I breathe no more
The prayer, oft mixed with tears before,
I'll sing upon a happier shore,
'Thy will be done.'

Charlotte Elliott. 1834.

204

66,66,66,66.

"Mein Jesu, wie du willst."

- 1 My Jesus, as thou wilt;
O may thy will be mine;
Into thy hand of love
I would my all resign.
Through sorrow, or through joy,
Conduct me as thine own,
And help me still to say,
My Lord, thy will be done.
- 2 My Jesus, as thou wilt;
If needy here and poor,
Give me thy people's bread,
Their portion rich and sure.
The manna of thy word
Let my soul feed upon;
And if all else should fail,—
My Lord, thy will be done.
- 3 My Jesus, as thou wilt;
If among thorns I go,
Still sometimes, here and there,
Let a few roses blow.
But thou on earth along
The thorny path hast gone,
Then lead me after thee;
My Lord, thy will be done.
- 4 My Jesus, as thou wilt;
Though seen through many a tear,
Let not my star of hope
Grow dim or disappear.
Since thou on earth hast wept
And sorrowed oft alone,
If I must weep with thee,
My Lord, thy will be done.
- 5 My Jesus, as thou wilt;
When death itself draws nigh,
To thy dear wounded side
I would for refuge fly;

Leaning on thee, to go
Where thou before hast gone:
The rest as thou shalt please;
My Lord, thy will be done.

- 6 My Jesus, as thou wilt;
All shall be well for me;
Each changing future scene,
I gladly trust with thee.
Straight to my home above
I travel calmly on,
And sing, in life or death,
My Lord, thy will be done.

Benjamin Schmolke. 1716.
Tr. H. L. L. 1853.

205

C.M.

"My times are in thy hand."

- 1 My times of sorrow and of joy,
Great God, are in thy hand:
My choicest comforts come from thee,
And go at thy command.
- 2 If thou should'st take them all away,
Yet would I not repine;
Before they were possessed by me,
They were entirely thine.
- 3 Nor would I drop a murmuring word
Though the whole world were gone,
But seek enduring happiness
In thee, and thee alone.

- 4 What is the world with all its store?
'Tis but a bitter sweet;
When I attempt to pluck the rose,
A pricking thorn I meet.
- 5 Here perfect bliss can ne'er be found,
The honey's mixed with gall;
'Midst changing scenes and dying
friends,
Be thou my all in all.

Benjamin Beddome. 1787.

206

L.M.

"Come, take up the cross."

- 1 AND is there, Lord, a cross for me,
As through this wilderness I stray,
Which, if I would, I must not flee,
But thy divine command obey?
- 2 Show me the cross that I must bear;
Bend my proud heart, that I may take,
In holy faith and humble prayer,
The cross of shame, for thy dearsake:

- 3 For thou didst take a cross for me,
And on it all my sins didst bear;
Its agony thou didst not flee,
That in thy glory I might share.

- 4 Then I will take my cross with joy,
And bear it onward to the end;
My shame and pride, O Lord, destroy;
My faith and hope on thee depend.

- 5 Thou soon wilt take the cross away,
And place the crown upon my brow,
In that bright world of endless day,
Where I no more a cross shall know.

Henry Addiscott. 1859.

207

4.10.10.10.4.

"Always abounding in the work of the Lord."

- 1 Come, labour on:
Who dares stand idle on the harvest
plain,
While all around him waves the golden
grain,
And to each servant does the Master
say,
"Go, work to-day."
- 2 Come, labour on;
Claim the high calling angels cannot
share;
To young and old the gospel-gladness
bear:
Redeem the time, its hours too swiftly
fly;
The night draws nigh.

- 3 Come, labour on:
Away with gloomy doubts and faith-
less fear;
No arm so weak but may do service
here:
By feeblest agents can our God fulfil
His righteous will.

- 4 Come, labour on:
No time for rest, till glows the western
sky,
While the long shadows o'er our path-
way lie,
And a glad sound comes with the set-
ting sun,—
"Servants, well done."

CHRISTIAN LIFE—ITS DUTIES : WORK.

- 5 Come, labour on;
The toil is pleasant, the reward is sure;
Blessed are those who to the end endure;
How full their joy, how deep their rest
shall be,
O Lord, with thee.

H. L. L. 1859.

208

L.M.

"The ability which God giveth."

- 1 LORD, speak to me, that I may speak
In living echoes of thy tone;
As thou hast sought, so let me seek
Thy erring children lost and lone.
- 2 O lead me, Lord, that I may lead
The wandering and the wavering feet;
O feed me, Lord, that I may feed
Thy hungering ones with manna
sweet.
- 3 O strengthen me, that while I stand
Firm on the rock, and strong in thee,
I may stretch out a loving hand
To wrestlers with the troubled sea.
- 4 O teach me, Lord, that I may teach
The precious things thou dost impart,
And wing my words, that they may reach,
The hidden depths of many a heart.
- 5 O give thine own sweet rest to me,
That I may speak with soothing power
A word in season, as from thee,
To weary ones in needful hour.
- 6 O fill me with thy fulness, Lord,
Until my very heart o'erflow
In kindling thought and glowing word,
Thy love to tell, thy praise to show.

Frances Ridley Havergal. 1874.

209

88,83,88.

"I must be about my Father's business."

- 1 ORT doth the Christian's heart inquire,
What does my God of me desire?
What service holy, pure, and high,
Can he receive from such as I,
With heart and hands alike defiled,
Poor, erring, though repentant child?
- 2 The highest duties oft are found
Lying upon the lowest ground;
In hidden and unnoticed ways,
In household works on common days,
Whate'er is done for God alone
Thy God acceptable will own.

- 3 To do our Father's business here
In humble reverence and fear,
Meekly upon his will to wait,
In little things as well as great,
Contented in our lot to rest,
'Tis thus the Christian serves him best.

- 4 Like Christ in all things we must prove,
His life our model, and his love
The only pure unfailing spring
Of holiness in everything,—
The only law by which we e'er
Can do our Father's business here.

John Samuel Bewley Monsell. 1857.

210

87,87.

"One by one."

- 1 ONE by one the sands are flowing,
One by one the moments fall;
Some are coming, some are going,—
Do not strive to grasp them all.
- 2 One by one thy duties wait thee,
Let thy whole strength go to each;
Let no future dreams elate thee,
Learn thou first what these can teach.
- 3 One by one, bright gifts from heaven,
Joys are sent thee here below;
Take them readily when given,
Ready, too, to let them go.
- 4 One by one thy griefs shall meet thee;
Do not fear an armed band;
One will fade as others reach thee,
Shadows passing through the land.
- 5 Do not look at life's lone sorrow,
See how small each moment's pain;
God will help thee for to-morrow;
Every day begin again.
- 6 Every hour that fleets so slowly
Has its task to do, or bear;
Luminous the crown, and holy,
If thou set each gem with care.
- 7 Do not linger with regretting,
Or for passing hours despond;
Nor, the daily toil forgetting,
Look too eagerly beyond.
- 8 Hours are golden links, God's token
Reaching heaven; but one by one
Take them, lest the chain be broken
E'er the pilgrimage be done.

Adelaide Anne Procter. 1858.

211

S.M.

"In the morning sow thy seed."

- 1 Sow in the morn thy seed,
At eve hold not thine hand;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed,
Broad-cast it o'er the land.
- 2 Beside all waters sow,
The highway furrows stock;
Drop it where thorns and thistles grow,
Scatter it on the rock.
- 3 The good, the fruitful ground,
Expect not here nor there;
O'er hill and dale by plots 'tis found,
Go forth then everywhere.
- 4 Thou know'st not which may thrive,
The late or early sown;
Grace keeps the precious germs alive,
When and wherever strown.
- 5 And duly shall appear,
In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
And the full corn at length.
- 6 Thou canst not toil in vain;
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry
Shall foster and mature the grain
For garner in the sky.
- 7 Thence when the glorious end,
The day of God is come,
The angel-reapers shall descend,
And heaven cry, 'Harvest-home.'

James Montgomery. 1825.

212

88,88,88.

"In his favour is life."

- 1 FATHER, I want a thankful heart,
I want to taste how good thou art,
To plunge me in thy mercy's sea,
And comprehend thy love to me;
The length, and depth, and breadth,
and height
Of love divinely infinite.
- 2 O sovereign Love, to trees I cry,
Give me thyself, or else I die;
Save me from death, from hell set
free,—
Death, hell are but the want of thee;
My life, my crown, my heaven thou art,
O may I find thee in my heart.

Augustus Montague Toplady. 1776.

F

213

87,87.

"Ebenezer."

- 1 HERE I raise my Ebenezer;
Hither by thy help I'm come;
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
- 2 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.
- 3 O to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be:
Let that grace now, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to thee.
- 4 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it;
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart, O take and seal it,—
Seal it from thy courts above.

Robert Robinson. 1758.

214

C.M.

*"The law of his God is in his heart,
none of his steps shall slide."*

- 1 I WANT a principle within
Of jealous, godly fear;
A sensibility of sin,
A pain to feel it near:
- 2 I want the first approach to feel
Of pride, or fond desire;
To catch the wandering of my will,
And quench the kindling fire.
- 3 That I from thee no more may part,
No more thy goodness grieve,
The filial awe, the contrite heart,
The tender conscience give.
- 4 Quick as the apple of an eye,
O God, my conscience make;
Awake my soul when sin is nigh,
And keep it still awake.
- 5 If to the right or left I stray,
That moment, Lord, reprove;
And let me weep my life away,
For having grieved thy love.
- 6 O may the least omission pain
My well-instructed soul;
And drive me to the blood again
Which makes the wounded whole.

Charles Wesley. 1749.

65

215

66,4,666,4.

"My faith looks up to thee."

- 1 My faith looks up to thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine:
Now hear me while I pray.
Take all my guilt away,
O let me from this day
Be wholly thine.
- 2 May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire:
As thou hast died for me,
O may my love to thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire.
- 3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.
- 4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll;
Blessed Saviour, then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
O bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul.

Ray Palmer. 1830.

216

64,64,66,4.

"Nearer to thee."

- 1 NEARER, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee:
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.
- 2 Though like the wanderer
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.
- 3 There let the way appear,
Steps unto heaven;
All that thou send'st to me,
In mercy given;

66

Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

- 4 Then with my waking thoughts,
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

- 5 Or if, on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upwards I fly;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

Sarah Fuller Adams. 1840.

217

C.M.

"Create in me a clean heart, O God."

- 1 O FOR a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free,
A heart that always feels thy blood
So freely spilt for me:
- 2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek;
My great Redeemer's throne;
Where only Christ is heard to speak;
Where Jesus reigns alone:
- 3 A humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean;
Which neither life nor death can part
From him that dwells within:
- 4 A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine;
Perfect and right, and pure and good,
A copy, Lord, of thine.
- 5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart;
Come quickly from above;
Write thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new, best name of love.

Charles Wesley. 1712.

218

C.M.D.

*"When that which is perfect is come,
then that which is in part shall
be done away."*

- 1 THE roseate hues of early dawn,
The brightness of the day,
The crimson of the sunset sky,
How fast they fade away:

CHRISTIAN LIFE—ITS CHARACTERISTICS : CHILDLIKENESS.

O for the pearly gates of heaven;
O for the golden floor;
O for the Sun of Righteousness,
That setteth never more.

2 The highest hopes we cherish here,
How fast they tire and faint;
How many a spot defiles the robe
That wraps an earthly saint:
O for a heart that never sins;
O for a soul washed white;
O for a voice to praise our King,
Nor weary day or night.

3 Here faith is ours, and heavenly hope,
And grace to lead us higher;
But there are perfectness and peace
Beyond our best desire.
O by thy love and anguish, Lord,
O by thy life laid down,
O that we fall not from thy grace,
Nor cast away our crown.

Cecil Frances Alexander. 1853.

219

77,77.

"They shall call his name Immanuel."

1 SWEETER sounds than music knows
Charm me in Immanuel's name;
All her hopes my spirit owes
To his birth, and cross, and shame.

2 When he came, the angels sung,
'Glory be to God on high.'
Lord, unloose my stammering tongue,
Who should louder sing than I?

3 Did the Lord a man become,
That he might the law fulfil,
Bleed and suffer in my room,
And canst thou, my tongue, be still?

4 No, I must my praises bring,
Though they worthless are and weak;
For, should I refuse to sing,
Sure the very stones would speak.

5 O my Saviour, Shield, and Sun,
Shepherd, Brother, Husband, Friend,
Every precious name in one,
I will love thee without end.

John Newton. 1779.

220

C.M.D.

"As one whom his mother comforteth."

1 As helpless as a child who clings
Fast to his father's arm,

And casts his weakness on the strength
That keeps him safe from harm:
So I, my Father, cling to thee,
And thus I every hour
Would link my earthly feebleness
To thine almighty power.

2 As trustful as a child who looks
Up in his mother's face,
And all his little griefs and fears
Forgets in her embrace:
So I to thee, my Saviour, look,
And, in thy face divine,
Can read the love that will sustain
As weak a faith as mine.

3 As loving as a child who sits
Close by his parent's knee,
And knows no want while he can have
That sweet society:
So, sitting at thy feet, my heart
Would all its love outpour,
And pray that thou wouldst teach me,
Lord,
To love thee more and more.

James Drummond Burns. 1856.

221

77,77,77.

"As a little child."

1 QUIET, Lord, my froward heart,
Make me teachable and mild,
Upright, simple, free from art,
Make me as a weaned child;
From distrust and envy free,
Pleased with all that pleases thee.

2 What thou shalt to-day provide,
Let me as a child receive;
What to-morrow may betide,
Calmly to thy wisdom leave:
'Tis enough that thou wilt care,
Why should I the burden bear?

3 As a little child relies
On a care beyond his own;
Knows he's neither strong nor wise,
Fears to stir a step alone:
Let me thus with thee abide,
As my Father, Guard, and Guide.

4 Thus preserved from Satan's wiles,
Safe from dangers, free from fears,
May I live upon thy smiles,
Till the promised hour appears,
When the sons of God shall prove
All their Father's boundless love.

John Newton. 1779.

222

L.M.

"If any man serve me, let him follow me."

- 1 How shall I follow Him I serve?
How shall I copy him I love?
Nor from those blessed footsteps swerve,
Which lead me to his seat above?
- 2 Privations, sorrows, bitter scorn,
The life of toil, the mean abode,
The faithless kiss, the crown of thorn,
Are these the consecrated road?
- 3 'Twas thus he suffered, though a Son,
Foreknowing, choosing, feeling all;
Until the perfect work was done,
And drunk the bitter cup of gall.
- 4 Lord, should my path through suffer-
ing lie,
Forbid it I should e'er repine;
Still let me turn to Calvary,
Nor heed my griefs, remembering
thine.
- 5 O let me think how thou didst leave
Untasted every pure delight,
To fast, to faint, to watch, to grieve,
The toilsome day, the homeless
night:—
- 6 To faint, to grieve, to die for me;
Thou canst not thyself to please;
And dear as earthly comforts be,
Shall I not love thee more than
these?

Josiah Conder. 1824.

223

L.M.

"Conformed to the image of his Son."

- 1 JESUS, my Saviour, let me be
More perfectly conformed to thee;
Implant each grace, each sin dethrone,
And form my temper like thine own.
- 2 My foe, when hungry, let me feed,
Share in his grief, supply his need;
The haughty frown may I not fear,
But with a lowly meekness bear.
- 3 Let the envenomed heart and tongue,
The hand outstretched to do me wrong,
Excite no feelings in my breast
But such as Jesus once expressed.

- 4 To others let me always give
What I from others would receive;
Good deeds for evil ones return,
Nor when provoked with anger burn.

- 5 This will proclaim how bright and fair
The precepts of the gospel are;
And God himself, the God of love,
His own resemblance will approve.

Benjamin Beddome. 1818.

224

87, 87, 87.

"Changed into the same image, from glory to glory."

- 1 LOVE divine, all loves excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down;
Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
All thy faithful mercies crown.
Jesus, thou art all compassion;
Pure unbounded love thou art;
Visit us with thy salvation;
Enter every trembling heart.
- 2 Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy grace receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more thy temples leave.
Thee we would be always blessing;
Serve thee as thy hosts above;
Pray, and praise thee, without ceasing,
Glory in thy perfect love.
- 3 Finish then thy new creation,
Pure and spotless let us be:
Let us see thy great salvation,
Perfectly restored in thee:
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

Charles Wesley. 1747.

225

77, 77, 77.

"A contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise."

- 1 DEPTH of mercy, can there be
Mercy still reserved for me?
Can my God his wrath forbear?
Me, the chief of sinners, spare?
God is love, I know, I feel;
Jesus weeps, and loves me still.
- 2 I have long withstood his grace,
Long provoked him to his face;

Would not hearken to his calls;
Grieved him by a thousand falls.
God is love, I know, I feel;
Jesus weeps, and loves me still.

3 Jesus, answer from above,
Is not all thy nature love?
Wilt thou not the wrong forget?
Suffer me to kiss thy feet?
God is love, I know, I feel;
Jesus weeps, and loves me still.

4 If I rightly read thy heart,
If thou all compassion art,
Bow thine ear, in mercy bow;
Pardon and accept me now.
God is love, I know, I feel;
Jesus weeps, and loves me still.

Charles Wesley. 1740.

226

77,77.

"God be merciful to me a sinner."

1 SINFUL, sighing to be blessed,
Bound, and longing to be free,
Weary, waiting for my rest,
God be merciful to me.

2 Goodness, I have none to plead,
Sinfulness in all I see;
I can only bring my need,
God be merciful to me.

3 Broken heart, and downcast eyes,
Dare not lift themselves to thee,
Yet thou canst interpret sighs,
God be merciful to me.

4 From this sinful heart of mine
To thy bosom I would flee,
I am not my own, but thine,
God be merciful to me.

5 There is One beside the throne,
And my only hope and plea
Are in him, and him alone,
God be merciful to me.

6 He my cause will undertake,
My interpreter will be,
He's my all—and for his sake
God be merciful to me.

John Samuel Bewley Monsell. 1857.

227

L.M.

"Be merciful unto me, O God."

1 With broken heart and contrite sigh,
A trembling sinner, Lord, I cry;

Thy pardoning grace is rich and free;
O God, be merciful to me.

2 I smite upon my troubled breast,
With deep and conscious guilt op-
pressed;
Christ and his cross my only plea;
O God, be merciful to me.

3 Far off I stand with tearful eyes,
Nor dare uplift them to the skies;
But thou dost all my anguish see;
O God, be merciful to me.

4 Nor alms nor deeds that I have done,
Can for a single sin atone;
To Calvary alone I flee;
O God, be merciful to me.

5 And when, redeemed from sin and hell,
With all the ransomed throng I dwell,
My raptured song shall ever be,
God has been merciful to me.

Cornelius Elven. 1852.

228

83,88,88.

PART FIRST.

*"There wrestled a man with him until
the breaking of the day."*

1 COME, O thou Traveller unknown,
Whom still I hold, but cannot see;
My company before is gone,
And I am left alone with thee;
With thee all night I mean to stay,
And wrestle till the break of day.

2 I need not tell thee who I am,
My misery, or sin declare;
Thyself hast called me by my name;
Look on thy hands and read it there:
But who, I ask thee, who art thou?
Tell me thy name, and tell me now.

3 In vain thou strugglest to get free,
I never will unloose my hold:
Art thou the Man that died for me?
The secret of thy love unfold;
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
Till I thy name, thy nature know.

4 Wilt thou not yet to me reveal
Thy new, unutterable name?

CHRISTIAN LIFE—ITS CHARACTERISTICS : FAITH.

Tell me, I still beseech thee, tell;
To know it now, resolved I am.
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
Till I thy name, thy nature know.

- 5 'Tis all in vain to hold thy tongue,
Or touch the hollow of my thigh:
Though every sinew be unstrung,
Out of my arms thou shalt not fly;
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
Till I thy name, thy nature know.
- 6 What though my shrinking flesh complain,
And murmur to contend so long,
I rise superior to my pain;
When I am weak, then I am strong:
And when my all of strength shall fail,
I shall with the God-man prevail.
- 7 My strength is gone, my nature dies,
I sink beneath thy weighty hand,
Faint to revive, and fall to rise;
I fall, and yet by faith I stand.
I stand, and will not let thee go,
Till I thy name, thy nature know.

PART SECOND.

"I will not let thee go, except thou bless me."

- 1 YIELD to me now, for I am weak,
But confident in self-despair;
Speak to my heart, in blessings speak;
Be conquered by my instant prayer;
Speak, or thou never hence shalt move,
And tell me if thy name is Love.
- 2 'Tis Love; 'tis Love; thou diedst for me;
I hear thy whisper in my heart;
The morning breaks, the shadows flee;
Pure, universal Love thou art;
To me, to all, thy mercies move:
Thy nature and thy name is Love.
- 3 My prayer hath power with God; the grace
Unspeakable I now receive.
Through faith I see thee face to face:
I see thee face to face, and live.
In vain I have not wept and strove:
Thy nature and thy name is Love.
- 4 I know thee, Saviour, who thou art,
Jesus, the feeble sinner's friend;
Nor wilt thou with the night depart,
But stay and love me to the end:
Thy mercies never shall remove;
Thy nature and thy name is Love,

- 5 The Sun of Righteousness on me
Hath risen with healing in his wings;
Withered my nature's strength, from thee
My soul its life and succour brings;
My help is all laid up above;
Thy nature and thy name is Love.
- 6 Contented now, upon my thigh
I halt till life's short journey end;
All helplessness, all weakness, I
On thee alone for strength depend;
Nor have I power from thee to move;
Thy nature, and thy name is Love.
- 7 Lame as I am, I take the prey,
Hell, earth, and sin with ease o'er-come;
I leap for joy, pursue my way,
And, as a bounding hart, fly home,
Through all eternity to prove
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

Charles Wesley. 1742.

229

C.M.

*"In whom, though now ye see him not,
yet believing, ye rejoice."*

- 1 Jesus, these eyes have never seen
That radiant form of thine;
The veil of sense hangs dark between
Thy blessed face and mine.
- 2 I see thee not, I hear thee not,
Yet art thou oft with me;
And earth hath ne'er so dear a spot,
As where I meet with thee.
- 3 Like some bright dream that comes
unsought
When slumbers o'er me roll,
Thine image ever fills my thought,
And charms my ravished soul.
- 4 Yet though I have not seen, and still
Must rest in faith alone,
I love thee, dearest Lord,—and will,
Unseen, but not Unknown.
- 5 When death these mortal eyes shall seal,
And still this throbbing heart,
The rending veil shall thee reveal,
All-glorious as thou art.

Ray Palmer. 1853.

230

C.M.

"Not weak in faith."

- 1 O FOR a faith that will not shrink
Though pressed by many a foe;
That will not tremble on the brink
Of poverty or woe;
- 2 That will not murmur nor complain
Beneath the chastening rod,
But, in the hour of grief or pain,
Will lean upon its God;
- 3 A faith that shines more bright and clear
When tempests rage without;
That, when in danger, knows no fear;
In darkness, feels no doubt;
- 4 A faith that keeps the narrow way,
Till life's last hour is fled,
And with a pure and heavenly ray
Lights up a dying bed.
- 5 Lord, give us such a faith as this,
And then, whate'er may come,
We'll taste e'en here, the hallowed bliss
Of an eternal home.

William Hiley Bathurst. 1830.

231

77,77,77.

"Rock of Ages."

- 1 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee:
Let the water and the blood,
From thy riven side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

- 2 Not the labours of my hands
Can fulfil thy law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and thou alone.

- 3 Nothing in my hand I bring;
Simply to thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to thee for dress;
Helpless, look to thee for grace;
Foul, I to the fountain fly;
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

- 4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See thee on thy judgment throne,

Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

Augustus Montague Toplady. 1776.

232

L.M.

"Ashamed of me."

- 1 Jesus, and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of thee?
Ashamed of thee whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless
days?

- 2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star;
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

- 3 Ashamed of Jesus! just as soon
Let midnight be ashamed of noon;
'Tis midnight with my soul till he,
Bright Morning Star, bid darkness flee.

- 4 Ashamed of Jesus! that dear Friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No, when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.

- 5 Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away;
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fear to quell, no soul to save.

- 6 Till then, nor is my boasting vain,
Till then I boast a Saviour slain:
And O may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me.

Joseph Grigg. 1765.

Benjamin Francis. 1774.

233

66,44,6.

"Who hath given us good hope."

- 1 How dark, how desolate
Would many a moment be,
Could we not spring
On hope's bright wing,
O God, to heaven and thee.

- 2 And sometimes streaks of light,
And sunny beams we see;
They shine so bright
Through sorrow's night,
They needs must come from thee.

- 3 Say, shall a morning dawn,
When prison-days are o'er,

Whose smiling ray
Shall wake a day,
That night shall cloud no more?

- 4 Blessed hope, and sure as blessed,
Life's shades of misery
Shall soon be past
And joy at last
Waft us to heaven and thee.

Sir John Bowring. 1823.

234

77,77.

"Clothed with humility."

- 1 Jesus, cast a look on me,
Give me true simplicity;
Make me poor, and keep me low,
Seeking only thee to know.
- 2 All that feeds my busy pride,
Cast it evermore aside;
Bid my will to thine submit,
Lay me humbly at thy feet.
- 3 Make me like a little child,
Simple, teachable, and mild,
Seeing only in thy light,
Walking only in thy might;
- 4 Leaning on thy loving breast,
Where a weary soul may rest;
Feeling well the peace of God
Flowing from thy precious blood.
- 5 In this posture let me live,
And hosannas daily give;
In this temper let me die,
And hosannas ever cry.

Charles Wesley. 1762.
John Berridge. 1785.

235

87,87.

"Blessed are the poor in spirit."

- 1 WOULDST thou share this benediction,
Things of time surpassing far?
First be taught by truth's conviction,
Who the poor in spirit are.
- 2 In the sight of fortune's minions,
They are worthless, mean, and low;
In their own severe opinions
Of themselves far worse they know.
- 3 In the world's cold estimation,
Undeserving of esteem;
In their self-humiliation,
Such unto themselves they seem.

- 4 Watchful, patient, meek, and lowly,
Wise in wisdom from above;
In their life and converse holy,
Full of faith, and full of love.

- 5 Grateful here to be cross-bearers,
For the Saviour's sake, they live;
And, hereafter, shall be wearers
Of the crowns that he will give.

Bernard Barton. 1826.

236

S.M.

"Believing, ye rejoice."

- 1 COME, ye that love the Lord,
And let our joys be known:
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.
- 2 The sorrows of the mind
Be banished from the place:
Religion never was designed
To make our pleasures less.
- 3 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.
- 4 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching through Immanuel's
ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

Isaac Watts. 1709.

237

87,87,47.

"Thou hast put gladness in my heart."

- 1 FAR from us be grief and sadness,
Farther still unhallowed mirth;
Zion's sons may sing with gladness,
Their are joys of heavenly birth;
Jesus owns them;
He is Lord of heaven and earth.
- 2 All the worldling's mirth is madness;
All his labour fruitless toil;
'Tis the saints that taste of gladness,
Though the world their choice revile
Sweet their portion;
Life is in the Saviour's smile.
- 3 Worlds would seem as nothing to us
Balanced with a Saviour's love;
Since the Lord in mercy drew us,
Drew our souls to things above,
Earthly objects
Can no longer greatly move.

4 Once the world was all our treasure,
Then the world our hearts possessed;
Now we taste sublimer pleasure,
Since the Lord has made us blessed;
And can witness,
Jesus gives his people rest.

Thomas Kelly. 1806.

238

77,77,77,77.

*"Whoso trusteth in the Lord, happy
is he."*

1 HAPPINESS, thou lovely name,
Where's thy seat, O tell me where?
Learning, pleasure, wealth, and fame,
All cry out, It is not here.
Not the wisdom of the wise
Can inform me where it lies;
Not the grandeur of the great
Can the bliss I seek create.

2 Object of my first desire,
Jesus crucified for me,
All to happiness aspire,
Only to be found in thee:
Thee to praise, and thee to know,
Constitute our bliss below;
Thee to see, and thee to love,
Constitute our bliss above.

3 Lord, it is not life to live,
If thy presence thou deny;
Lord, if thou thy presence give,
'Tis no longer death to die.
Source and Giver of repose,
Singly from thy smile it flows;
Peace and happiness are thine,
Mine they are if thou art mine.

Augustus Montague Toplady. 1774.

239

1211,1211.

"Rejoice in the Lord."

1 REJOICE in the Lord: there is light in
the dwelling,
And peace in the spirit, where Christ
is the guest;
And surely the chorus might always be
swelling
Within the glad threshold which
Jesus has blessed.

2 Rejoice in the Lord: he will scatter the
sadness
That broods o'er the sanctified home
of his friends;

And days as they pass will be radiant
with gladness,
Where prayer from the family altar
ascends.

3 Rejoice in the Lord: the fresh flowerets
are springing,
In fragrance and beauty, to gladden
thy way;
The Father of mercies his largess is
finging,
New tokens of love for each newly-
born day.

4 Rejoice in the Lord: he is tenderly
leading
Each step that his wisdom appoints
thee to take;
And he will supply all the strength
thou art needing,
He loves thee for ever and will not
forsake.

5 Rejoice in the Lord: there is joy for
thee ever,
If thou in thy lifetime belongest to
him;
He will take thee at last where no
changes can sever,
And into the light which no storm-
cloud can dim.

Marianne Farningham. 1860.

240

L.M.

"Faith, hope, and charity."

1 FAITH, hope, and charity, these three,
Yet is the greatest charity.
Father of lights, these gifts impart
To mine and every human heart:

2 Faith, that in prayer can never fail,
Hope, that o'er doubting must prevail,
And charity, whose name above
Is God's own name, for God is love.

3 The morning star is lost in light,
Faith vanishes at perfect sight;
The rainbow passes with the storm,
And hope with sorrow's fading form:

4 But charity, serene, sublime,
Beyond the range of death and time,
Like the blue sky's all-bounding space,
Holds heaven and earth in its embrace.

James Montgomery. 1853.

241

777,5.

"The greatest of these is charity."

- 1 GRACIOUS Spirit, Holy Ghost,
Taught by thee, we covet most,
Of thy gifts at Pentecost,
Holy, heavenly love.
- 2 Faith that mountains could remove,
Tongues of earth or heaven above,
Knowledge, all things, empty prove
Without heavenly love.
- 3 Though I as a martyr bleed,
Give my goods the poor to feed,
All is vain if love I need;
Therefore give me love.
- 4 Love is kind, and suffers long;
Love is meek, and thinks no wrong;
Love than death itself more strong;
Therefore give us love.
- 5 Prophecy will fade away,
Melting in the light of day;
Love will ever with us stay;
Therefore give us love.
- 6 Faith will vanish into sight;
Hope be emptied in delight;
Love in heaven will shine more bright;
Therefore give us love.
- 7 Faith and hope and love we see
Joining hand in hand agree;
But the greatest of the three,
And the best, is love.
- 8 From the overshadowing
Of thy gold and silver wing,
Shed on us, who to thee sing,
Holy, heavenly love.

Bishop Christopher Wordsworth. 1862.

242

88,88,88.

"Ich will Dich lieben, meine Stärke."

- 1 THEE will I love, my strength, my
tower;
Thee will I love, my joy, my crown;
Thee will I love with all my power,
In all thy works, and thee alone;
Thee will I love till the pure fire
Fills my whole soul with chaste desire.
- 2 I thank thee, uncreated Sun,
That thy bright beams on me have
shined;

I thank thee, who hast overthrown
My foes, and healed my wounded
mind;

I thank thee, whose enlivening voice
Bids my free heart in thee rejoice.

- 3 Give to mine eyes refreshing tears;
Give to my heart chaste, hallowed
fires;
Give to my soul, with filial fears,
The love that all heaven's host in-
spires;
That all my powers, with all their
might,
In thy sole glory may unite.
- 4 Thee will I love, my joy, my crown,
Thee will I love, my Lord, my God;
Thee will I love, beneath thy frown
Or smile, thy sceptre or thy rod:
What though my flesh and heart decay,
Thee shall I love in endless day.

Johann Angelus Scheffler. 1657.
Tr. John Wesley. 1739.

243

77,77,88.

"The fruit of the Spirit is peace."

- 1 THOSE who live in love shall know
This indwelling quiet joy,
Which the world can ne'er bestow,
Nor its sorrows e'er destroy,
Peace which passeth understanding,
Peace of God's divine commanding.
- 2 Earthly hopes but bloom to fade;
Earthly pleasures turn to pain;
These, when in the balance weighed,
Lighter than its dust remain;
And the peace that earth affordeth
Worthless is to him who hoardeth.
- 3 But the peace which God can give,
Heart and mind preserveth still,
Teaching in his love to live,
Trust his word, and do his will:
From above this peace descendeth;
Toward its source it ever tendeth.

Bernard Barton. 1826.

244

L.M.

"That they also may be one in us."

- 1 FREE, though in chains, the mountains
stand,
The valleys linked run through the
land;

In fellowship the forests thrive,
And streams from streams their
strength derive.

2 All nature is society,
All nature's voices harmony,
All colours blend to form pure light,
Why then should Christians not unite?

3 Thus to the Father prayed the Son,
'One may they be, as we are one,
That, I in them, and thou in me,
They one with us may ever be.'

4 Children of God, combine your bands;
Brethren in Christ, join hearts and
hands;
And pray, for so the Father willed,
That the Son's prayer may be fulfilled.

James Montgomery. 1853.

245

66,68,88.

"Let brotherly love continue."

1 How beautiful the sight
Of brethren who agree
In friendship to unite,
And bonds of charity.
'Tis like the precious ointment, shed
O'er all his robes, from Aaron's head.

2 'Tis like the dews that fill
The cups of Hermon's flowers;
Or Zion's fruitful hill,
Bright with the drops of showers,
When mingling odours breathe around,
And glory rests on all the ground.

3 For there the Lord commands
Blessings, a boundless store,
From his unsparing hands,
Yea, life for evermore.
Thrice happy they who meet above
To spend eternity in love.

James Montgomery. 1822.

246

77,77.

"Be ye all of one mind."

1 JESUS, Lord, we look to thee,
Let us in thy name agree;
Show thyself the Prince of Peace;
Bid our jars for ever cease.

2 By thy reconciling love
Every stumbling-block remove;
Each to each unite, endear;
Come, and spread thy banner here.

3 Make us of one heart and mind,
Courteous, pitiful, and kind,
Lowly, meek, in thought and word,
Altogether like our Lord.

4 Let us for each other care,
Each the other's burden bear,
To thy church the pattern give,
Show how true believers live.

5 Free from anger and from pride,
Let us thus in God abide;
All the depths of love express,
All the heights of holiness.

6 Let us then with joy remove
To the family above;
On the wings of angels fly:
Show how true believers die.

Charles Wesley. 1749.

247

77,77,77,77.

"That they may be made perfect in one."

1 JESUS, soft harmonious name,
Every faithful heart's desire;
Touched with love's celestial flame,
Let us all to thee aspire.
Drawn by thy uniting grace,
After thee we swiftly run;
Hand in hand, we seek thy face;
Come, and perfect us in one.

2 Mollify our harsher will;
Each to each our tempers suit,
By thy modulating skill,
Heart to heart, as lute to lute.
Sweetly on our spirits move;
Gently touch the trembling strings
Make the harmony of love
Music for the King of kings.

Charles Wesley. 1749.

248

C.M.

*"The unity of the Spirit, in the bond of
peace."*

1 THE glorious universe around,
The heavens with all their train,
Sun, moon, and stars are firmly bound
In one mysterious chain.

2 The earth, the ocean, and the sky
To form one world agree,
Where all that walk, or swim, or fly,
Compose one family.

3 God in creation thus displays
His wisdom and his might,
While all his works with all his ways
Harmoniously unite.

4 In one fraternal bond of love,
One fellowship of mind,
The saints below and saints above
Their bliss and glory find.

5 Here, in their house of pilgrimage,
Thy statutes are their song;
There, through one bright eternal age,
Thy praises they prolong.

6 Lord, may our union form a part
Of that thrice happy whole,
Derive its pulse from thee, the heart,
Its life from thee, the soul.

James Montgomery. 1819.

249

65,65,65,65.

"Lord, be thou my help."

1 IN the hour of trial,
Jesus, pray for me;
Lest, by base denial,
I depart from thee.
When thou see'st me waver,
With a look recall,
Nor, for fear or favour,
Suffer me to fall.

2 With its witching pleasures
Would this vain world charm,
Or its sordid treasures
Spread to work me harm,
Bring to my remembrance
Sad Gethsemane,
Or in darker semblance
Cross-crowned Calvary.

3 If with sore affliction
Thou in love chastise,
Pour thy benediction
On the sacrifice:
Then, upon thine altar
Freely offered up,
Though the flesh may falter,
Faith shall drink the cup.

4 When in dust and ashes
To the grave I sink,
While heaven's glory flashes
O'er the shelving brink,
On thy truth relying
Through that mortal strife,
Lord, receive me, dying,
To eternal life.

James Montgomery. 1825.

250

88,88,88.

*"My soul thirsteth for God, for the
living God."*

1 As panting in the sultry beam,
The hart desires the cooling stream,
So to thy presence, Lord, I flee,
So longs my soul, O God, for thee,
Athirst to taste thy living grace,
And see thy glory face to face.

2 But rising griefs distress my soul,
And tears on tears successive roll:
For many an evil voice is near,
To chide my woe and mock my fear;
And silent memory weeps alone
O'er hours of peace and gladness flown.

3 For I have walked the happy round
That circles Zion's holy ground,
And gladly swelled the choral lays,
That hymned my great Redeemer's
praise,
What time, the hallowed arch along,
Responsive swelled the solemn song.

4 Ah why, by passing clouds oppressed,
Should vexing thoughts distract thy
breast?
Turn, turn to him in every pain,
Whom never suppliant sought in vain,
Thy strength in joy's ecstatic day,
Thy hope when joy has passed away.

John Bowdler. 1816.

251

87,87.

"Perfect love casteth out fear."

1 FEAR not, Zion's sons and daughters,
Perfect love should cast out fear;
When ye pass through deepest waters,
I, your Saviour, still am near.

2 Overwhelmed by waves of sorrow,
Place your trust in Zion's King;
Thence fresh comfort ye shall borrow,
Thence memorial stones shall bring.

3 In the furnace of affliction,
I will save you from despair;
Love divine shall bring conviction
That my arm is round you there.

4 Never shall you be forsaken,
Nothing shall have power to harm,
While your faith remains unshaken
In Jehovah's outstretched arm.

- 5 Heights nor depth shall from me sever
Those whom Christ hath brought to
me;
I will keep them safe for ever.
And their God and Saviour be.
Bernard Barton. 1826.

252

777,5.

*"That I may know him, and the
fellowship of his sufferings."*

- 1 MAN of Sorrows! named below,
Thou this comfort wilt bestow,
In my sufferings to know
Fellowship with thee.
- 2 Waits for me the weary care?
Other's evil must I bear?
Thou the bitter cup wilt share
In thy sympathy.
- 3 Tried by sickness, shame, or loss,
Tempting thoughts my mind engross;
That I swerve not from my cross,
Thy cross let me see.
- 4 When earth's friendships break or fail,
When I tread death's lonely vale,
O'er my fears let this prevail,
Thou wilt be with me.
- 5 Teach me what these griefs procure,
Faith more precious, love more pure;
Passing ills, whose fruits endure
Through eternity.
Frederick Vincent. 1878.

253

C.M.

"Remember me, O God, for good."

- 1 O THOU from whom all goodness flows,
I lift my heart to thee;
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
Dear Lord, remember me.
- 2 Temptations sore obstruct my way,
And ills I cannot flee,
O give me strength, Lord, as my day;
For good remember me.
- 3 If on my face, for thy dear name,
Shame and reproaches be,
All hail reproach, and welcome shame,
If thou remember me.
- 4 The hour is near; consigned to death,
I own the just decree;

Saviour, with my last parting breath,
I'll cry, Remember me.
Thomas Haweis. 1792.

254

C.M.

"Himself bare our sicknesses."

- 1 O THOU, who lov'st to send relief
In time of our distress,
Because thyself didst bear our grief,
And feel our sicknesses;
- 2 Thy will be done, I still would say,
Whate'er that will may be;
And let this trial, day by day,
Fulfil its end in me.
- 3 O Lord, look down, O Lord, forgive,
O help me from on high;
Since no man to himself must live,
Nor to himself can die.
- 4 And when, through feebleness or pain,
My thoughts are far from thee,
Though I forget thee, Saviour, then,
O yet forget not me.
- 5 In him that bore our griefs and pains
Shall they that suffer boast,
Who with the Father ever reigns,
And with the Holy Ghost.

John Mason Neale. 1854.

255

77,77,77.

*"God appeared unto Jacob, and blessed
him."*

- 1 WHEN by bitter guilt subdued,
And by justice close pursued,
Sin-deceived in all I sought,
O my Saviour, leave me not;
Bethel's vision let me see,
Angels bringing peace to me.
- 2 When the foes against me rise,
Who thy righteous truth despise,
Faith, for anxious fear, impart,
So that I, with joyous heart,
Mahanaim hosts may see,
Sent from heaven to succour me.
- 3 When my soul, through doubt's lone
night,
Wrestles hard to gain the light,
Courage give, till breaks the day
Which thy nature will display;
Then Pennel's sun I'll see
Bright with love arise on me.

Frederick Vincent. 1878.

256

S.M.D.

"'Tis but a little while."

- 1 A FEW more years shall roll,
A few more seasons come,
And we shall be with those that rest
Asleep within the tomb:
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that great day;
O wash me in thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.
- 2 A few more suns shall set
O'er these dark hills of time,
And we shall be where suns are not,
A far serener clime:
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that blessed day;
O wash me in thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.
- 3 A few more storms shall beat
On this wild, rocky shore,
And we shall be where tempests cease,
And surges swell no more:
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that calm day;
O wash me in thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.
- 4 A few more struggles here,
A few more partings o'er,
A few more toils, a few more tears,
And we shall weep no more:
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that bright day;
O wash me in thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.
- 5 A few more Sabbaths here
Shall cheer us on our way;
And we shall reach the endless rest.
The eternal Sabbath day:
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that sweet day;
O wash me in thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.
- 6 'Tis but a little while,
And he shall come again,
Who died that we might live, who lives
That we with him may reign:
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that glad day;
O wash me in thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

Horatius Bonar. 1844.

257

88,6,88,6.

"Companions in travel."

- 1 COME on, companions of our way,
Who travel to eternal day
Through this poor world of night;
Give to the Lord in noble songs
The praise that to his name belongs,
As children of the light.
- 2 Called out of darkness by his voice,
Be that clear shining path our choice,
Which Christ our Captain trod;
Whether with flowers and fragrance
crowned,
Or thorns and thistles interwound,
It leads the soul to God.
- 3 Though pilgrims in a vale of woes,
Thick-strown with snares, and thronged
with foes,
Since Jesus journeyed through,
Plant but your steps where his have
pressed
The ground once cursed,—that ground,
now blessed,
Is heaven's highway for you.
- 4 To heaven, to heaven, then march we
on,
Go where our conquering Lord hath
gone;
Thus where he is, shall we
In joy behold him face to face,
And, changed by glorifying grace,
Resemble him we see.

James Montgomery. 1853.

258

87,87,47.

"He will be our guide even unto death."

- 1 GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but thou art mighty;
Hold me with thy powerful hand;
Bread of heaven,
Feed me now and evermore.
- 2 Open now the crystal fountain
Whence the healing stream doth flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through;
Strong Deliverer,
Be thou still my strength and shield.
- 3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;

Death of deaths, and hell's Destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side;
Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee.

William Williams. 1773.

259

1110, 1110, 54, 56.

"Angels of Jesus."

1 HARK, hark, my soul, angelic songs are
swelling

O'er earth's green fields and ocean's
wave-beat shore:

How sweet the truth those blessed
strains are telling

Of that new life when sin shall be no
more.

Angels of Jesus,
Angels of light,
Singing to welcome

The pilgrims of the night.

2 Onward we go, for still we hear them
singing,

'Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids
you come:'

And through the dark, its echoes sweetly
ringing,

The music of the gospel leads us
home.

Angels of Jesus,
Angels of light,
Singing to welcome

The pilgrims of the night.

3 Far, far away, like bells at evening
pealing,

The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land
and sea;

And laden souls, by thousands meekly
stealing,

Kind Shepherd, turn their weary
steps to thee.

Angels of Jesus,
Angels of light,
Singing to welcome

The pilgrims of the night.

4 Rest comes at length; though life be
long and dreary,

The day must dawn, and darksome
night be past;

All journeys end in welcomes to the
weary,

And heaven, the heart's true home,
will come at last.

Angels of Jesus,
Angels of light,
Singing to welcome

The pilgrims of the night.

5 Cheer up, my soul, faith's moonbeams
softly glisten

Upon the breast of life's most trou-
bled sea;

And it will cheer thy drooping heart
to listen

To those brave songs which angels
mean for thee.

Angels of Jesus,
Angels of light,
Singing to welcome

The pilgrims of the night.

6 Angels, sing on, your faithful watches
keeping;

Sing us sweet fragments of the songs
above;

While we toil on, and soothe ourselves
with weeping,

Till life's long night shall break in
endless love.

Angels of Jesus,
Angels of light,
Singing to welcome

The pilgrims of the night.

Frederick William Faber. 1840.

260

64, 64, 666, 4.

"My Father's house."

1 I'm but a stranger here;
Heaven is my home.

Earth is a desert drear;
Heaven is my home.

Danger and sorrow stand
Round me on every hand;

Heaven is my fatherland—
Heaven is my home.

2 What though the tempest rage,
Heaven is my home.

Short is my pilgrimage:
Heaven is my home.

And time's wild wintry blast
Soon will be overpast;

I shall reach home at last;
Heaven is my home.

3 There at my Saviour's side,
Heaven is my home,

I shall be glorified;
Heaven is my home,

There are the good and blessed,
Those I love most and best,

And there I too shall rest;
Heaven is my home.

Thomas Rawson Taylor. 1836.

261

66,66,88.

"He bringeth them unto their desired haven."

- 1 Jesus, at thy command
I launch into the deep;
And leave my native land,
Where sin lulls all asleep;
For thee I fain would all resign,
And sail to heaven with thee and thine.
- 2 Thou art my pilot wise;
My compass is thy word;
My soul each storm defies,
While I have such a Lord;
I trust thy faithfulness and power
To save me in the trying hour.
- 3 Though rocks and quicksands deep
Through all my passage lie,
Yet Christ will safely keep
And guide me with his eye;
My anchor, hope, shall firm abide,
And I each boisterous storm outride.
- 4 By faith I see the land,
The port of endless rest;
My soul, thy sails expand,
And fly to Jesus' breast.
O may I reach the heavenly shore
Where winds and waves distress no more.
- 5 Whene'er becalmed I lie,
And all my storms subside;
Then to my succour fly,
And keep me near thy side;
For more the treacherous calm I dread
Than tempests bursting o'er my head.
- 6 Come, Heavenly Wind, and blow
A prosperous gale of grace,
To waft from all below
To heaven, my destined place;
Then, in full sail, my port I'll find,
And leave the world and sin behind.
Richard De Courcy. 1774.

262

55,88,55.

"Jesus, geh voran."

- 1 Jesus, still lead on,
Till our rest be won:
And although the way be cheerless,
We will follow, calm and fearless;
Guide us by thy hand
To our Fatherland.
80

- 2 If the way be drear,
If the foe be near,
Let not faithless fears o'er take us,
Let not faith and hope forsake us;
For, through many a foe,
To our home we go.

- 3 When we seek relief
From a long-felt grief,
When oppressed by new temptations,
Lord, increase and perfect patience;
Show us that bright shore
Where we weep no more.

- 4 Jesus, still lead on,
Till our rest be won.
Heavenly Leader, still direct us,
Still support, console, protect us,
Till we safely stand
In our Fatherland.

Count Nicolaus Ludwig von
Zinzendorf, 1721.
Tr. H. L. L. 1853.

263

104,104,1010.

"Lead, kindly Light."

- 1 LEAD, kindly Light, amid the encircling
gloom
Lead thou me on.
The night is dark, and I am far from
home,
Lead thou me on.
Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step enough
for me.
- 2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that
thou
Shouldst lead me on:
I loved to choose and see my path; but
now
Lead thou me on.
I loved the garish day, and, spite of
fears,
Pride ruled my will: remember not
past years.

- 3 So long thy power hath blessed me,
sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and tor-
rent, till
The night is gone,
And with the morn those angel faces
smile,
Which I have loved long since, and
lost awhile.

John Henry Newman. 1833

264

87,87,44,7.

"The Lord shall lead you."

- 1 LEAD us, heavenly Father, lead us,
O'er the world's tempestuous sea;
Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us,
For we have no help but thee;
Yet possessing
Every blessing
If our God our Father be.
- 2 Saviour, breathe forgiveness o'er us;
All our weakness thou dost know;
Thou didst tread this earth before us;
Thou didst feel its keenest woe:
Lone and dreary,
Faint and weary,
Through the desert thou didst go.
- 3 Spirit of our God, descending,
Fill our hearts with heavenly joy;
Love with every passion blending:
Pleasure that can never cloy;
Thus provided,
Pardoned, guided,
Nothing can our peace destroy.

James Edmeston. 1820.

265

77,77,77.

"To give them the land of their pilgrimage."

- 1 LEAD us with thy gentle sway,
As a willing child is led.
Speed us on our forward way,
As a pilgrim, Lord, is sped,
Who, with prayers and helps divine,
Seeks a consecrated shrine.
- 2 We are pilgrims, and our goal
Is that distant land whose bourne
Is the haven of the soul,
Where the mourners cease to mourn,
Where the Father's hand will dry
Every tear from every eye.
- 3 Lead us thither, thou dost know
All the way; but, wanderers, we
Often miss our path below,
And stretch out our hands to thee:
Guide us, save us, and prepare
Our appointed mansion there.

Sir John Bowring. 1825.

266

77,77,77.

"Lead us in the narrow way."

- 1 LORD, thy children guide and keep,
As with feeble steps they press

G

On the pathway, rough and steep,
Through this weary wilderness.
Holy Jesus, day by day
Lead us in the narrow way.

- 2 There are stony ways to tread;
Give the strength we sorely lack:
There are tangled paths to threat;
Light us, lest we miss the track.
Holy Jesus, day by day
Lead us in the narrow way.

- 3 There are sandy wastes that lie
Cold and sunless, vast and drear,
Where the feeble faint and die;
Grant us grace to persevere.
Holy Jesus, day by day
Lead us in the narrow way.

- 4 There are soft and flowery glades
Decked with golden-fruited trees;
Sunny slopes, and scented shades:
Keep us, Lord, from slothful ease.
Holy Jesus, day by day
Lead us in the narrow way.

- 5 Upward still to purer heights,
Onward yet to scenes more blessed,
Calmer regions, clearer lights,
Till we reach the promised rest.
Holy Jesus, day by day
Lead us in the narrow way.

William Walsham How. 1851.

267

11 11, 11 11.

"There remaineth a rest."

- 1 My rest is in heaven, my rest is not
here;
Then why should I murmur when
trials are near?
Be hushed, my dark spirit, the worst
that can come,
But shortens thy journey, and hastens
thee home.
- 2 It is not for me to be seeking my bliss
And building my hopes in a region like
this;
I look for a city which hands have not
piled,
I pant for a country by sin undefiled.
- 3 The thorn and the thistle around me
may grow,
I would not lie down upon roses below;
I ask not my portion, I seek not a rest,
Till I find them, O Lord, in thy shelter-
ing breast.

CHRISTIAN LIFE : PILGRIMAGE.

4 Afflictions may damp me, they cannot destroy;
One glimpse of thy love turns them all into joy;
And the bitterest tears, if thou smile but on them,
Like dew in the sunshine, grow diamond and gem.

5 Let doubt then, and danger, my progress oppose,
They only make heaven more sweet at the close;
Come joy or come sorrow, whate'er may befall,
An hour with my God will make up for it all.

6 A scrip on my back, and a staff in my hand,
I march on in haste through an enemy's land;
The road may be rough, but it cannot be long.
And I'll smooth it with hope, and I'll cheer it with song.

Henry Francis Lyte. 1833.

268

76,76.

The pilgrims of Jesus.

1 O HAPPY band of pilgrims,
If onward ye will tread,
With Jesus as your Fellow,
To Jesus as your Head.

2 O happy, if ye labour
As Jesus did for men:
O happy, if ye hunger
As Jesus hungered then.

3 The cross that Jesus carried
He carried as your due:
The crown that Jesus weareth
He weareth it for you

4 The faith by which ye see him,
The hope in which ye yearn,
The love that through all troubles
To him alone will turn,—

5 What are they, but his heralds
To lead you to his sight?
What are they, save the effluence
Of uncreated Light?

6 O happy band of pilgrims,
Look upward to the skies:

82

Where such a light affliction
Shall win you such a prize.

Joseph of the Studium. 9th Cent.
Tr. John Mason Neale. 1862.

269

87,87,47.

"He led them on safely."

1 SAVIOUR, through the desert lead us,
Without thee we cannot go;
Thou from cruel chains hast freed us,
Thou hast laid the tyrant low:
Let thy presence
Cheer us all our journey through.

2 With a price thy love has bought us;
Saviour, what a love is thine.
Hitherto thy power has brought us;
Power and love in thee combine;
Lord of Glory,
Ever on thine Israel shine.

3 Through a desert waste and cheerless,
Though our destined journey lie,
Rendered by thy presence fearless,
We may every foe defy:
Nought shall move us,
While we see our Saviour nigh.

4 When we halt, no track discovering,
Fearful lest we go astray,
O'er our path thy pillar hovering.
Fire by night, and cloud by day,
Shall direct us;
Thus we shall not miss our way.

5 When we hunger, thou wilt feed us,
Manna shall our camp surround;
Faint and thirsty, thou wilt heed us;
Streams shall flow from the rock abound;
Happy Israel,
What a Saviour thou hast found.

6 Then lead on, almighty Victor;
Scatter every hostile band;
Be our guide and our protector,
Till on Canaan's shores we stand:
Shouts of victory
Then shall fill the promised land.

Thomas Kelly. 1804.

270

66,84,66,84.

"The God of Abraham."

1 THE God of Abraham praise,
Who reigns enthroned above,
Ancient of everlasting days,
And God of love;

Jehovah, great I AM,
By earth and heaven confessed;
I bow, and bless the sacred name,
For ever blessed.

2 The God of Abraham praise,
At whose supreme command
From earth I rise, and seek the joys
At his right hand.
I all on earth forsake,
Its wisdom, fame, and power,
And him my only portion make,
My shield and tower.

3 The goodly land I see,
With peace and plenty blessed;
A land of sacred liberty,
And endless rest.
There milk and honey flow;
And oil and wine abound;
And trees of life for ever grow,
With mercy crowned.

4 Though nature's strength decay,
And earth and hell withstand,
To Canaan's bounds I urge my way,
At his command.
The watery deep I pass,
With Jesus in my view;
And through the howling wilderness
My way pursue.

5 He by himself hath sworn,
I on his oath depend;
I shall on eagle's wings upborne,
To heaven ascend:
I shall behold his face,
I shall his power adore,
And sing the wonders of his grace
For evermore.

Thomas Olivers. 1768.

271

C.M.

"Our conversation in heaven."

- 1 We walk on earth, and to its ways
Our time and thoughts are given;
Yet, amid all its busiest days,
Our hearts may be in heaven.
- 2 When vexed with ills which we despair
To baffle or control,
The lifting of the heart in prayer
Sheds sunshine on the soul.
- 3 When disappointed in the love
We leaned on too secure,
What joy it is to look above,
And feel, one Friend is sure.

4 When, wearied with life's ebb and flow,
We for still waters sigh;
O how it sweetens change below,
To think of rest on high.

5 Thus we in peace our souls possess,
Though all around be fear,
Full of the blessed consciousness,
That heaven is sure, and near.
John Samuel Bewley Monsell. 1857.

272

L.M.

"The Lord went before them."

- 1 WHEN Israel, of the Lord beloved,
Out of the land of bondage came,
Her fathers' God before her moved,
An awful guide, in smoke and flame.
- 2 By day, along the astonished lands
The cloudy pillar glided slow;
By night, Arabia's crimsoned sands
Returned the fiery column's glow.
- 3 There rose the choral hymn of praise,
And tramp and timbrel answered
keen,
And Zion's daughters poured their lays,
With priest's and warrior's voice
between.
- 4 But present still, though now unseen,
When brightly shines the prosperous
day,
Be thoughts of thee a cloudy screen
To temper the deceitful ray.
- 5 And O, when stoops on Judah's path,
In shade and storm, the frequent
night,
Be thou, long-suffering, slow to wrath,
A burning and a shining light.
Sir Walter Scott. 1819.

273

"Looking unto Jesus." 87, 87, 77.

- 1 YES, He knows the way is dreary,
Knows the weakness of our frame,
Knows that hand and heart are weary,
He in all points felt the same.
He is near to help and bless;
Be not weary, onward press.
- 2 Look to him, who once was willing
All his glory to resign,
That, for thee the law fulfilling,
All his merit might be thine.
Strive to follow, day by day,
Where his footsteps mark the way.

8 Look to him, the Lord of Glory,
Tasting death to win thy life;
Gazing on that wondrous story,
Canst thou falter in the strife?
Is it not new life to know
That the Lord hath loved thee so?

4 Look to him, and faith shall brighten,
Hope shall soar, and love shall burn,
Peace once more thy heart shall lighten;
Rise, he calleth thee, return.
Be not weary on thy way;
Jesus is thy strength and stay.

Frances Ridley Havergal. 1867.

274

"Watch and pray."

777.3.

1 CHRISTIAN, seek not yet repose,
Hear thy guardian angel say,
Thou art in the midst of foes;
'Watch and pray.'

2 Principalities and powers,
Mustering their unseen array,
Wait for thy unguarded hours;
'Watch and pray.'

3 Gird thy heavenly armour on,
Wear it ever, night and day;
Ambushed lies the evil one;
'Watch and pray.'

4 Hear the victors who o'ercame;
Still they watch each warrior's way:
All with one deep voice exclaim,
'Watch and pray.'

5 Hear, above all, hear thy Lord,
Him thou lovest to obey;
Hide within thy heart his word,
'Watch and pray.'

6 Watch, as if on that alone
Hung the issue of the day;
Pray, that help may be sent down;
'Watch and pray.'

Charlotte Elliott. 1839.

275

"Valiant for the truth."

66,66,88.

1 FIGHT the good fight; lay hold
Upon eternal life;
Keep but thy shield, be bold,
Stand through the hottest strife;
Invincible while in the field,
Thou canst not fail, unless thou yield:

2 No force of earth or hell,
Though fiends with men unite,
Truth's champion can compel,
However pressed, to flight;
Invincible upon the field,
He cannot fall, unless he yield.

3 Trust in thy Saviour's might;
Yea, till thy latest breath,
Fight, and like him in fight,
By dying conquer death;
And all-victorious in the field,
Then, with thy sword, thy spirit yield.

James Montgomery. 1853.

276

101010.4.

*"We are compassed about with so great
a cloud of witnesses."*

1 For all the saints who from their
labours rest,
Who thee by faith before the world
confessed,
Thy name, O Jesus, be for ever blessed.
Hallelujah.

2 Thou wast their rock, their fortress,
and their might;
Thou, Lord, their Captain in the well-
fought fight;
Thou, in the darkness drear, their one
true Light.
Hallelujah.

3 O may thy soldiers, faithful, true, and
bold,
Fight as the saints who nobly fought
of old,
And win, with them, the victor's crown
of gold.
Hallelujah.

4 O blessed communion, fellowship
divine!
We feebly struggle, they in glory shine;
Yet all are one in thee, for all are thine.
Hallelujah.

5 And when the strife is fierce, the war-
fare long,
Steals on the ear the distant triumph-
song,
And hearts are brave again, and arms
are strong.
Hallelujah.

CHRISTIAN LIFE—WARFARE.

6 The golden evening brightens in the west:

Soon, soon to faithful warriors cometh rest;

Sweet is the calm of Paradise the blessed.

Hallelujah.

William Walsham How. 1854.

277

C.M.

"The forerunner, even Jesus."

1 Give me the wings of faith to rise

Within the veil, and see

The saints above, how great their joys,

How bright their glories be.

2 Once they were mourning here below,

And wet their couch with tears;

They wrestled hard, as we do now,

With sins, and doubts, and fears.

3 I ask them whence their victory came;

They, with united breath,

Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,

Their triumph to his death.

4 They marked the footsteps that he trod,

His zeal inspired their breast:

And, following their incarnate God,

Possess the promised rest.

5 Our glorious Leader claims our praise

For his own pattern given,

While the long cloud of witnesses

Show the same path to heaven.

Isaac Watts. 1709.

278

77, 77.

"Fight the good fight of faith."

1 Much in sorrow, oft in woe,

Onward, Christians, onward go;

Fight the fight, and, worn with strife,

Steep with tears the bread of life.

2 Onward, Christians, onward go,

Join the war, and face the foe:

Faint not, much doth yet remain;

Dreary is the long campaign.

3 Shrink not, Christians; will ye yield?

Will ye quit the painful field?

Will ye flee in danger's hour?

Know ye not your Captain's power?

4 Let your drooping hearts be glad:

March, in heavenly armour clad:

Fight, nor think the battle long;

Victory soon shall tune your song.

5 Let not sorrow dim your eye,

Soon shall every tear be dry;

Let not woe your course impede,

Great your strength, if great your need.

6 Onward then to battle move,

More than conquerors ye shall prove;

Though opposed by many a foe,

Christian soldiers, onward go.

First 10 ls. Henry Kirke White. 1806.

Fanny Fuller Maitland. 1827.

279

65, 65, 65, 65, 65, 65.

"Go forward."

1 ONWARD, Christian soldiers,

Marching as to war,

With the cross of Jesus

Going on before.

Christ the royal Master

Leads against the foe,

Forward into battle,

See, his banners go.

Onward, Christian soldiers,

Marching as to war,

With the cross of Jesus

Going on before.

2 At the sign of triumph

Satan's legions flee;

On then, Christian soldiers,

On to victory.

Hell's foundations quiver

At the shout of praise;

Brothers, lift your voices,

Loud your anthems raise.

Onward, Christian soldiers,

Marching as to war,

With the cross of Jesus

Going on before.

3 Like a mighty army

Moves the church of God;

Brothers, we are treading

Where the saints have trod;

We are not divided,

All one body we,

One in hope, and doctrine,

One in charity.

Onward, Christian soldiers,

Marching as to war,

With the cross of Jesus

Going on before.

DEATH.

4 Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the church of Jesus
Constant will remain;
Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that church prevail;
We have Christ's own promise,
And that cannot fail.
Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus
Going on before.

5 Onward then, ye people,
Join our happy throng,
Blend with ours your voices,
In the triumph-song;
Glory, laud, and honour,
Unto Christ the King,
This through countless ages
Men and angels sing.
Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus
Going on before.
Sabine Baring-Gould. 1865.

4 Stand up, stand up for Jesus;
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song:
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of Glory
Shall reign eternally.

George Duffield, Jr. 1858.

XII.—DEATH.

281

77,77,77,77.

"Death swallowed up in victory."

1 DEATHLESS principle, arise;
Soar, thou native of the skies:
Pearl of price, by Jesus bought,
To his glorious likeness wrought.
Go, to shine before his throne;
Deck his mediatorial crown;
Go, his triumphs to adorn;
Made for God, to God return.

2 Lo, he beckons from on high;
Fearless to his presence fly:
Thine the merit of his blood;
Thine the righteousness of God.
Angels, joyful to attend,
Hovering round thy pillow bend;
Wait to catch the signal given,
And escort thee quick to heaven.

3 Is thy earthly house distressed?
Willing to retain its guest?
'Tis not thou, but it, must die;
Fly, celestial tenant, fly;
Burst thy shackles, drop thy clay,
Sweetly breathe thyself away;
Singing, to thy crown remove,
Swift of wing, and fired with love.

4 Saints in glory, perfect made,
Wait thy passage through the shade;
Ardent for thy coming o'er,
See, they throng the blissful shore,
Mount, their transports to improve;
Join the longing choir above;
Swiftly to their wish be given;
Kindle higher joy in heaven.

Augustus Montague Toplady. 1766.

282

76,77,6.

"Non, ce n'est pas mourir."

1 No, no, it is not dying
To go unto our God;

280

76,76,76,76.

"Get up, and stand forth with your helmets."

1 STAND up, stand up for Jesus,
Ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high his royal banner,
It must not suffer loss:
From victory unto victory
His army shall he lead,
Till every foe is vanquished,
And Christ is Lord indeed.

2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus;
Stand in his strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you;
Ye dare not trust your own:
Put on the gospel armour,
Each piece put on with prayer,
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

3 Stand up, stand up for Jesus;
The trumpet-call obey:
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this his glorious day:
Where'er you meet with evil,
Within you, or without,
Charge, for the God of Battles,
And put the foe to rout.

JUDGMENT.

This gloomy earth forsaking,
Our journey homeward taking
Along the starry road.

2 No, no, it is not dying
Heaven's citizen to be;
A crown immortal wearing,
And rest unbroken sharing,
From care and conflict free.

3 No, no, it is not dying
To hear this gracious word,
Receive a Father's blessing,
For evermore possessing
The favour of thy Lord.

4 No, no, it is not dying
The Shepherd's voice to know;
His sheep he ever leadeth,
His peaceful flock he feedeth,
Where living pastures grow.

5 No, no, it is not dying
To wear a lordly crown;
Among God's people dwelling,
The glorious triumph swelling
Of him whose sway we own.

6 O no, this is not dying,
Thou Saviour of mankind:
There, streams of love are flowing,
No hindrance ever knowing;
Here, drops alone we find.

César Henri Abraham Malan. 1841.
Tr. Robinson Potter Dunn. 1852.

283

1311, 1311. Ir.

"Sorrow not as others which have no hope."

1 Thou art gone to the grave: but we
will not deplore thee,
Though sorrows and darkness en-
compass the tomb;
Thy Saviour has passed through its
portal before thee,
And the lamp of his love is thy guide
through the gloom.

2 Thou art gone to the grave: we no
longer behold thee,
Nor tread the rough path of the
world by thy side;
But the wide arms of mercy are spread
to enfold thee,
And sinners may die, for the Sinless
has died.

3 Thou art gone to the grave: and, its
mansion forsaking,
Perchance thy weak spirit in fear
lingered long;
But the mild rays of Paradise beamed
on thy waking,
And the sound which thou heardest
was the seraphim's song.

4 Thou art gone to the grave: but we
will not deplore thee,
Whose God was thy ransom, thy
guardian, and guide;
He gave thee, he took thee, and he will
restore thee;
And death has no sting, for the
Saviour has died.

Bishop Reginald Heber. 1827.

XIII.—JUDGMENT.

284

888.

"Dies ira, dies illa."

PART FIRST.

1 DAY of wrath, O day of mourning!
See, once more the Cross returning;
Heaven and earth in ashes burning.

2 O what fear man's bosom rendeth,
When from heaven the Judge de-
scendeth,
On whose sentence all dependeth.

3 Wondrous sound the trumpet flingeth;
Through earth's sepulchres it ringeth;
All before the throne it bringeth.

4 Death is struck, and nature quaking;
All creation is awaking,
To its Judge an answer making.

5 Lo, the Book, exactly worded,
Wherein all hath been recorded:
Thence shall judgment be awarded.

6 When the Judge his seat attaineth,
And each hidden deed arraigneth,
Nothing unavenged remaineth.

7 What shall I, frail man, be pleading?
Who for me be interceding,
When the just are mercy needing?

8 King of majesty tremendous,
Who dost free salvation send us,
Fount of pity, then befriend us.

JUDGMENT.

PART SECOND.

- 1 THINK, kind Jesus, my salvation
Caused thy wondrous incarnation;
Leave me not to reprobation.
- 2 Faint and weary thou hast sought me,
On the cross of suffering bought me:
Shall such grace be vainly brought me?
- 2 Righteous Judge of retribution,
Grant thy gift of absolution,
Ere that reckoning day's conclusion.
- 4 Guilty, now I pour my moaning,
All my shame with anguish owning;
Spare, O God, thy suppliant groaning.
- 5 Thou the sinful woman savedst;
Thou the dying thief forgavest;
And to me a hope vouchsafest.
- 6 Worthless are my prayers and sighing,
Yet, good Lord, in grace complying,
Rescue me from fires undying.
- 7 With thy favoured sheep O place me,
Nor among the goats abase me;
But to thy right hand upraise me.
- 8 Low I kneel, with heart submission;
See, like ashes, my contrition;
Help me in my last condition.
- 9 Ah, that day of tears and mourning!
From the dust of earth returning,
Man for judgment must prepare him;
Spare, O God, in mercy spare him;
Lord, who didst our souls redeem,
Grant a blessed requiem.

Thomas of Celano. 13th Cent.
William Josiah Irons. 1848.

285

87,87,88,7.

"Es ist gewisslich an der Zeit."

- 1 GREAT God, what do I see and hear?
The end of things created!
The Judge of mankind doth appear,
On clouds of glory seated.
The trumpet sounds; the graves re-
store
The dead which they contained before;
Prepare, my soul, to meet him.
- 2 The dead in Christ shall first arise,
At the last trumpet's sounding;
Caught up to meet him in the skies,
With joy their Lord surrounding;

88

No gloomy fears their souls dismay;
His presence sheds eternal day
On those prepared to meet him.

- 3 But sinners, filled with guilty fears,
Behold his wrath prevailing;
For they shall rise, and find their tears
And sighs are unavailing;
The day of grace is past and gone;
Trembling they stand before the throne,
All unprepared to meet him.
- 4 Great God, what do I see and hear?
The end of things created!
The Judge of mankind doth appear,
On clouds of glory seated.
Low at his cross, I view the day
When heaven and earth shall pass
away,
And thus prepare to meet him.

Bartholomäus Ringwaldt. 1585.
William Bengo Collyer. 1812.

286

87,87,47.

"Behold he cometh with clouds."

- 1 Lo, He comes, with clouds descending,
Once for favoured sinners slain;
Thousand thousand saints attending,
Swell the triumph of his train.
Hallelujah;
God appears on earth to reign.
- 2 Every eye shall now behold him,
Robed in dreadful majesty;
Those who set at nought and sold him,
Pierced and nailed him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.
- 3 When the solemn trump has sounded,
Heaven and earth shall flee away;
All who hate him must, confounded,
Hear the trump proclaim the day,
Come to judgment,
Come to judgment, come away.
- 4 Now redemption, long expected,
See in solemn pomp appear;
All his saints, by man rejected,
Now shall meet him in the air.
Hallelujah;
See the day of God appear.

John Cennick. 1752.
Charles Wesley. 1758.
Martin Madan. 1760.

XIV.—HEAVEN.

237

S., S.S., S.S., S.S.

*"Glorious things are spoken of thee,
O city of God."*

- 1 AWAY with our sorrow and fear,
We soon shall recover our home,
The city of saints shall appear;
The day of eternity come:
From earth we shall quickly remove,
And mount to our native abode,
The house of our Father above,
The palace of angels and God.
- 2 Our mourning is all at an end
When, raised by the life-giving word,
We see the new city descend,
Adorned as a bride for her Lord;
The city so holy and clean,
No sorrow can breathe in the air;
No gloom of affliction or sin,
No shadow of evil is there.
- 3 By faith we already behold
That lovely Jerusalem here;
Her walls are of jasper and gold,
As crystal her buildings are clear:
Immovably founded in grace,
She stands, as she ever hath stood,
And brightly her Builder displays,
And flames with the glory of God.
- 4 No need of the sun in that day
Which never is followed by night,
Where Jesus's beauties display
A pure and a permanent light:
The Lamb is their light and their sun,
And, lo, by reflection they shine,
With Jesus ineffably one,
And bright in effulgence divine.

Charles Wesley. 1744.

238

S.M.

"So shall we ever be with the Lord."

- 1 'For ever with the Lord:'
Amen, so let it be;
Life from the dead is in that word,
'Tis immortality.
- 2 Here in the body pent,
Absent from him I roam,
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.
- 3 My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul, how near,

At times, to faith's foreseeing eye
Thy golden gates appear.

- 4 Ah then my spirit faints
To reach the land I love,
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above.

James Montgomery. 1835.

239

1111,1111. Ir.

"I would not live away."

- 1 I WOULD not live away: I ask not to
stay
Where storm after storm rises dark
o'er the way;
The few lurid mornings that dawn on
us here
Are enough for life's woes, full enough
for its cheer.
- 2 I would not live away, thus fettered by
sin,
Temptation without and corruption
within;
Even the rapture of pardon is mingled
with fears,
And the cup of thanksgiving with
penitent tears.
- 3 I would not live away; no, welcome
the tomb;
Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread
not its gloom;
There sweet be my rest till he bid me
arise
To hail him in triumph descending the
skies.
- 4 Who, who would live away, away
from his God,
Away from yon heaven, that blissful
abode,
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er
the bright plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally
reigns;
- 5 Where the saints of all ages in har-
mony meet,
Their Saviour and brethren trans-
ported to greet;
While the anthems of rapture unceas-
ingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast
of the soul.

William Augustus Muhlenberg. 1823.

290

C.M.

"The holy city, new Jerusalem."

- 1 JERUSALEM, my happy home,
Name ever dear to me,
When shall my labours have an end
In joy, and peace, and thee?
- 2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-
built walls
And pearly gates behold,
Thy bulwarks, with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?
- 3 There happier bowers than Eden's
bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know;
Blessed seats, through rude and stormy
scenes
I onward press to you.
- 4 Why should I shrink at pain and woe,
Or feel at death dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.
- 5 Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there
Around my Saviour stand,
And soon my friends in Christ below
Will join the glorious band.
- 6 Jerusalem, my happy home,
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labours have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

Eckington Collection. c. 1790.

291

C.M.

"That great city, the holy Jerusalem."

- 1 JERUSALEM, my happy home,
When shall I come to thee?
When shall my sorrows have an end?
Thy joys when shall I see?
- 2 Our sweet is mixed with bitter gall,
Our pleasure is but pain;
Our joys scarce last the looking on,
Our sorrows still remain.
- 3 O happy harbour of the saints!
O sweet and pleasant soil!
In thee no sorrow may be found,
No grief, no care, no toil.
- 4 Thy walls are made of precious stones,
• Thy bulwarks diamonds square;
Thy gates are of right orient pearl,
Exceeding rich and rare.

- 5 Quite through the streets, with silver
sound,
The flood of life doth flow,
Upon whose banks on every side
The tree of life doth grow.

- 6 Jerusalem, my happy home,
Would God I were in thee;
Would God my woes were at an end,
Thy joys that I might see.

F. B. P. c. 1565.

292

86,86,66,66.

"The Paradise of God."

- 1 O PARADISE, O Paradise,
Who doth not crave for rest?
Who would not seek the happy land,
Where they that loved are blessed?
Where loyal hearts, and true,
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight.
- 2 O Paradise, O Paradise,
The world is growing old;
Who would not be at rest and free
Where love is never cold?
Where loyal hearts, and true,
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight.
- 3 O Paradise, O Paradise,
'Tis weary waiting here;
I long to be where Jesus is,
To feel, to see him near;
Where loyal hearts, and true,
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight.
- 4 O Paradise, O Paradise,
I want to sin no more;
I want to be as pure on earth
As on thy spotless shore;
Where loyal hearts, and true,
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight.
- 5 O Paradise, O Paradise,
I greatly long to see
The special place my dearest Lord
Is destined for me.
Where loyal hearts, and true,
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight.

- 6 O Paradise, O Paradise,
I feel 'twill not be long;
Patience! I almost think I hear
Faint fragments of thy song;
Where loyal hearts, and true,
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight.
Frederick William Faber. 1854.

293

87, 87.

"Within the veil."

- 1 SEE we not beyond the portal
Of the grave's brief resting-place,
Glimpses of those joys immortal
Which await the heirs of grace?
- 2 Hear we not, at seasons, stealing
On the spirit's wakeful ear,
Songs of praise, their bliss revealing
Who once mourned and suffered
here?
- 3 Feel we not, at times, in sorrow,
Hopes whereon the heart can stay,
Prescient of a brighter morrow,
Which shall chase all griefs away?
- 4 O if such the hopes attendant,
While we dimly, darkly see,
How unspeakably transcendent
Must the full fruition be!

Bernard Barton. 1826.

294

76, 76, 76, 75. Ir.

"Immanuel's land."

- 1 THE sands of time are sinking,
The dawn of heaven breaks,
The summer morn I've sighed for,
The fair sweet morn, awakes;
Dark, dark hath been the midnight,
But dayspring is at hand,
And glory, glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.
- 2 I've wrestled on toward heaven,
'Gainst storm and wind and tide:
Now, like a weary traveller
That leaneth on his guide,
Amid the shades of evening,
While sinks life's lingering sand,
I hail the glory dawning
In Immanuel's land.
- 3 O Christ! he is the fountain,
The deep, sweet well of love:
The streams on earth I've tasted,
More deep I'll drink above:

There to an ocean fulness
His mercy doth expand,
And glory, glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

- 4 The bride eyes not her garment,
But her dear bridegroom's face;
I will not gaze at glory,
But on my King of grace:
Not at the crown he gifteth,
But on his pierced hand:
The Lamb is all the glory
Of Immanuel's land.

Anne Ross Cousin. 1857.

295

PART FIRST.

76, 76, 76, 76.

"Hora novissima."

- 1 THE world is very evil;
The times are waxing late:
Be sober and keep vigil;
The Judge is at the gate:
The Judge that comes in mercy,
The Judge that comes with might,
To terminate the evil,
To diadem the right.
- 2 Arise, arise, good Christlan,
Let right to wrong succeed;
Let penitential sorrow
To heavenly gladness lead;
To the light that hath no evening,
That knows nor moon nor sun,
The light so new and golden,
The light that is but one.
- 3 O happy, holy portion,
Refection for the blessed;
True vision of true beauty,
Sweet cure of all distressed;
Strive, man, to win that glory;
Toil, man, to gain that light;
Send hope before to grasp it,
Till hope be lost in sight.
- 4 O sweet and blessed country,
The home of God's elect,
O sweet and blessed country,
That eager hearts expect:
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest;
Who art, with God the Father,
And Spirit, ever blessed.

PART SECOND.

"Hic breve vivitur."

- 1 BRIEF life is here our portion;
Brief sorrow, short-lived care;

HEAVEN.

The life that knows no ending,
The tearless life, is there.
O happy retribution,
Short toil, eternal rest!
For mortals and for sinners
A mansion with the blessed!

2 And now we fight the battle,
But then shall wear the crown
Of full and everlasting
And passionless renown.
And He whom now we trust in,
Shall then be seen and known:
And they that know and see him
Shall have him for their own.

3 The morning shall awaken,
The shadows shall decay,
And each true-hearted servant
Shall shine as doth the day.
There God, our King and Portion,
In fulness of his grace,
We then shall see forever,
And worship face to face.

4 O sweet and blessed country,
The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessed country
That eager hearts expect!
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest.
Who art, with God the Father,
And Spirit, ever blessed.

PART THIRD.

"O bona Patria."

1 For thee, O dear, dear country,
Mine eyes their vigils keep,
For very love, beholding
Thy happy name, they weep.
The mention of thy glory
Is unction to the breast,
And medicine in sickness,
And love, and life, and rest.

2 O one, O only mansion,
O Paradise of joy,
Where tears are ever banished,
And smiles have no alloy!
The Cross is all thy splendour;
The Crucified thy praise;
His laud and benediction
Thy ransomed people raise.

3 With jaspers glow thy bulwarks,
Thy streets with emeralds blaze,
The sardius and the topaz
Unite in thee their rays.

Thine ageless walls are bonded
With amethyst unpriced:
Thy saints build up its fabric.
And the corner-stone is Christ.

4 O sweet and blessed country,
The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessed country
That eager hearts expect!
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest,
Who art, with God the Father,
And Spirit ever blessed.

PART FOURTH.

"Urbs Syon aurea."

1 JERUSALEM the golden,
With milk and honey blessed,
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice oppressed:
I know not, O I know not,
What social joys are there;
What radiancy of glory,
What light beyond compare.

2 They stand, those halls of Zion,
Conjubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng:
The Prince is ever in them;
The daylight is serene;
The pastures of the blessed
Are decked in glorious sheen.

3 There is the throne of David,
And there, from care released,
The song of them that triumph,
The shout of them that feast.
And they who, with their Leader
Have conquered in the fight,
For ever and for ever
Are clad in robes of white.

4 O sweet and blessed country,
The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessed country
That eager hearts expect!
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest,
Who art, with God the Father,
And Spirit, ever blessed.

Bernard of Cluny. c. 1415.
Tr. John Mason Neale. 1851.

"The good land that is beyond Jordan."

1 THERE is a land of pure delight
Where saints immortal reign;

Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

- 2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers:
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.
- 3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.
- 4 But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea,
And linger, shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.
- 5 O could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love,
With unclouded eyes;
- 6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's streams, nor death's cold
flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

Isaac Watts. 1709.

297

76,77,7.

"The new Jerusalem."

- 1 THERE'S a city fair to see,
Begirt with many a gem,
Where no sin or tears shall be,
Where a rest remains for me,
'Tis the new Jerusalem.
- 2 Long-lost friends are gathered there,
And God still dwells with them;
That sweet fellowship I'll share,
Nor shall change its joys impair
In the new Jerusalem.
- 3 In its glory Christ sits crowned
With heaven's rich diadem;
Saints with praise his throne surround,
And with theirs shall mine resound
Through the new Jerusalem.
- 4 While on earth I yet must stay,
And strive its ills to stem;
May these bright hopes shed a ray
Which will cheer me on my way
To the new Jerusalem.

Frederick Vincent. 1878.

298

88,88. Ir.

"What must it be to be there."

- 1 We speak of the realms of the blessed,
Of that country so bright and so fair,
And oft are its glories confessed:
But what must it be to be there?
- 2 We speak of its pathways of gold,
Of its walls decked with jewels most
rare;
Of its wonders and pleasures untold:
But what must it be to be there?
- 3 We speak of its freedom from sin,
From sorrow, temptation, and care,
From trials without and within:
But what must it be to be there?
- 4 We speak of its service of love,
Of the robes which the glorified wear,
Of the church of the first-born above:
But what must it be to be there?
- 5 Then let us 'midst pleasure or woe,
Still for heaven our spirits prepare;
And shortly we also shall know
And feel what it is to be there.

Elizabeth Mills. 1829.

299

C.M.D.

"A pure river of water of life."

- 1 THERE is a stream which issues forth
From the eternal throne
Of God and of the Lamb, a stream
Clear as the crystal stone.
This stream doth water Paradise,
It makes the angels sing;
One cordial drop revives my heart;
Hence all my joys do spring,—
- 2 Such joys as are unspeakable,
And full of glory too;
Such hidden manna, hidden pearls,
As worldlings do not know.
Eye hath not seen, nor ear hath heard,
From fancy 'tis concealed,
What thou, Lord, hast laid up for thine,
And hast to me revealed.
- 3 I see thy face, I hear thy voice,
I taste thy sweetest love;
My soul doth leap; but O for wings,
The wings of Noah's dove,—
Then should I fly far hence away,
Leaving this world of sin;
Then should my Lord put forth his
hand,
And kindly take me in.

John Mason. 1683.

HEAVEN : ITS REST.

300

87,87,77.

"It is even a vapour."

- 1 WHAT is life? 'Tis but a vapour;
Soon it vanishes away;
Life is like a dying taper;
O my soul, why wish to stay?
Why not spread thy wings, and fly
Straight to yonder world of joy?
- 2 See that glory, how resplendent;
Brighter far than fancy paints;
There, in majesty transcendent,
Jesus reigns, the King of saints:
Spread thy wings, my soul, and fly
Straight to yonder world of joy.
- 3 Joyful crowds, his throne surrounding,
Sing with rapture of his love,
Through the heavens his praises
sounding,
Filling all the courts above:
Spread thy wings, my soul, and fly
Straight to yonder world of joy.
- 4 Go, and share his people's glory;
'Midst the ransomed crowd appear;
Thine a joyful, wondrous story,
One that angels love to hear:
Spread thy wings, my soul, and fly
Straight to yonder world of joy.

Thomas Kelly. 1809.

301

S.M.D.

"Let us labour to enter into that rest."

- 1 O WHERE shall rest be found,
Rest for the weary soul?
'Twere vain the ocean-depths to sound,
Or pierce to either pole.
The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh;
'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.
- 2 Beyond this vale of tears,
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years,
And all that life is love.
There is a death whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath;
O what eternal horrors hang
Around the second death!
- 3 Lord God of truth and grace,
Teach us that death to shun,
Lest we be banished from thy face
And evermore undone.

94

Here would we end our quest;
Alone are found in thee
The life of perfect love, the rest
Of immortality.

James Montgomery. 1819.

302

777,5.

"The Lord shall give thee rest."

- 1 WHEN the day of toil is done,
When the race of life is run,
Father, grant thy wearied one
Rest for evermore.
- 2 When the strife of sin is stilled,
When the foe within is killed,
Be thy gracious word fulfilled—
Peace for evermore.
- 3 When the darkness melts away,
At the breaking of thy Day,
Bid us hail the cheering ray—
Light for evermore.
- 4 When the heart by sorrow tried
Feels at length its throbs subside,
Bring us, where all tears are dried,
Joy for evermore.
- 5 When for vanished days we yearn,
Days that never can return,
Teach us in thy love to learn
Love for evermore.
- 6 When the breath of life is flown,
When the grave must claim its own,
Lord of life, be ours thy crown—
Life for evermore.

John Ellerton. 1870.

303

O.M.

*"The whole family in heaven and
earth."*

- 1 COME, let us join our friends above
That have obtained the prize,
And on the eagle wings of love
To joys celestial rise.
- 2 Let all the saints terrestrial sing,
With those to glory gone;
For all the servants of our King,
In earth and heaven, are one.
- 3 One family we dwell in him,
One church above, beneath,
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream, of death.

HEAVEN : RE-UNION OF FRIENDS.

4 One army of the living God,
To his command we bow;
Part of his host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.

5 Our old companions in distress
We haste again to see,
And eager long for our release,
And full felicity.

Charles Wesley. 1759.

304

66,86,88.

"We should live together with him."

1 FRIEND after friend departs:
Who hath not lost a friend?
There is no union here of hearts,
That finds not here an end:
Were this frail world our only rest,
Living or dying, none were blessed.

2 Beyond the flight of time,
Beyond this vale of death,
There surely is some blessed clime,
Where life is not a breath.
Nor life's affections transient fire,
Whose sparks fly upward to expire.

3 There is a world above,
Where parting is unknown;
A whole eternity of love,
Formed for the good alone;
And faith beholds the dying here,
Translated to that happier sphere.

4 Thus star by star declines,
Till all are passed away,
As morning high and higher shines
To pure and perfect day:
Nor sink those stars in empty night,
They hide themselves in heaven's own
light.

James Montgomery. 1824.

305

65,65,65,65, Ir.

"It is soon cut off, and we fly away."

"So shall we ever be with the Lord."

1 'Soon and for ever,'
Such promise our trust,
Though ashes to ashes,
And dust unto dust;
'Soon and for ever'
Our union shall be
Made perfect, our glorious
Redeemer, in thee:

2 When the sins and the sorrows
Of time shall be o'er,
Its pangs and its partings
Remembered no more,
Where life cannot fail, and where
Death cannot sever,
Christians with Christ shall be
'Soon and for ever.'

3 'Soon and for ever'
The breaking of day
Shall drive all the night-clouds
Of sorrow away;
'Soon and for ever'
We'll see as we're seen,
And learn the deep meaning
Of things that have been:

4 When fightings without us,
And fears from within,
Shall weary no more in
The warfare of sin;
Where fears, and where tears, and
where
Death shall be never,
Christians with Christ shall be
'Soon and for ever.'

5 'Soon and for ever'
The work shall be done,
The warfare accomplished,
The victory won;
'Soon and for ever'
The soldier lays down
His sword for a harp, and
His cross for a crown:

6 Then droop not in sorrow,
Despond not in fear,
A glorious to-morrow
Is brightening and near;
When, blessed reward of each
Faithful endeavour,
Christians with Christ shall be,
'Soon and for ever.'
John Samuel Bewley Monsell. 1854.

XV.—THE CHURCH.

306

87,87,47.

"Good tidings of good."

1 On the mountain's top appearing,
Lo, the sacred herald stands;
Welcome news to Zion bearing,
Zion long in hostile lands;
Mourning captive,
God himself will loose thy bands.

THE CHURCH.

2 Has thy night been long and mournful?
Have thy friends unfaithful proved?
Have thy foes been proud and scornful,
By thy sighs and tears unmoved?
Cease thy mourning;
Zion still is well beloved.

3 God, thy God, will now restore thee;
He himself appears thy friend;
All thy foes shall flee before thee;
Here their boasts and triumphs end;
Great deliverance
Zion's King vouchsafes to send.

4 Enemies no more shall trouble,
All thy wrongs shall be redressed;
For thy shame thou shalt have double,
In thy Maker's favour blessed;
All thy conflicts
End in everlasting rest.

Thomas Kelly. 1804.

307

87,87,47.

"The Lord is round about his people."

1 Zion stands by hills surrounded;
Zion kept by power divine;
All her foes shall be confounded,
Though the world in arms combine.
Happy Zion,
What a favoured lot is thine!

2 Every human tie may perish;
Friend to friend unfaithful prove;
Mothers cease their own to cherish;
Heaven and earth at last remove:
But no changes
Can attend Jehovah's love.

3 If thy God should show displeasure,
'Tis to save, and not destroy;
If he punish, 'tis in measure,
'Tis to rid thee of alloy.
Be thou patient;
Soon thy grief shall turn to joy.

4 In the furnace God may prove thee,
Thence to bring thee forth more
bright;
But can never cease to love thee;
Thou art precious in his sight.
God is with thee,
God thine everlasting light.

Thomas Kelly. 1806.

308

S.M.

"Above my chief joy."

1 I LOVE thy church, O God;
Her walls before thee stand
96

Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thy hand.

2 For her my tears shall fall;
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

3 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

Timothy Dwight. 1800.

309

S.M.

"A God unto thee and to thy seed."

1 In all my ways, O God,
I would acknowledge thee;
And seek to keep my heart and house
From all pollution free.

2 Where'er I have a tent,
An altar will I raise;
And thither my oblations bring
Of humble prayer and praise.

3 Could I my wish obtain,
My household, Lord, should be
Devoted to thyself alone,
A nursery for thee.

Benjamin Beddome. 1787.

310

C.M.

"They brought young children to him."

1 OUR children, Lord, in faith and prayer,
We thus devote to thee;
Let them thy covenant mercies share,
And thy salvation see.

2 Such helpless babes thou didst embrace,
While dwelling here below;
To us, and ours, O God of grace,
The same compassion show.

3 Grant us, before them, Lord, to live
In holy faith and prayer;
And then to heaven our souls remove,
And bring our children there.

Thomas Haweis. 1808.
John Nunn. 1817.

311

C.M.

"He took them up in his arms."

1 OUR infant offspring to thy grace,
Great God, we would commend;

THE CHURCH—ORDINANCES OF: BAPTISM.

And as their angels view thy face,
Be thou their guardian friend.

2 Dear Saviour, hold them in thy arm,
Thy benediction give;
The lambs within thy bosom warm,
And let our Isaacs live.

3 All that we are, and all we have,
We would devote to thee;
We know that thou alone canst save,
In age or infancy.

Thomas Haweis. 1809.

312

87,87.

"He shall gather the lambs with his arm."

1 SAVIOUR, who thy flock art feeding
With the shepherd's kindest care,
All the feeble gently leading,
While the lambs thy bosom share;

2 Now, these little ones receiving,
Fold them in thy gracious arm;
There, we know, thy word believing,
Only there, secure from harm.

3 Never, from thy pasture roving,
Let them be the lion's prey;
Let thy tenderness, so loving,
Keep them all life's dangerous way.

4 Then, within thy fold eternal,
Let them find a resting-place,
Feed in pastures ever vernal,
Drink the rivers of thy grace.

William Augustus Mühlenberg. 1826.

313

C.M.

"Suffer the little children to come unto me."

1 SEE Israel's gentle Shepherd stand,
With all-engaging charms:
Hark, how he calls the tender lambs,
And folds them in his arms.

2 Webring them, Lord, in thankful hands,
And yield them up to thee:
Joyful, that we ourselves are thine,
Thine let our offspring be.

Philip Doddridge. 1755.

314

C.M.

"This do in remembrance of me."

1 ACCORDING to thy gracious word,
In meek humility

This will I do, my dying Lord,
I will remember thee.

2 Thy body, broken for my sake,
My bread from heaven shall be;
Thy testamental cup I take,
And thus remember thee.

3 Gethsemane can I forget?
Or there thy conflict see,
Thine agony and bloody sweat,
And not remember thee.

4 When to the cross I turn mine eyes
And rest on Calvary,
O Lamb of God, my sacrifice,
I must remember thee:

5 Remember thee, and all thy pains,
And all thy love to me;
Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,
Will I remember thee.

6 And when these failing lips grow dumb,
And mind and memory flee,
When thou shalt in thy kingdom come,
Jesus, remember me.

James Montgomery. 1819.

315

98,98.

"The bread of God, which giveth life unto the world."

1 BREAD of the world, in mercy broken,
Wine of the soul, in mercy shed,
By whom the words of life were spoken,
And in whose death oursins are dead;

2 Look on the heart by sorrow broken,
Look on the tears by sinners shed;
And be thy feast to us the token,
That by thy grace our souls are fed.

Bishop Reginald Heber. 1827.

316

888,4.

"Ye do show the Lord's death till he come."

1 By Christ redeemed, in Christ restored,
We keep the memory adored,
And show the death of our dear Lord,
Until he come.

2 His body broken in our stead
Is here in this memorial bread,
And so our feeble love is fed
Until he come.

THE CHURCH—ORDINANCES OF: THE LORD'S SUPPER.

3 The streams of his dread agony,
His life-blood shed for us, we see;
The wine shall tell the mystery
Until he come.

4 O blesséd hope! with this elate
Let not our hearts be desolate,
But strong in faith, in patience wait
Until he come.

George Rawson. 1857.

317

87,87,87,87.

"His banner over me was love."

1 JESUS spreads his banner o'er us,
Cheers our famished souls with food;
He the banquet spreads before us
Of his mystic flesh and blood.
Precious banquet; bread of heaven;
Wine of gladness, flowing free:
May we taste it, kindly given,
In remembrance, Lord, of thee.

2 In thy holy incarnation,
When the angels sang thy birth:
In thy fasting and temptation;
In thy labours on the earth;
In thy trial, and rejection;
In thy sufferings on the tree;
In thy glorious resurrection;
May we, Lord, remember thee.

Roswell Park. 1836.

318

76,76,78,76.

"Go in peace."

1 LAMB of God, whose bleeding love
We now recall to mind,
Send the answer from above,
And let us mercy find;
Think on us who think on thee,
And every struggling soul release;
O remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace.

2 Let thy blood, by faith applied,
The sinner's pardon seal;
Speak us freely justified,
And all our sickness heal;
By thy passion on the tree,
Let all our griefs and troubles cease;
O remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace.

Charles Wesley. 1745.

319

L.M.

"Christ strengthening me."

1 SAVIOUR, I lift my trembling eyes
To that bright seat, where, placed
on high,
The great, the atoning Sacrifice,
For me, for all, is ever nigh.

2 Be thou my guard on peril's brink;
Be thou my guide through weal or
woe;
And teach me of thy cup to drink,
And make me in thy path to go.

3 For what is earthly change or loss?
Thy promises are still my own:
The feeblest frame may bear thy cross,
The lowliest spirit share thy throne.

M. G. Thomson. 1831.

320

S.M.

"Let us keep the feast."

1 SWEET feast of love divine:
'Tis grace that makes us free
To feed upon this bread and wine,
In memory, Lord, of thee.

2 Here every welcome guest
Waits, Lord, from thee to learn
The secrets of thy Father's breast,
And all thy grace discern.

3 O if this glimpse of love
Is so divinely sweet,
What will it be, O Lord, above,
Thy gladdening smile to meet;

4 To see thee face to face;
Thy perfect likeness wear;
And all thy ways of wondrous grace
Through endless years declare.

Sir Edward Denny, Bart. 1839.

321

87,87,87,87.

"My meditation of him shall be sweet."

1 SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend,
Life, and health, and peace possessing,
From the sinner's dying Friend.
Here it is I find my heaven,
While upon the Lamb I gaze;
Love I much? I've much forgiven;
I'm a miracle of grace.

THE SABBATH.

2 Love and grief my heart dividing,
With my tears his feet I'll bathe,
Constant still in faith abiding,
Life deriving from his death.
May I still enjoy this feeling,
In all need to Jesus go,
Prove his wounds each day more
healing,
And himself more deeply know.

James Allen. 1761.

Hon. Walter Shirley. 1774.

322

C.M.

"Hebrought me to the banqueting house."

1 THIS is the feast of heavenly wine,
And God invites to sup;
The juices of the living vine
Were pressed to fill the cup.

2 O bless the Saviour, ye that eat,
With royal dainties fed;
Not heaven affords a costlier treat,
For Jesus is the bread.

William Cowper. 1779.

323

C.M.

"Drink ye all of it."

1 To keep thy feast, Lord, are we met,
And to remember thee;
Help each poor trembler to repeat,
For me he died, for me.

2 Thy sufferings, Lord, each sacred sign
To our remembrance brings;
We eat the bread and drink the wine,
But think on nobler things.

3 O tune our tongues, and set in frame
Each heart that pants to thee,
To sing Hosanna to the Lamb,
The Lamb that died for me.

Joseph Hart. 1762.

XVI.—THE SABBATH.

324

L.M.

*"In the seventh is the Sabbath of rest,
holy to the Lord."*

1 ANOTHER six days' work is done,
Another Sabbath is begun;
Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest;
Revere the day thy God has blessed.

2 O that our thoughts and thanks may
rise,
As grateful incense, to the skies;
And fetch from heaven that sweet
repose
Which none but he who feels it knows.

3 This heavenly calm within the breast
Is the sure pledge of glorious rest,
Which for the church of God remains,
The end of cares, the end of pains.

4 In holy duties let the day,
In holy pleasures, pass away;
How sweet a Sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end.

Joseph Stennett. 1732.

325

C.M.

"The Lord's day."

1 BLESSED day of God, most calm, most
bright,
The first and best of days;
The labourer's rest, the saint's delight,
A day of mirth and praise.

2 My Saviour's face did make thee shine;
His rising did thee raise;
This made thee heavenly and divine
Beyond the common days.

3 The first fruits do a blessing prove
To all the sheaves behind;
And they that do a Sabbath love
A happy week shall find.

4 My Lord on thee his name did fix,
Which makes thee rich and gay;
Amidst his golden candlesticks
My Saviour walks this day.

John Mason. 1683.

326

L.M.

*"Jesus was risen early, the first day of
the week."*

1 HAIL, morning known among the
blessed,
Morning of hope, and joy, and love,
Of heavenly peace and holy rest,
Pledge of the endless rest above!

2 Blessed be the Father of our Lord,
Who from the dead hath brought
his Son;
Hope to the lost was then restored,
And everlasting glory won.

8 Scarce morning twilight had begun
To chase the shades of night away,
When Christ arose, unsetting Sun,
The dawn of joy's eternal day.

4 Mercy looked down with smiling eye,
When our Immanuel left the dead;
Faith marked his bright ascent on high,
And hope with gladness raised her head.

5 Descend, O Spirit of the Lord,
Thy fire to every bosom bring;
Then shall our ardent hearts accord,
And teach our lips God's praise to sing.

Ralph Wardlaw. 1817.

327

76, 76, 76, 76.

"We will rejoice and be glad in it."

1 O DAY of rest and gladness,
O day of joy and light,
O balm of care and sadness,
Most beautiful, most bright;
On thee, the high and lowly,
Through ages joined in tune,
Sing, Holy, holy, holy,
To the great God Triune.

2 On thee, at the creation,
The light first had its birth;
On thee, for our salvation,
Christ rose from depths of earth;
On thee, our Lord victorious,
The Spirit sent from heaven;
And thus on thee, most glorious,
A triple light was given.

3 To-day on weary nations
The heavenly manna falls;
To holy convocations
The silver trumpet calls,
Where gospel light is glowing
With pure and radiant beams,
And living water flowing
With soul-refreshing streams.

4 New graces ever gaining
From this our day of rest,
We reach the rest remaining
To spirits of the blessed.
To Holy Ghost be praises,
To Father, and to Son;
The church her voice upraises
To thee, blessed Three in One.

Bishop Christopher Wordsworth. 1862

328

S.M.

"Call the Sabbath a delight."

1 This is the day of light;
Let there be light to-day;
O Dayspring, rise upon our night,
And chase its gloom away.

2 This is the day of rest;
Our failing strength renew;
On weary brain and troubled breast
Shed thou thy freshening dew.

3 This is the day of peace;
Thy peace our spirits fill;
Bid thou the blasts of discord cease,
The waves of strife be still.

4 This is the day of prayer;
Let earth to heaven draw near;
Lift up our hearts to seek thee there;
Come down to meet us here.

5 This is the first of days;
Send forth thy quickening breath,
And wake dead souls to love and praise,
O Vanquisher of death.

John Ellerton. 1867.

329

L.M.

"The day which the Lord hath made."

1 To-day the Lord, our Shepherd, leads
To living streams his little flock,
In green and flowery pastures feeds,
And shades at noon beneath the rock.

2 To-day we hear our Shepherd's voice,
And gladly answer to his call;
For him, unseen, our hearts rejoice,
Who knows, and names, and loves
us all.

3 Far from his fold we went astray;
The howling wilderness he crossed,
From Satan plucked us as a prey,
Nor spared himself to save the lost.

4 By him conducted, though we tread
Death's valley, darkening on the view,
No evil there our spirits dread,
His rod and staff will guard us through.

James Montgomery. 1853.

PUBLIC WORSHIP : HOUSE OF GOD.

XVII.—PUBLIC WORSHIP.

330

55,55,65,65.

"A day in thy courts is better than a thousand."

- 1 How honoured, how dear,
That sacred abode,
Where Christians draw near
Their Father and God;
'Mid worldly commotion,
My wearied soul faints
For the house of devotion,
The home of thy saints.
- 2 The birds have their home;
They fix on their nest;
Wherever they roam,
They return to their rest;
From them fondly learning,
My soul would take wing;
To thee so returning,
My God and my King.
- 3 O happy the choirs
Who praise thee above;
What joy tunes their lyres;
Their worship is love.
Yet, safe in thy keeping,
And happy they be,
In this world of weeping,
Whose strength is in thee.
- 4 Though rugged their way,
They drink, as they go,
Of springs that convey
New life as they flow;
The God they rely on,
Their strength shall renew,
Till each, brought to Zion,
His glory shall view.
- 5 Thou Hearer of prayer,
Still grant me a place,
Where Christians repair
To the courts of thy grace;
More blessed beyond measure
One day so employed,
Than years of vain pleasure
By worldlings enjoyed.
- 6 Me more would it please
Keeping post at thy gate,
Than lying at ease
In chambers of state;
The meanest condition
Outshines, with thy smiles,
The pomp of ambition,
The world with its wiles.

- 7 The Lord is a sun,
The Lord is a shield;
What grace has begun,
With glory is sealed.
He hears the distressed;
He succours the just;
And they shall be blessed
Who make him their trust.

Josiah Conder. 1824.

331

66,66,88.

"How amiable are thy tabernacles."

- 1 How lovely are thy tents,
O Lord of hosts, to me:
My spirit longs, yea faints,
The courts of God to see;
My heart and flesh, with fond desire,
To thee, the living God, aspire.
- 2 The sparrow has her nest,
The birds that soar and sing,
Each has its nightly rest,
And folds its weary wing:
Thy courts for me, my King, my God;
No rest have I but thine abode.
- 3 Blessed are the souls that dwell
Around thy holy hill;
With love their bosoms swell,
They sing thy praises still:
And blessed are they, though far apart,
Whose heart is there, whose strength
thou art.
- 4 They tread the dreary vale,
Where streams of comfort flow;
The fountains never fail;
From strength to strength they go,
Till all, a holy, happy band,
Before the Lord in Zion stand.
- 5 O God of Jacob's race,
Our shield and strength alone,
Unveil thy gracious face
To thine anointed one;
For in thy courts one day outweighs
A thousand bright and festive days.
- 6 May I but keep a gate
My Father's courts within;
I'd rather stand and wait
Than dwell in tents of sin;
For God the Lord's a sun and shield;
The Lord will grace and glory yield.

- 7 No good will he withhold
From souls that are upright,

PUBLIC WORSHIP : HOUSE OF GOD.

Till heaven its stores unfold
Of grace and glory bright.
O Lord of hosts, how blessed is he
Whose soul securely rests on thee.

John Guthrie. 1844.

332

88,88,88.

"Surely the Lord is in this place."

1 Lo, God is here! let us adore,
And own how dreadful is this place;
Let all within us feel his power,
And silent bow before his face;
Who know his power, his grace who
prove,
Serve him with awe, with reverence
love.

2 Lo, God is here! him day and night
The united choirs of angels sing;
To him, enthroned above all height,
Heaven's host their noblest praises
bring:
Disdain not, Lord, our meaner song,
Who praise thee with a stammering
tongue.

3 Being of beings, may our praise
Thy courts with grateful fragrance
fill;
Still may we stand before thy face,
Still hear and do thy sovereign will:
To thee may all our thoughts arise,
Ceaseless, accepted sacrifice.

Gerhard Tersteegen. 1731.
Tr. John Wesley. 1789.

333

66,66,44,44.

*"Blessed are they that dwell in thy
house."*

1 Lord of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of thy love,
Thy earthly temples are.
To thine abode
My heart aspires,
With warm desires,
To see my God.

2 O happy souls that pray
Where God appoints to hear;
O happy men that pray
Their constant service there;
They praise thee still;
And happy they
That love the way
To Zion's hill.

3 To spend one sacred day,
Where God and saints abide,
Affords diviner joy
Than thousand days beside;
Where God resorts,
I love it more
To keep the door,
Than shine in courts.

4 God is our sun and shield,
Our light and our defence;
With gifts his hands are filled,
We draw our blessings thence:
He shall bestow
On Jacob's race
Peculiar grace,
And glory too.

Isaac Watts. 1719.

334

- 77,77,77,77.

*"My soul longeth for the courts of the
Lord."*

1 PLEASANT are thy courts above,
In the land of light and love;
Pleasant are thy courts below,
In this land of sin and woe.
O my spirit longs and fains
For the converse of thy saints,
For the brightness of thy face,
King of Glory, God of grace.

2 Happy birds, that sing and fly
Round thy altars, O most High;
Happier souls, that find a rest
In a heavenly Father's breast:
Like the wandering dove, that found
No repose on earth around,
They can to their Ark repair,
And enjoy it ever there.

3 Happy souls, their praises flow
Even in this vale of woe;
Waters in the desert rise,
Manna feeds them from the skies:
On they go from strength to strength,
Till they reach thy throne at length;
At thy feet adoring fall,
Who hast led them safe through all.

4 Lord, be mine this prize to win;
Guide me through a world of sin;
Keep me by thy saving grace;
Give me at thy side a place.
Sun and shield alike thou art;
Guide and guard my erring heart,
Grace and glory flow from thee,
Shower, O shower them, Lord, on me.

Henry Francis Lyte. 1834.

335

L.M.

"Enter into his gates with thanksgiving."

- 1 BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone,
He can create, and he destroy.
- 2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men;
And when, like wandering sheep, we
strayed,
He brought us to his fold again.
- 3 We are his people, we his care,
Our souls and all our mortal frame;
What lasting honours shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to thy name?
- 4 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful
songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand
tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding
praise.
- 5 Wide as the world is thy command;
Vast as eternity thy love;
Firm as a rock thy truth shall stand
When rolling years shall cease to
move.

Isaac Watts. 1706.
John Wesley. 1741.

336

L.M.

"Thine, O Lord, is the greatness."

- 1 ETERNAL Power, whose high abode
Becomes the grandeur of a God,
Infinite lengths beyond the bounds
Where stars revolve their little rounds:
- 2 Thee while the first archangel sings,
He hides his face behind his wings;
And ranks of shining thrones around
Fall worshipping, and spread the
ground.
- 3 Lord, what shall earth and ashes do?
We would adore our Maker too;
From sin and dust to thee we cry,
The great, the holy, and the high.
- 4 Earth from afar hath heard thy fame,
And babes have learned to lisp thy
name;

But O the glories of thy mind
Leave all our soaring thoughts behind.
Isaac Watts. 1706.

337

77, 77, 77.

"Let all the people praise thee."

- 1 God of mercy, God of grace,
Show the brightness of thy face;
Shine upon us, Saviour, shine,
Fill thy church with life divine;
And thy saving health extend
Unto earth's remotest end.
- 2 Let thy people praise thee, Lord;
Be by all that live adored;
Let the nations shout and sing
Glory to their Saviour King;
At thy feet their tributes pay,
And thy holy will obey.
- 3 Let the people praise thee, Lord;
Earth shall then her fruits afford;
God to man his blessing give,
Man to God devoted live;
All below, and all above,
One in joy, and light, and love.

Henry Francis Lyte. 1834.

338

S.M.

"They were all filled with the Holy Ghost."

- 1 LORD GOD, the Holy Ghost,
In this accepted hour,
As on the day of Pentecost,
Descend in all thy power;
- 2 We meet with one accord
In our appointed place,
And wait the promise of our Lord,
The Spirit of all grace.
- 3 The young, the old inspire
With wisdom from above;
And give us hearts and tongues of fire
To pray, and praise, and love.
- 4 Spirit of truth, be thou
In life and death our guide;
O Spirit of adoption, now
May we be sanctified.

James Montgomery. 1819.

PUBLIC WORSHIP: OPENING OF.

339

C.M.D.

"Worship the Father in spirit and in truth."

- 1 LORD, when we bend before thy throne,
And our confessions pour,
Teach us to feel the sins we own,
And hate what we deplore.
Our broken spirits, pitying, see,
And penitence impart;
Then let a kindling glance from thee
Beam hope upon the heart.
- 2 When we disclose our wants in prayer,
May we our wills resign;
And not a thought our bosom share,
That is not wholly thine.
Let faith each meek petition fill,
And waft it to the skies;
And teach our hearts 'tis goodness still
That grants it or denies.

Joseph Dacre Carlyle. 1805.

340

1210, 1210. Ir.

"Worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness."

- 1 O WORSHIP the Lord in the beauty of holiness;
Bow down before him, his glory proclaim;
With gold of obedience, and incense of lowliness,
Kneel and adore him; the Lord is his name.
- 2 Low at his feet lay thy burden of carefulness,
High on his heart he will bear it for thee,
Comfort thy sorrows, and answer thy prayerfulness,
Guiding thy steps as may best for thee be.
- 3 Fear not to enter his courts in the slenderness
Of the poor wealth thou wouldst reckon as thine;
Truth in its beauty, and love in its tenderness,
These are the offerings to lay on his shrine.
- 4 These, though we bring them in trembling and fearfulness,
He will accept for the Name that is dear;
104

Mornings of joy give for evenings of
tearfulness,
Trust for our trembling, and hope for
our fear.

- 5 O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness;
Bow down before him, his glory proclaim;
With gold of obedience, and incense of lowliness,
Kneel and adore him; the Lord is his name.

John Samuel Bewley Monsell. 1863.

341

C.M.

"Having heard the word, keep it."

- 1 ONCE more we come before our God;
Once more thy blessing ask;
O may not duty seem a load,
Nor worship prove a task.
- 2 May we receive the word we hear,
Each in an honest heart;
Hoard up the precious treasure thero,
And never with it part.
- 3 Bid the refreshing north wind wake;
Say to the south wind, blow;
Let every plant the power partake,
And all the garden grow.
- 4 Revive the parched with heavenly showers;
The cold with warmth divine;
And as the benefit is ours,
Be all the glory thine.

Joseph Hart. 1762.

342

777, 5.

"In thy light shall we see light."

- 1 THREE in One and One in Three,
Ruler of the earth and sea,
Hear us while we lift to thee
Holy chant and psalm.
- 2 Light of lights, with morning-shine,
Lift on us thy light divine;
And let charity benign
Breathe on us her balm.
- 3 Light of lights, when falls the even,
Let it sink on sin forgiven;
Fold us in the peace of heaven:
Shed a vesper calm.

PUBLIC WORSHIP : CLOSE OF.

4 Three in One and One in Three,
Darkling here we worship thee;
Yet in heaven's own light shall we
Raise our joyful psalm.

Gilbert Rorison. 1850.

343

L.M.

"There am I in the midst."

1 WHERE two or three, with sweet accord,
Obedient to their sovereign Lord,
Meet to recount his acts of grace,
And offer solemn prayer and praise,

2 There, says the Saviour, will I be,
Amid this little company;
To them unveil my smiling face,
And shed my glories round the place.

3 We meet at thy command, dear Lord,
Relying on thy faithful word;
Now send thy Spirit from above,
Now fill our hearts with heavenly love.

Samuel Stennett. 1787.

344

C.M.

"Of one heart and one soul."

1 BLESSED be the dear uniting love,
That will not let us part;
Our bodies may far off remove,
We still are one in heart.

2 Joined in one spirit to our Head,
Where he appoints we go;
And still in Jesus' footsteps tread,
And show his praise below.

Charles Wesley. 1742.

345

L.M.

"The blessing of the Lord be upon you."

1 DISMISS us with thy blessing, Lord;
Help us to feed upon thy word;
All that has been amiss forgive;
And let thy truth within us live.

2 Though we are guilty, thou art good;
Wash all our works in Jesus' blood;
Give every fettered soul release;
And bid us all depart in peace.

Joseph Hart. 1762.

346

87,87,47.

"The Lord bless thee out of Zion."

1 LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;

Let us each, thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace;
O refresh us,
Travelling through this wilderness.

2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For thy gospel's joyful sound:
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound;
May thy presence
With us evermore be found.

3 So, whene'er the signal's given
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
Glad the summons to obey,
We shall surely
Reign with Christ in endless day.

John Fawcett. 1774.

347

87,87,87,87.

"Grace be with you all."

MAY the grace of Christ, our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favour,
Rest upon us from above.
Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord;
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.

John Newton. 1779.

348

77,77.

*"Make you perfect in every good work
to do his will."*

1 Now may he who from the dead
Brought the Shepherd of the sheep,
Jesus Christ, our King and Head,
All our souls in safety keep.

2 May he teach us to fulfil
What is pleasing in his sight;
Perfect us in all his will,
And preserve us day and night.

John Newton. 1779.

349

87,87,77,44,7.

"Show me a token for good."

OF thy love some gracious token
Grant us, Lord, before we go;
Bless thy word which has been spoken;
Life and peace on all bestow.

PRAYER MEETING.

When we join the world again,
Let our hearts with thee remain;
O direct us,
And protect us,
Till we gain the heavenly shore.
Thomas Kelly. 1804.

350 77,77,77,74.
"Part in peace."

PART in peace: Christ's life was peace;
Let us breathe our breath in him
Part in peace: Christ's death was peace;
Let us die our death in him.
Part in peace: Christ promise gave
Of a life beyond the grave,
Where all mortal partings cease;
Part in peace: peace.

Sarah Fuller Adams. 1841.

351 10 10,10 10.

"The Lord will bless his people with
peace."

1 SAVIOUR, again to thy dear name we
raise,
With one accord, our parting hymn of
praise;
We stand to bless thee ere our worship
cease,
Then, lowly kneeling, wait thy word of
peace.

2 Grant us thy peace upon our homeward
way;
With thee began, with thee shall end
the day;
Guard thou the lips from sin, the
hearts from shame,
That in this house have called upon
thy name.

3 Grant us thy peace through this
approaching night,
Turn thou for us its darkness into
light;
From harm and danger keep thy
children free,
For dark and light are both alike to
thee.

4 Grant us thy peace throughout our
earthly life,
Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in
strife;
Then, when thy voice shall bid our
conflicts cease,
Call us, O Lord, to thine eternal peace.

John Ellerton. 1866.

352 88,88,88,88.

"This God is our God."

THIS God is the God we adore,
Our faithful, unchangeable Friend,
Whose love is as large as his power,
And neither knows measure nor end.
'Tis Jesus, the first and the last,
Whose Spirit shall guide us safe
home;
We'll praise him for all that is past,
And trust him for all that's to come.

Joseph Hart. 1759.

XVIII.—PRAYER MEETING.

353 S.M.

"Early will I seek thee."

- 1 SWEETLY the holy hymn
Breaks on the morning air:
Before the world with smoke is dim,
We meet to offer prayer.
- 2 While flowers are wet with dew,
Dew of our souls descend:
Ere yet the sun the day renews,
O Lord, thy Spirit send.
- 3 Upon the battle field
Before the fight begins,
We seek, O Lord, thy sheltering shield
To guard us from our sins.
- 4 Ere yet our vessel sails
Upon the stream of day,
We plead, O Lord, for heavenly gales
To speed us on our way.
- 5 On the lone mountain side,
Before the morning's light,
The Man of Sorrows wept and cried,
And rose refreshed with might.
- 6 O hear us then, for we
Are very weak and frail,
We make the Saviour's name our plea,
And surely must prevail.

Charles Haddon Spurgeon. 1866.

354 C.M.

"Do all in the name of the Lord Jesus."

- 1 BEHOLD us, Lord, a little space
From daily tasks set free,
And met within thy holy place
To rest awhile with thee.

SPECIAL PRAYER: FOR MINISTERS.

- 2 Around us rolls the ceaseless tide
Of business, toil, and care;
And scarcely can we turn aside
For one brief hour of prayer.
- 3 Yet these are not the only walls
Wherein thou mayest be sought;
On homeliest work thy blessing falls,
In truth and patience wrought.
- 4 Thine is the loom, the forge, the mart,
The wealth of land and sea;
The worlds of science and of art,
Revealed and ruled by thee.
- 5 Then let us prove our heavenly birth
In all we do and know;
And claim the kingdom of the earth
For thee, and not thy foe.
- 6 Work shall be prayer, if all be wrought
As thou wouldst have it done;
And prayer, by thee inspired and
taught,
Itself with work be one.

John Ellerton. 1870.

XIX.—SPECIAL PRAYER.

355

L.M.

"Brethren, pray for us."

- 1 FATHER of mercies, bow thine ear,
Attentive to our earnest prayer:
We plead for those who plead for thee;
Successful pleaders may they be.
- 2 How great their work; how vast their
charge;
Do thou their anxious souls enlarge.
Their best acquirements are our gain;
We share the blessings they obtain.
- 3 Clothe thou with energy divine
Their words, and let those words be
thine:
To them thy sacred truth reveal;
Suppress their fear, inflame their zeal.
- 4 Teach them aright to sow the seed:
Teach them thy chosen flock to feed:
Teach them immortal souls to gain,
Nor let them labour, Lord, in vain.
- 5 Let thronging multitudes around
Hear from their lips the joyful sound,

In humble strains thy grace adore,
And feel thy new-creating power.
Benjamin Beddome. 1787.

356

L.M.

"Endued with power from on high."

- 1 Pour out thy Spirit from on high,
Lord, thine assembled servants bless:
Graces and gifts to each supply,
And clothe thy priests with right-
eousness.
- 2 Within thy temple when we stand
To teach the truth, as taught by thee,
Saviour, like stars in thy right hand,
The angels of the churches be.
- 3 Wisdom and zeal and faith impart,
Firmness with meekness, from above,
To bear thy people on our heart,
And love the souls whom thou dost
love;
- 4 To watch, and pray, and never faint;
By day and night strict guard to keep;
To warn the sinner, cheer the saint,
Nourish thy lambs, and feed thy
sheep.
- 5 Then, when our work is finished here,
In humble hope our charge resign:
When the Chief Shepherd shall appear,
O God, may they and we be thine.

James Montgomery. 1825.

357

77, 77, 77, 77.

*"A land which the Lord thy God
careth for."*

- 1 CHRIST, by heavenly hosts adored,
Gracious, mighty, sovereign Lord,
God of nations, King of kings,
Head of all created things,
By the church with joy confessed
God o'er all for ever blessed;
Pleading at thy throne we stand,
Save thy people, bless our land.
- 2 On our fields of grass and grain
Drop, O Lord, the kindly rain;
O'er our wide and goodly land
Crown the labours of each hand;
Let thy kind protection be
O'er our commerce on the sea;
Open, Lord, thy bounteous hand,
Bless thy people, bless our land.

SPECIAL PRAYER: FOR THOSE AT SEA.

3 Let our rulers ever be
Men that love and honour thee;
Let the powers by thee ordained,
Be in righteousness maintained:
In the people's hearts increase
Love of piety and peace;
Thus, united we shall stand
One wide, free, and happy land.

Henry Harbaugh. 1860.

353

C.M.

"The land thou gavest unto our fathers."

- 1 LORD, while for all mankind we pray,
Of every clime and coast,
O hear us for our native land,
The land we love the most.
- 2 Our fathers' sepulchres are here,
And here our kindred dwell;
Our children, too;—how should we love
Another land so well?
- 3 O guard our shores from every foe,
With peace our borders bless;
With prosperous times our cities crown,
Our fields with plenteousness.
- 4 Unite us in the sacred love
Of knowledge, truth, and thee;
And let our hills and valleys shout
The songs of liberty.
- 5 Lord of the nations, thus to thee
Our country we commend;
Be thou her refuge and her trust,
Her everlasting Friend.

John Reynell Wreford. 1837.

359

88,83,88.

"Thou rulest the raging of the sea."

- 1 ETERNAL Father, strong to save,
Whose arm hath bound the restless
wave,
Who bidd'st the mighty ocean deep
Its own appointed limits keep;
O hear us when we cry to thee
For those in peril on the sea.
- 2 O Christ, whose voice the waters heard
And hushed their raging at thy word,
Who walkedst on the foaming deep,
And calm amid the storm didst sleep;
O hear us when we cry to thee
For those in peril on the sea.

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3 O Holy Spirit, who didst brood
Upon the waters dark and rude,
And bid their angry tumult cease,
And give, for wild confusion, peace;
O hear us when we cry to thee
For those in peril on the sea.

4 O Trinity of love and power,
Our brethren shield in danger's hour;
From rock and tempest, fire and foe,
Protect them wheresoe'er they go;
Thus evermore shall rise to thee
Glad hymns of praise from land
and sea.

William Whiting. 1860.

360

87,84.

"Far, far at sea."

- 1 STAR of peace to wanderers weary,
Bright the beams that smile on me;
Cheer the pilot's vision dreary,
Far, far at sea.
- 2 Star of hope, gleam on the billow,
Bless the soul that sighs for thee;
Bless the sailor's lonely pillow,
Far, far at sea.
- 3 Star of faith, when winds are mocking
All his toil, he flies to thee;
Save him, on the billows rocking,
Far, far at sea.
- 4 Star divine, O safely guide him,
Bring the wanderer home to thee:
Sore temptations long have tried him,
Far, far at sea.

J. Cross. 1830.

361

1212,1212.

"Lord, save us, we perish."

- 1 WHEN through the torn sail the wild
tempest is streaming,
When o'er the dark wave the red
lightning is gleaming,
Nor hope lends a ray the poor seamen
to cherish,
We fly to our Maker: Help, Lord, or
we perish.
- 2 O Jesus, once tossed on the breast of
the billow,
Aroused by the shriek of despair from
thy pillow,

FOR THE YOUNG.

Now seated in glory, the mariner
cherish,
Who cries in his danger, Help, Lord,
or we perish.

- 3 And O when the whirlwind of passion
is raging,
When Hell in our heart his wild war-
fare is waging,
Arise in thy strength, thy redeemed to
cherish;
Rebuke the destroyer: Help, Lord, or
we perish.

Bishop Reginald Heber. 1820.

XX.—FOR THE YOUNG.

362

76,76,76,76.

"Put on the whole armour of God."

- 1 **ARISE**, arise, young soldier;
Enlisted for the Lord,
Gird on thy heavenly armour,
Do battle for his word.
The sons of God are marshalled;
His banner is unfurled;
The watchword of his army,
'Salvation for the world.'
- 2 Be true, be true, young soldier;
Thy heart guard in thy youth
With breastplate and with girdle
Of righteousness and truth:
For he who wisely wears them,
Through danger's evil hour
Will pass to peace and honour,
Unharm'd by Satan's power.
- 3 Be brave, be brave, young soldier;
And stand with ready feet,
In sandals of obedience,
To march where Christ deems meet;
The duty he assigns thee
With promptness to fulfil;
Shame, loss, reproach to suffer,
If 'tis his righteous will.
- 4 Be pure, be pure, young soldier;
When foes would thee beguile
From stainless knight's allegiance,
With pleasure's tempting smile,
O hold more firmly o'er thee
Faith's safe and ample shield;
The fiery darts which strike it
Fall quenched upon the field.

- 5 Be strong, be strong, young soldier;
When rolls the battle-din,
Then seize thy sword and helmet,
And fearlessly press in;
Charge where it rages loudest,
Thy death-strokes deal around,
Till through the alien legions
The victors' shouts resound.

- 6 Then forward, forward, soldier;
Be strong, pure, brave, and true;
A guerdon of high glory,
In heaven, awaiteth you
For there, upon his pillar
The King will grave your name,
With those who fought and conquered
For Christ their Captain's fame.

Frederick Vincent. 1878.

363

86,86,85.

"Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

- 1 **AROUND** the throne of God in heaven
Thousands of children stand;
Children whose sins are all forgiven,
A holy, happy band,
Singing, Glory, glory, glory
Be to God on high.
- 2 In flowing robes of spotless white,
See every one arrayed,
Dwelling in everlasting light,
And joys that never fade,
Singing, Glory, glory, glory
Be to God on high.
- 3 What brought them to that world above
That heaven so bright and fair,
Where all is peace and joy and love:
How came those children there,
Singing, Glory, glory, glory
Be to God on high?
- 4 Because the Saviour shed his blood
To wash away their sin:
Bathed in that precious, purple flood,
Behold them white and clean,
Singing, Glory, glory, glory
Be to God on high.
- 5 On earth they sought the Saviour's
grace;
On earth they loved his name:
So now they see his blessed face,
And stand before the Lamb,
Singing, Glory, glory, glory
Be to God on high.

Anne Shepherd. 1841.

364

C.M.

"In the way he should go."

- 1 By cool Siloam's shady rill
How sweet the lily grows;
How sweet the breath beneath the hill
Of Sharon's dewy rose.
- 2 Lo, such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod,
Whose secret heart, with influence
sweet,
Is upward drawn to God.
- 3 By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay;
The rose that blooms beneath the hill
Must shortly fade away.
- 4 And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age
Will shake the soul with sorrow's
power,
And stormy passion's rage.
- 5 O Thou, whose infant feet were found
Within thy Father's shrine,
Whose years, with changeless virtue
crowned,
Were all alike divine,
- 6 Dependent on thy bounteous breath,
We seek thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
To keep us still thine own.

Bishop Reginald Heber, 1812.

O to meet in heaven for ever;
O the crown of life to gain.

William Dickson. 1842.

366

77,77,77.

"Hosanna in the highest."

- 1 CHILDREN of Jerusalem
Sang the praise of Jesus' name;
Children, too,* of modern days,
Join to sing the Saviour's praise.
Hark, while infant voices sing,
Loud hosannas to our King.
- 2 We have often heard and read
What the royal Psalmist said,
Babes' and sucklings' artless lays
Shall proclaim the Saviour's praise.
Hark, while infant voices sing,
Loud hosannas to our King.
- 3 We are taught to love the Lord,
We are taught to read his word,
We are taught the way to heaven,
Praise for all to God be given.
Hark, while infant voices sing,
Loud hosannas to our King.
- 4 Parents, teachers, old and young,
All unite to swell the song;
Higher, and yet higher rise,
Till hosannas reach the skies.
Hark, while infant voices sing,
Loud hosannas to our King.

John Henley. 1830.

365

87,87.

*"That their children may learn to fear
the Lord."*

- 1 CHILDHOOD's years are passing o'er us,
Soon our school-days will be gone,
Cares and sorrows lie before us,
Hidden dangers, snares unknown.
- 2 O may He who, meek and lowly,
Trode himself this vale of woe,
Make us his, and make us holy,
Guard and guide us while we go.
- 3 Hark, it is the Saviour calling,
"Little children, follow me."
Jesus, keep our feet from falling,
Teach us all to follow thee.
- 4 Soon we part: it may be never,
Never here to meet again;

367

87,87,47.

*"My Father, thou art the guide of my
youth."*

- 1 FATHER, let thy benediction,
Gently falling as the dew,
And thy ever-gracious presence,
Bless us all our journey through;
May we ever
Keep the end of life in view.
- 2 Young in years, we need the wisdom
Which can only come from thee;
In the morn of our existence
Let us thy salvation see;
Changed in spirit,
Then shall we thy children be.
- 3 When temptations shall assail us,
When we falter by the way,

Let thine arm of strength defend us;
Saviour, hear us when we pray :
Thou art mighty,
Be thou then our rock and stay.
M. E. Shelly. 1844.

368

77,77.

"Thy holy child Jesus."

- 1 GENTLE Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child;
Pity my simplicity;
Suffer me to come to thee.
- 2 Lamb of God, I look to thee,
Thou shalt my example be;
Thou art gentle, meek, and mild,
Thou wast once a little child.
- 3 Fain I would be as thou art;
Give me thy obedient heart;
Thou art pitiful and kind;
Let me have thy loving mind.
- 4 Let me above all fulfil
God my heavenly Father's will,
Never his good Spirit grieve,
Only to his glory live.
- 5 Loving Jesus, gentle Lamb,
In thy gracious hands I am;
Make me, Saviour, what thou art,
Live thyself within my heart.

Charles Wesley. 1742.

369

76,76,76,76.

"Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth."

- 1 Go thou in life's fair morning,
Go in the bloom of youth,
And seek, for thine adorning,
The precious pearl of truth.
Secure the heavenly treasure,
And bind it on thy heart;
And let no earthly pleasure
E'er cause it to depart.
- 2 Go, while the day-star shineth,
Go, while thy heart is light,
Go, ere thy strength declineth,
While every sense is bright.
Sell all thou hast and buy it,
'Tis worth all earthly things,
Rubies and gold and diamonds,
Sceptres and crowns of kings.
- 3 Go, ere the cloud of sorrow
Steal o'er thy bloom of youth;

Defer not till to-morrow,
Go now and buy the truth.
Go, seek thy great Creator,
Learn early to be wise;
Go, place upon the altar
A morning sacrifice.

S. C. M. 1848.

370

65,65,65,65,65,65.

"Glory to our King."

- 1 GOLDEN harps are sounding.
Angel-voices ring,
Pearly gates are opened,
Opened for the King;
Christ, the King of Glory,
Jesus, King of love,
Is gone up in triumph
To his throne above.
All his work is ended,
Joyfully we sing,
Jesus hath ascended,
Glory to our King.
- 2 He who came to save us,
He who bled and died,
Now is crowned with glory
At his Father's side;
Never more to suffer,
Never more to die:
Jesus, King of Glory,
Is gone up on high.
All his work is ended,
Joyfully we sing,
Jesus hath ascended,
Glory to our King.

- 3 Praying for his children,
In that blessed place,
Calling them to glory,
Sending them his grace;
His bright home preparing,
Faithful ones, for you;
Jesus ever liveth,
Ever loveth too.

All his work is ended,
Joyfully we sing,
Jesus hath ascended,
Glory to our King.

Frances Ridley Havergal. 1874.

371

65,65,666,5.

"Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise."

- 1 HARK, round the God of love
Angels are singing:
Saints at his feet above
Their crowns are flinging.

And may poor children dare
Hope for acceptance there,
Their simple praise and prayer
To his throne bringing?

- 2 Yes, through adoring throngs
His pity sees us;
'Midst their seraphic songs
Our offering pleases.
And thou who here didst prove
To babes so full of love,
Thou art the same above,
Merciful Jesus.
- 3 Not a poor sparrow falls,
But thou art near it;
When the young raven calls,
Thou, Lord, dost hear it.
Flowers, worms, and insects share
Hourly thy guardian care,
Wilt thou bid us despair?
Lord, can we fear it?

- 4 Lord, then thy mercy send
On all before thee;
Children and children's friend,
Bless, we implore thee.
Lead us from grace to grace,
On through our earthly race,
'Till all before thy face
Meet to adore thee.

Henry Francis Lyte. 1833.

372

76,76,76,76.

"When Israel was a child, then I loved him."

- 1 How dearly God must love us,
And this poor world of ours,
To spread blue skies above us,
And deck the earth with flowers;
There's not a weed so lowly,
Nor bird that cleaves the air,
But tells, in accents holy,
His kindness and his care.
- 2 He bids the sun to warm us,
And light the path we tread;
At night, lest aught should harm us,
He guards our welcome bed;
He gives our needful clothing,
And sends our daily food;
His love denies us nothing
His wisdom deemeth good.
- 3 The Bible, too, he sends us,
That tells how Jesus came,
Whose blood can save and cleanse us
From guilt, and sin, and shame.

O may God's mercies move us
To serve him with our powers,
For O how he must love us,
And this poor world of ours!

Samuel William Partridge. 1840.

373

66,66,88.

"Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth."

- 1 HUSHED was the evening hymn,
The temple courts were dark,
The lamp was burning dim
Before the sacred ark;
When suddenly a voice divine
Rang through the silence of the shrine
- 2 The old man, meek and mild,
The priest of Israel, slept;
His watch the temple child,
The little Levite, kept;
And what from Eli's sense was sealed
The Lord to Hannah's son revealed.
- 3 O give me Samuel's ear,
The open ear, O Lord,
Alive and quick to hear
Each whisper of thy word;
Like him to answer at thy call,
And to obey thee first of all.

- 4 O give me Samuel's heart,
A lowly heart that waits
Where in thy house thou art,
Or watches at thy gates,
By day and night, a heart that still
Moves at the breathing of thy will.
- 5 O give me Samuel's mind,
A sweet, un murmuring faith,
Obedient and resigned
To thee, in life and death;
That I may read with childlike eyes
Truths that are hidden from the wise.

James Drummond Burns. 1869.

374

76,76,76,76.

"I have loved thee with an everlasting love."

- 1 I LOVE to hear the story,
Which angel-voices tell,
How once the King of Glory
Came down on earth to dwell.
I am both weak and sinful,
But this I surely know,
The Lord came down to save me,
Because he loved me so.

2 I'm glad my blessed Saviour
Was once a child like me,
To show how pure and holy
His little ones might be.
And if I try to follow
His footsteps here below,
He never will forsake me,
Because he loves me so.

3 To sing his love and mercy,
My sweetest songs I'll raise,
And though I cannot see him,
I know he hears my praise;
For he has kindly promised,
That even I may go
To sing among his angels,
Because he loves me so.

Emily Huntington Miller. 1868.

375

118,118,118,118. Ir.

"He put his hands upon them, and blessed them."

1 I THINK, when I read that sweet story
Of old,
When Jesus was here among men,
How he called little children, as lambs
To his fold,
I should like to have been with
them then.
I wish that his hands had been placed
on my head,
That his arm had been thrown
around me,
And that I might have seen his kind
look when he said,
'Let the little ones come unto me.'

2 Yet still to his footstool in prayer I
may go,
And ask for a share in his love;
And if I now earnestly seek him below,
I shall see him and hear him above,
In that beautiful place he is gone to
prepare
For all who are washed and forgiven:
And many dear children are gathering
there,
'For of such is the kingdom of heaven.'

3 But thousands and thousands who
wander and fall,
Never heard of that heavenly home:
I should like them to know there is
room for them all,
And that Jesus has bid them to
come.
I long for the joy of that glorious time,
The sweetest, and brightest, and
best;

I

When the dear little children of every
clime
Shall crowd to his arms and be
blessed.

Jemima Luke. 1841.

376

65,65,777,5.

"As a good soldier of Jesus Christ."

1 I'm a little soldier,
Young although I be,
In God's mighty army
There's a place for me.
Through the conflict shall we stand,
Strengthened by God's gracious
hand,
Striving as a valiant band
For the victory.

2 Truth shall be my standard;
Faith shall be my shield;
God's own word the weapon
Which, with prayer, I'll wield;
Through the conflict shall we stand,
Strengthened by God's gracious
hand,
Striving as a valiant band
For the victory.

3 When the trumpet calls me
Pleasures to forego,
Tempting sins to vanquish,
No halt may I show.
Through the conflict shall we stand,
Strengthened by God's gracious
hand,
Striving as a valiant band
For the victory.

4 Ever false are traitors;
Only cowards flee;
May the name of either
Never cling to me.
Through the conflict shall we stand,
Strengthened by God's gracious
hand,
Striving as a valiant band
For the victory.

5 From the fight returning,
Glad his praise I'll sing,
Who in safety kept me,
Christ, the children's King.
Through the conflict having stood,
We shall join the brave and good
Who, in loyal brotherhood,
Gained the victory.

Frederick Vincent. 1878.

377

65,65,65,65. Ir.

"While he was yet young he began to seek after God."

- 1 LIKE mist on the mountain,
Like ships on the sea,
So swiftly the years of
Our pilgrimage flee;
In the grave of our fathers
How soon we shall lie;
Dear children, to-day,
To a Saviour fly.
- 2 How sweet are the flowerets
In April and May;
But often the frost makes
Them wither away.
Like flowers you may fade:
Are you ready to die?
While yet there is room,
To a Saviour fly.
- 3 When Samuel was young,
He first knew the Lord,
He slept in his smile,
And rejoiced in his word;
So most of God's children
Are early brought nigh:
O seek him in youth;
To a Saviour fly.
- 4 Do you ask me for pleasure?
Then lean on his breast,
For there the sin-laden
And weary find rest.
In the valley of death
You will triumphing cry,
If this be called dying,
'Tis pleasant to die.

Robert Murray McCheyne. 1831.

378

65,65.

"He shall give his angels charge over thee."

- 1 Now the day is over,
Night is drawing nigh
Shadows of the evening
Steal across the sky;
- 2 Jesus, give the weary
Calm and sweet repose;
With thy tenderest blessing
May our eyelids close.
- 3 Grant to little children
Visions bright of thee;
Guard the sailors tossing
On the deep blue sea.

- 4 Comfort every sufferer
Watching late in pain;
Those who plan some evil,
From their sin restrain.

- 5 Through the long night-watches
May thine angels spread
Their white wings above me,
Watching round my bed.

- 6 When the morning wakens,
Then may I arise
Pure, and fresh, and sinless
In thy holy eyes.

Sabine Baring-Gould. 1863.

379

76,76,76,76.

"He humbled himself."

- 1 O LORD, a wondrous story
Our ears have heard of thee,
How thou didst leave thy glory,
A little child to be;
And here in lowly station
Didst suffer childhood's woes,
And feel each sharp temptation
Which even our childhood knows.
- 2 And, in thy manhood's meekness,
Thy hands were spread to bless
Sweet childhood's smiling weakness
With many a mild caress.
Young babes thou lov'dst to cherish,
As on a parent's knee;
Nor wouldst that one should perish,
But all be taught of thee.
- 3 Help then our weak endeavour
To make thy gospel known;
And seal, O Lord, for ever,
These little ones thine own.
Thy church's nurslings gather
Beneath thy sheltering wing;
Be thou their Friend, and Father,
Redeemer, Guide, and King.

John Moultrie. 1836.

380

87,87,47.

"I am the good shepherd."

- 1 SAVIOUR, like a shepherd lead us,
Much we need thy tender care;
In thy pleasant pastures feed us,
For our use thy fold prepare;
Blesséd Jesus,
Thou hast bought us; thine we are.

FOR THE YOUNG.

2 We are thine, do thou befriend us;
Be the guardian of our way;
Keep thy flock; from sin defend us;
Seek us when we go astray:
Blesséd Jesus,
Hear young children when they pray.

3 Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse, and power to free:
Blesséd Jesus,
Let us early turn to thee.

4 Early let us seek thy favour,
Early let us do thy will:
Holy Lord, our only Saviour,
With thyself our bosoms fill:
Blesséd Jesus,
Thou hast loved us, love us still.
Dorothy Ann Thrupp. 1830.

381

64,64,676,4.

"The happy land."

1 THERE is a happy land,
Far, far away,
Where saints in glory stand,
Bright, bright as day.
O how they sweetly sing,
Worthy is our Saviour King,
Loud let his praises ring;
Praise, praise for aye.

2 Come to this happy land,
Come, come away;
Why will ye doubting stand?
Why still delay?
O we shall happy be,
When from sin and sorrow free,
Lord, we shall live with thee;
Blessed, blessed for aye.

3 Bright in that happy land
Beams every eye,
Kept by a Father's hand,
Love cannot die.
On then to glory run;
Be a crown and kingdom won;
And bright above the sun
Reign, reign for aye.

Andrew Young. 1838.

382

76,76,76,76.

*"The things which God hath prepared
for them that love him."*

1 THERE's a Friend for little children,
Above the bright blue sky;

A Friend who never changeth,
Whose love will never die.
Unlike our friends by nature,
Who change with changing years,
This Friend is always worthy
The precious name he bears.

2 There's a rest for little children
Above the bright blue sky;
Who love the blessed Saviour,
And 'Abba Father' cry:
A rest from every turmoil,
From sin and danger free;
Where every little pilgrim
Shall rest eternally.

3 There's a home for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
Where Jesus reigns in glory,
A home of peace and joy:
No home on earth is like it,
Or can with it compare,
For every one is happy,
Nor could be happier, there.

4 There's a crown for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
And all who look for Jesus
Shall wear it by-and-by:
A crown of brightest glory,
Which he will then bestow
On all who found his favour,
And loved his name below.

Albert Midlane. 1860.

383

108,108,88. Ir.

"There was no room for him in the inn."

1 Thou didst leave thy throne and thy
kingly crown,
When thou camest to earth for me;
But in Bethlehem's home was there
found no room
For thy holy nativity:
O come to my heart, Lord Jesus,
There is room in my heart for thee.

2 Heaven's arches rang when the angels
sang,
Proclaiming thy royal degree;
But of lowly birth cam'st thou, Lord,
on earth,
And in great humility:
O come to my heart, Lord Jesus,
There is room in my heart for thee.

3 The foxes found rest, and the birds
their nest
In the shade of the cedar tree,

MISSIONS.

But thy couch was the sod, O thou Son
of God,
In the deserts of Galilee:
O come to my heart, Lord Jesus,
There is room in my heart for thee.

4 Thou camest, O Lord, with the living
word
That should set thy people free;
But with mocking scorn and with crown
of thorn,
They bore thee to Calvary:
O come to my heart, Lord Jesus,
Thy cross is my only plea.

5 When heaven's arches shall ring, and
her choir shall sing,
At thy coming to victory,
Let thy voice call me home, saying,
'Yet there is room,
There is room at my side for thee;'
And my heart shall rejoice, Lord Jesus,
When thou comest and callest for me.

Emily Elizabeth Steele Elliott. 1864.

XXI.—MISSIONS.

384

76,76,76,76.

"Come over and help us."

1 FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile:
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown,
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Can we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Can we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation, O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till, o'er our ransomed nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

Bishop Reginald Heber. 1819.

385

77,77,77,77.

"Go ye into all the world."

1 Go, ye messengers of God,
Like the beams of morning fly;
Take the wonder-working rod,
Wave the banner-cross on high:
Where the lofty minaret
Gleams along the morning skies,
Wave it till the Crescent set,
And the Star of Jacob rise.

2 Go to many a tropic isle,
In the bosom of the deep,
Where the skies for ever smile,
And the oppressed for ever weep.
O'er the negro's night of care
Pour the living light of heaven,
Chase away the fiend despair,
Bid him hope to be forgiven.

3 Where the golden gates of day
Open on the palmy East,
Wide the bleeding cross display,
Spread the gospel's richest feast.
Bear the tidings round the ball,
Visit every soil and sea;
Preach the cross of Christ to all,
Christ, whose love is full and free.

Joshua Marsden. 1812.

386

77,77.

"The isles shall wait for his law."

1 HARK, the distant isles proclaim
Glory to Messiah's name;
Hymns of praise unheard before
Echo from the farthest shore.

2 Hearts that once were taught to own
Idol gods of wood and stone,
Now to light and life restored,
Honour Jesus as their Lord.

3 Blesséd Saviour, still proceed,
Bid the glorious conquest speed;
Let this first refreshing ray
Brighten to a perfect day.

MISSIONS.

4 At thy gospel's solemn call
 Bid the towers of Satan fall,
 And his wretched slaves obtain
 Freedom from their galling chain.

5 Let the messengers of peace
 Raise their voice and never cease
 Till the world, from sin made free,
 Shall unite to worship thee.

William Hiley Bathurst. 1830.

387

87,87,47.

*"The kingdoms of this world are become
 the kingdoms of our Lord."*

1 O BE joyful, every nation,
 Hail the day with sacred mirth,
 When the trumpet of salvation
 Sounds the Jubilee of earth,
 And creation
 Travails with the world's new birth.

2 Then the north, in darkness shrouded,
 Jacob's rising Star shall bless;
 And the eastern morn, unclouded,
 Bring the Sun of Righteousness,
 Cheering, healing
 Sin-sick souls in heart's distress.

3 Then her swarthy sons and daughters,
 Afric to the cross shall bring;
 And the angel of the waters
 Hear his coral islands sing
 'Hallelujah,'
 Till the whole Pacific ring.

4 O thou everlasting Father,
 Give the kingdoms to thy Son;
 He hath died that he might gather
 All God's children into one;
 For the travail
 Of his soul, let this be done.

James Montgomery. 1842.

388

L.M.

"All nations shall serve him."

1 O SPIRIT of the living God,
 In all thy plenitude of grace,
 Where'er the foot of man hath trod,
 Descend on our apostate race.

2 Give tongues of fire and hearts of love
 To preach the reconciling word:
 Give power and unction from above,
 Where'er the joyful sound is heard.

3 Be darkness, at thy coming, light;
 Confusion, order in thy path;

Souls without strength inspire with
 might,
 Bid mercy triumph over wrath.

4 O Spirit of the Lord, prepare
 All the round earth her God to meet;
 Breathe thou abroad, like morning air,
 Till hearts of stone begin to beat.

5 Baptize the nations; far and nigh
 The triumphs of the cross record;
 The name of Jesus glorify,
 Till every kindred call him Lord.

James Montgomery. 1825.

389

75,75,75,75.

The missionary angel.

1 ONWARD speed thy conquering flight;
 Angel, onward speed:
 Cast abroad thy radiant light,
 Bid the shades recede;
 Tread the idols in the dust,
 Heathen fanes destroy;
 Spread the gospel's holy trust,
 Spread the gospel's joy.

2 Onward speed thy conquering flight;
 Angel, onward haste:
 Quickly on each mountain's height
 Be thy standard placed;
 Let thy blissful tidings float
 Far o'er vale and hill,
 Till the sweetly echoing note
 Every bosom thrill.

3 Onward speed thy conquering flight;
 Angel, onward fly:
 Long has been the reign of night;
 Bring the morning nigh:
 'Tis to thee the heathen lift
 Their imploring wail;
 Bear them heaven's holy gift
 Ere their courage fail.

4 Onward speed thy conquering flight:
 Angel, onward speed:
 Morning bursts upon our sight—
 'Tis the time decreed:
 Jesus now his kingdom takes;
 Thrones and empires fall;
 And the joyous song awakes
 'God is all in all.'

Samuel Francis Smith. 1843.

390

76,76,76,76.

"I will extend peace to her like a river."

1 THE morning light is breaking;
 The darkness disappears;

The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears:
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.

2 Rich dews of grace come o'er us
In many a gentle shower,
And brighter scenes before us
Are opening every hour:
Each cry, to heaven going,
Abundant answers brings;
And heavenly gales are blowing
With peace upon their wings.

3 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing,—
A nation in a day.

4 Blessed river of salvation,
Pursue thine onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay:
Stay not, till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home;
Stay not, till all the holy
Proclaim, 'The Lord is come.'

Samuel Francis Smith. 1843.

Move on the water's face,
Bearing the lamp of grace,
And in earth's darkest place
Let there be light.

4 Holy and blessed Three,
Glorious Trinity,
Wisdom, Love, Might,
Boundless as ocean's tide
Rolling in fullest pride,
Through the earth, far and wide,
Let there be light.

John Marriott. 1813.

XXII.—TIMES AND SEASONS.

392

L.M.

*"In the morning will I direct my prayer
unto thee."*

1 AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

2 Thy precious time misspent, redeem;
Each present day thy last esteem;
Improve thy talent with due care;
For the great day thyself prepare.

3 In conversation be sincere;
Keep conscience as the noontide clear;
Think how all-seeing God thy ways,
And all thy secret thoughts, surveys.

4 Lord, I my vows to thee renew;
Disperse my sins as morning dew;
Guard my first springs of thought and
will,
And with thyself my spirit fill.

5 Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design, or do, or say;
That all my powers, with all their
might,
In thy sole glory may unite.

6 Praise God, from whom all blessings
flow;
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Bishop Thomas Ken. 1697.

391

66, 4, 666, 4.

"Let there be light."

1 Thou, whose almighty word
Chaos and darkness heard,
And took their flight,
Hear us, we humbly pray,
And where the gospel's day
Sheds not its glorious ray,
Let there be light.

2 Thou, who didst come to bring
On thy redeeming wing
Healing and sight,
Health to the sick in mind,
Sight to the inly blind,
O now to all mankind
Let there be light.

3 Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving, holy Dove,
Speed forth thy flight;
118

393

77, 77, 77.

*"Unto you that fear my name shall the
Sun of Righteousness arise."*

1 CHRIST, whose glory fills the skies,
Christ, the true, the only light,
Sun of Righteousness, arise,
Triumph o'er the shades of night;
Dayspring from on high, be near;
Daystar, in my heart appear.

2 Dark and cheerless is the morn
Unaccompanied by thee;
Joyless is the day's return
Till thy mercy's beams I see;
Till they inward light impart,
Glad my eyes and warm my heart.

3 Visit then this soul of mine,
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;
Fill me, Radiancy divine;
Scatter all my unbelief;
More and more thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day.

Charles Wesley. 1740.

394

L.M.

"I have set the Lord always before me."

1 FORTH in thy name, O Lord, I go,
My daily labour to pursue;
Thee, only thee, resolved to know
In all I think, or speak, or do.

2 The task thy wisdom hath assigned
O let me cheerfully fulfil;
In all my works thy presence find,
And prove thy acceptable will.

3 Thee may I set at my right hand,
Whose eyes my inmost substance
see;
And labour on at thy command,
And offer all my works to thee.

4 Give me to bear thy easy yoke,
And every moment watch and pray;
And still to things eternal look,
And hasten to thy glorious day.

5 For thee delightfully employ
Whate'er thy bounteous grace hath
given;
And run my course with even joy,
And closely walk with thee to
heaven.

Charles Wesley. 1749.

395

77, 77, 73.

"Morgenglanz der Ewigkeit."

1 JESUS, Sun of Righteousness,
Brightest beam of love divine,
With the early morning rays
Do thou on our darkness shine,
And dispel, with purest light,
All our night.

2 As on drooping herb and flower
Falls the soft refreshing dew,
Let thy Spirit's grace and power
All our weary souls renew,
Showers of blessing over all
Softly fall.

3 Like the sun's reviving ray,
May thy love, with tenfold glow,
All our coldness melt away,
Warm and cheer us forth to go;
Gladly serve thee and obey
All the day.

4 O our only Hope and Guide,
Never leave us nor forsake:
Keep us ever at thy side,
Till the eternal morning break;
Moving on to Zion hill,
Homeward still.

5 Lead us all our days and years
In thy straight and narrow way;
Lead us through the vale of tears
To the land of perfect day,
Where thy people, fully blessed,
Safely rest.

Christian Knorr von Rosenroth. 1654.
Tr. H. L. L. 1862.

396

L.M.

*"The outgoings of the morning and
evening."*

1 My God, how endless is thy love!
Thy gifts are every evening new;
And morning mercies from above
Gently distil like early dew.

2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the
night,
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours;
Thy sovereign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy powers.

3 I yield my powers to thy command,
To thee I consecrate my days;

Perpetual blessings from thy hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.
Isaac Watts. 1709.

397

L.M.

"New every morning."

- 1 New every morning is the love
Our waking and uprising prove;
Through sleep and darkness safely
brought,
Restored to life, and power, and
thought.
- 2 New mercies, each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of
heaven.
- 3 If on our daily course our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still, of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.
- 4 The trivial round, the common task,
Would furnish all we ought to ask,—
Room to deny ourselves; a road
To bring us daily nearer God.
- 5 Only, O Lord, in thy dear love
Fit us for perfect rest above;
And help us, this and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray.

John Keble. 1827.

398

C.M.

"Jam lucis orto sidere."

- 1 Now that the daystar glimmers bright,
We suppliantly pray
That He, the uncreated Light,
May guide us on our way.
- 2 No sinful word, nor deed of wrong,
Nor thoughts that idly rove,
But simple truth be on our tongue,
And in our hearts be love.
- 3 And while the hours in order flow,
O Christ, securely fence
Our gates, beleaguered by the foe,
The gate of every sense.
- 4 And grant that to thine honour, Lord,
Our daily toil may tend;
That we begin it at thy word,
And in thy favour end.

Ambrose. 4th Cent.

Tr. John Henry Newman. 1842.

399

1010, 1010.

"Abide with us, for the day is far spent."

- 1 ABIDE with me: fast falls the even-
tide;
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me
abide:
When other helpers fail, and comforts
flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me.
- 2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little
day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass
away:
Change and decay in all around I see;
O thou, who changest not, abide with
me.
- 3 Not a brief glance I beg, a passing
word,
But as thou dwell'st with thy disciples,
Lord,
Familiar, condescending, patient, free,
Come, not to sojourn, but abide, with
me.
- 4 I need thy presence every passing
hour:
What but thy grace can foil the
tempter's power?
Who like thyself my guide and stay
can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide
with me.

- 5 I fear no foe, with thee at hand to
bless
Ills have no weight, and tears no
bitterness:
Where is death's sting? where, grave,
thy victory?
I triumph still, if thou abide with me.

- 6 Hold thou thy cross before my closing
eyes;
Shine through the gloom, and point
me to the skies;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's
vain shadows flee:
In life and death, O Lord, abide with
me.

Henry Francis Lyte. 1847.

400

L.M.

"He giveth his beloved sleep."

ALL praise to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light.

Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath thine own almighty wings.

2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
To die, that this vile body may
Rise glorious at the awful day.

4 O may my soul on thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids
close;
Sleep that may me more vigorous
make
To serve my God when I awake.

5 When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply;
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.

6 Praise God, from whom all blessings
flow;
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.
Bishop Thomas Ken. 1697.

401

L.M.

*"At even they brought unto him all that
were diseased."*

1 At even, ere the sun was set,
The sick, O Lord, around thee lay:
O in what divers pains they met!
O with what joy they went away!

2 Once more 'tis eventide, and we,
Oppressed with various ills, draw
near:
What if thy form we cannot see,
We know and feel that thou art here.

3 O Saviour Christ, our woes dispel;
For some are sick, and some are sad,
And some have never loved thee well,
And some have lost the love they had;

4 And some have found the world is vain,
Yet from the world they break not
free;
And some have friends who give them
pain,
Yet have not sought a friend in thee.

5 And none, O Lord, have perfect rest,
For none are wholly free from sin;
And they, who fain would serve thee
best,
Are conscious most of wrong within.

6 O Saviour Christ, thou too art man;
Thou hast been troubled, tempted,
tried;
Thy kind but searching glance can scan
The very wounds that shame would
hide;

7 Thy touch has still its ancient power:
No word from thee can fruitless fall;
Hear in this solemn evening hour,
And in thy mercy heal us all.

Henry Twells. 1868.

402

84,84,888,4.

"I will make them to lie down safely."

1 God that madest earth and heaven,
Darkness and light;
Who the day for toil hast given,
For rest the night;
May thine angel-guards defend us;
Slumber sweet thy mercy send us;
Holy dreams and hopes attend us,
This livelong night.

2 Guard us waking, guard us sleeping;
And when we die,
May we in thy mighty keeping
All peaceful lie.
When the last dread trump shall wake
us,
Do not thou, our God, forsake us,
But to reign in glory take us
With thee on high.

V. 1. Bishop Reginald Heber. 1827.

V. 2. Archbishop Richard Whately. 1860.

403

87,87,87,87.

*"Thou, Lord, only makest me dwell in
safety."*

1 SAVIOUR, breathe an evening blessing,
Ere repose our spirits seal;
Sin and want we come confessing,
Thou canst save, and thou canst heal.
Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from thee;
Thou art he who, never weary,
Watchest where thy people be.

2 Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrow past us fly,

Angel-guards from thee surround us;
We are safe if thou art nigh.
Should swift death this night o'ertake
us,

And our couch become our tomb,
May the morn in heaven awake us,
Clad in light and deathless bloom.

James Edmeston. 1820.

404

L.M.

"I will lay me down in peace."

1 Sun of my soul, thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if thou be near;
O may no earth-born cloud arise,
To hide thee from thy servant's eyes.

2 When with dear friends sweet talk I
hold,
And all the flowers of life unfold;
Let not my heart within me burn,
Except in all I thee discern.

3 When the soft dews of kindly sleep,
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast.

4 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without thee I dare not die.

5 If some poor wandering child of thine
Have spurned, to-day, the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

6 Watch by the sick, enrich the poor
With blessings from thy boundless
store:
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

7 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take;
Till in the ocean of thy love
We lose ourselves, in heaven above.

John Keble. 1827.

405

88,88,88.

*"The Lord shall be thy everlasting
light."*

1 SWEET Saviour, bless us ere we go;
Thy words into our minds instil;
And make our lukewarm hearts to glow
With lowly love and fervent will.

Through life's long day and death's
dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light.

2 The day is done, its hours have run,
And thou hast taken count of all,
The scanty triumphs grace hath won,
The broken vow, the frequent fall,
Through life's long day and death's
dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light.

3 Labour is sweet, for thou hast toiled:
And care is light, for thou hast cared;
Let not our works with self be soiled,
Nor in unsimple ways ensnared.
Through life's long day and death's
dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light.

4 For all we love, the poor, the sad,
The sinful, unto thee we call;
O let thy mercy make us glad:
Thou art our Jesus and our All.
Through life's long day and death's
dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light.

Frederick William Faber. 1849.

406

888,8.

*"He that followeth me shall have the
light of life."*

1 THE radiant morn hath passed away,
And spent too soon her golden store:
The shadows of departing day
Creep on once more.

2 Our life is but a fading dawn,
Its glorious noon how quickly past;
Lead us, O Christ, when all is gone,
Safe home at last.

3 O by thy soul-inspiring grace
Uplift our hearts to realms on high;
Help us to look to that bright place
Beyond the sky,

4 Where light, and life, and joy, and peace
In undivided empire reign,
And thronging angels never cease
Their deathless strain;

5 Where saints are clothed in spotless
white,
And evening shadows never fall,
Where thou, eternal Light of Light,
Art Lord of all.

Godfrey Thring. 1866.

407

77,77,77,77.

*"They joy before thee according to the
joy of harvest."*

- 1 Come, ye thankful people, come,
Raise the song of Harvest-home:
All is safely gathered in,
Ere the winter storms begin:
God, our Maker, doth provide
For our wants to be supplied:
Come to God's own temple, come,
Raise the song of Harvest-home.
- 2 All the world is God's own field,
Fruit unto his praise to yield;
Wheat and tares together sown,
Unto joy or sorrow grown:
First the blade, and then the ear,
Then the full corn shall appear:
Lord of harvest, grant that we
Wholesome grain and pure may be
- 3 For the Lord our God shall come,
And shall take his harvest home;
From his field shall in that day
All offences purge away:
Give his angels charge at last
In the fire the tares to cast;
But the fruitful ears to store
In his garner evermore.
- 4 Even so, Lord, quickly come
To thy final Harvest-home:
Gather thou thy people in,
Free from sorrow, free from sin;
There, for ever purified,
In thy presence to abide:
Come, with all thine angels, come,
Raise the glorious Harvest-home.

Henry Alford. 1845.

408

66,10,56,10. Ir.

"Adeste, Fideles."

- 1 O COME, all ye faithful,
Joyfully triumphant,
To Bethlehem hasten now with glad
accord:
Lo, in a manger
Lies the King of angels;
O come, let us adore him, Christ the
Lord.
- 2 Raise, raise, choir of angels,
Songs of loudest triumph,
Through heaven's high arches be your
praises poured:

Now to our God be
Glory in the highest;

O come, let us adore him, Christ the
Lord.

- 3 Amen! Lord, we bless thee,
Born for our salvation,
O Jesus, for ever be thy name adored:
Word of the Father,
Late in flesh appearing:
O come, let us adore him, Christ the
Lord.

Anon. c. 15th Cent.
Tr. William Mercer. 1855.

409

555,11. Ir.

"The race set before us."

- 1 COME, let us anew
Our journey pursue,
Roll round with the year,
And never stand still till the Master
appear.
- 2 His adorable will
Let us gladly fulfil,
And our talents improve,
By the patience of hope, and the labour
of love.
- 3 Our life is a dream;
Our time, as a stream,
Glides swiftly away;
And the fugitive moment refuses to stay.
- 4 The arrow is flown;
The moment is gone;
The millennial year
Rushes on to our view, and eternity's
here.

5 O that each in the day
Of his coming may say,
'I have fought my way through;
I have finished the work thou didst give
me to do.'

6 O that each from his Lord
May receive the glad word,
'Well and faithfully done;
Enter into my joy, and sit down on my
throne.'

Charles Wesley. 1750.

410

75,75,75,75.

*"That God in all things may be
glorified."*

- 1 FATHER, let me dedicate
All this year to thee,

SPECIAL OCCASIONS.

In whatever worldly state
Thou wilt have me be.
Not from sorrow, pain, or care
Freedom dare I claim;
This alone shall be my prayer,
'Glorify thy name.'

2 Can a child presume to choose
Where or how to live?
Can a Father's love refuse
All the best to give?
More thou givest every day
Than the best can claim;
Nor withholdest aught that may
'Glorify thy name.'

3 If in mercy thou wilt spare
Joys that yet are mine;
If on life, serene and fair,
Brighter rays may shine;
Let my heart, while glad it sings,
Thee in all proclaim;
And, whate'er the future brings,
'Glorify thy name.'

4 If thou callest to the cross,
And its shadow come,
Turning all my gain to loss,
Shrouding heart and home,
Let me think how thy dear Son
To his glory came,
And, in deepest woe, pray on
'Glorify thy name.'

Laurence Tuttielt. 1854.

411 . 77,77,77,77.

"We spend our years as a tale that is told."

1 WHILE with ceaseless course the sun
Hasted through the former year,
Many souls their race have run,
Never more to meet us here:
Fixed in an eternal state,
They have done with all below;
We a little longer wait,
But how little, none can know.

2 As the wingéd arrow flies,
Speedily the mark to find;
As the lightning from the skies
Darts, and leaves no trace behind;
Swiftly thus our fleeting days
Bear us down life's rapid stream;
Upward, Lord, our spirits raise,
All below is but a dream.

3 Thanks for mercies past receive,
Pardon of our sins renew;

Teach us, henceforth, how to live,
With eternity in view.
Bless thy word to young and old,
Fill us with a Saviour's love;
And when life's short tale is told,
May we dwell with thee above.

John Newton. 1779.

XXIII.—SPECIAL OCCASIONS.

412

87,87,87,87.

"All things are yours, whether Paul or Apollos."

1 HAPPY soul that hears and follows
Jesus speaking in his word;
Paul and Cephas and Apollos,
All are his in Christ the Lord.
Every state, howe'er distressing,
Shall be profit in the end;
Every ordinance a blessing,
Every providence a friend.

2 Christian, dost thou want a teacher,
Helper, counsellor, or guide?
Wouldst thou find a proper preacher?
Ask thy God, and he'll provide.
Boast of no man's parts or merit,
But behold the gospel plan;
Jesus sends his Holy Spirit,
And the Spirit sends the man.

3 Bless, dear Lord, each labouring ser-
vant;
Bless the work they undertake;
Make them able, faithful, fervent;
Bless them for thy church's sake.
All things for our good are given,
Comforts, crosses, staffs, or rods;
All is ours in earth and heaven;
We are Christ's, and Christ is God's.

Joseph Hart. 1762.

413

L.M.

"May thine eyes be open toward this house night and day."

1 THIS stone to thee in faith we lay;
We build the temple, Lord, to thee;
Thine eye be open night and day
To guard this house and sanctuary.

2 Here when thy people seek thy face,
And dying sinners pray to live,

Hear thou in heaven, thy dwelling-
place,
And when thou hearest, O forgive.

3 Here when thy messengers proclaim
The blessed gospel of thy Son;
Still by the power of his great name
Be mighty signs and wonders done.

4 Hosanna! to their heavenly King,
When children's voices raise that
song,
Hosanna! let their angels sing,
And heaven with earth the strain
prolong.

5 But will, indeed, Jehovah deign
Here to abide, no transient guest?
Here will the world's Redeemer reign,
And here the Holy Spirit rest.

6 That glory never hence depart!
Yet choose not, Lord, this house
alone:
Thy kingdom come to every heart,
In every bosom fix thy throne.
James Montgomery. 1822.

414 L.M.

*"The king and all the people dedicated
the house of God."*

1 O THOU to whom, in ancient time,
The lyre of Hebrew bards was strung;
Whom kings adored in song sublime,
And prophets praised with glowing
tongue;

2 Not now on Zion's height alone
Thy favoured worshipper may dwell;
Nor where, at sultry noon, thy Son
Sat weary by the patriarch's well.

3 From every place below the skies,
The grateful song, the fervent prayer,
The incense of the heart, may rise
To heaven, and find acceptance there.

4 In this thy house, whose doors we now
For social worship first unfold,
To thee the suppliant throng shall bow
While circling years on years are
rolled.

5 To thee shall age, with snowy hair,
And strength and beauty, bend the
knee;
And childhood lisp, with reverent air,
Its praises and its prayers to thee.

6 O thou to whom, in ancient time,
The lyre of prophet-bards was strung,
To thee, at last, in every clime
Shall temples rise, and praise be
sung.

John Pierpoint. 1824.

415 77,77.

*"That ye also may have fellowship
with us."*

1 GREAT the joy when Christians meet;
Christian fellowship, how sweet,
When, their theme of praise the same,
They exalt Jehovah's name.

2 Sing we then eternal love,
Such as did the Father move;
He beheld the world undone;
Loved the world, and gave his Son.

3 Sing the Son's amazing love;
How he left the realms above;
Took our nature and our place;
Lived and died to save our race.

4 Sing we too the Spirit's love;
With our stubborn hearts he strove;
Chased the mists of sin away;
Turned our night to glorious day.

5 Great the joy, the union sweet,
When the saints in glory meet;
Where the theme is still the same,
Where they praise Jehovah's name.

George Burder. 1779.

416 L.M.

*"Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget
not all his benefits."*

1 GREAT God, let all our tuneful powers
Awake and sing thy mighty name;
Thy hand rolls on our circling hours,
The hand from which our being came.

2 Seasons and moons, revolving round
In beauteous order, speak thy praise;
And years, with smiling mercy crowned,
To thee successive honours raise.

3 Each changing season on our souls
Its sweetest kindest influence sheds;
And every period, as it rolls,
Showers countless blessings on our
heads.

4 Our lives, our health, our friends, we

owe

All to thy vast, unbounded love;
Ten thousand precious gifts below,
And hope of nobler joys above.

Ottiwell Heginbothom. 1799.

417

L.M.

"The apostles and elders came together."

1 From distant corners of our land,
Behold us, Lord, before thee stand,
Once more prepared to thee to raise
Our humble prayer, our grateful praise.

2 Blessed be the hand whose guardian
power
Has kept us to this present hour;
Blessed be the grace that bids us meet
Thus round the throne in union sweet.

3 We meet to seek, in faith and zeal,
The brethren's good, the church's weal:
O whilst for Zion's cause we stand,
May Zion's King be near at hand.

4 We meet, O God, that through our land
The churches planted by thy hand,
From error, weakness, discord, free,
May bloom like gardens blessed by thee.

5 Smile on us, Lord, and through this
place
Diffuse the glory of thy face;
Here to our gathered tribes be given
A brightening antepast of heaven.

William Lindsay Alexander. 1847.

418

77,77,77.

"Knit together in love."

1 DEIGN this union to approve,
And confirm it, God of love;
Bless thy servants; on their head
Now the oil of gladness shed
In this nuptial bond to thee
Let them consecrated be

2 In prosperity, be near
To preserve them in thy fear;
In affliction, let thy smile
All the woes of life beguile:
And when every change is past,
Take them to thyself at last.

William Bengo Collyer. 1837.

419

65,65,666,5.

"Never, no, never."

1 WHEN shall we meet again,
Meet ne'er to sever?
When shall peace wreath her chain
Round us for ever?
Our hearts will ne'er repose,
Safe from each blast that blows,
In this dark vale of woes,
Never, no, never.

2 When shall love freely flow,
Pure as life's river?
When shall sweet friendship glow
Changeless for ever?
When joys celestial thrill,
When bliss each heart shall fill,
And fears of parting chill
Never, no, never.

3 Up to that world of light,
Take us, dear Saviour;
There may we all unite,
Happy for ever:
Where kindred spirits dwell,
There may our music swell,
And time our joys dispel
Never, no, never.

4 Soon shall we meet again,
Meet ne'er to sever;
Soon shall peace wreath her chain
Round us for ever.
Our hearts will then repose,
Safe from each blast that blows,
And songs of praise shall close
Never, no, never.

Alaric Alexander Watts. 1822.

420

66,84.

"Brethren, farewell."

1 WITH the sweet word of peace,
We bid our brethren go,—
Peace, as a river to increase,
And ceaseless flow.

2 With the calm word of prayer,
We earnestly commend
Our brethren to thy watchful care,
Eternal Friend,

3 With the dear word of love,
We give our brief farewell,—
Our love below, and thine above
With them shall dwell.

DOXOLOGIES.

- 4 With the strong word of faith
We stay ourselves on thee:
That thou, O Lord, in life and death,
Their help shalt be.
- 5 Then the bright word of hope
Shall on our parting gleam,
And tell of joys beyond the scope
Of earthborn dream.
- 6 Farewell, in hope and love,
In faith and peace and prayer;
Till he whose home is ours above
Unite us there.
- George Watson. 1868.

XXIV.—DOXOLOGIES.

I. L.M.

- 1 FROM all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue.
- 2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends thy word;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to
shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.
- Isaac Watts. 1719.

II. 87,87,47.

- GLORY be to God, the Father;
Glory be to God, the Son;
Glory be to God, the Spirit;
Great Jehovah, Three in One:
Glory, glory,
While eternal ages run.
- Horatius Bonar. 1866.

III. L.M.

- GLORY to God the Trinity,
Whose name has mysteries unknown,
In essence one, in person three,
A social nature, yet alone.
- Isaac Watts. 1709.

IV. 77,77,77.

- GOD the Father, God of grace,
Saviour, born of mortal race,
Comforter, our Life and Light,
One in essence, love and might;
Thee whom all in heaven adore,
We would worship evermore.
- Ray Palmer. 1873.

V. 87,87,44,7.

- Now to Him who loved us, gave us
Every pledge that love could give,
Freely shed his blood to save us,
Gave his life that we might live,
Be the kingdom
And dominion,
And the glory, evermore.
- Samuel Miller Waring. 1826.

VI. 77,77,77.

- 1 Now with angels round the throne,
Cherubim and seraphim,
And the church which still is one,
Let us swell the solemn hymn,
Glory to the great I AM!
Glory to the Victim-Lamb!

- 2 Blessing, honour, glory, might,
And dominion infinite,
To the Father of our Lord,
To the Spirit and the Word;
As it was all worlds before,
Is, and shall be evermore.
- Josiah Conder. 1824.

VII. 76,76,76,76.

- O FATHER ever glorious,
O everlasting Son,
O Spirit all victorious,
Thrice Holy Three in One,
Great God of our salvation,
Whom earth and heaven adore,
Praise, glory, adoration,
Be thine for evermore.
- Edward Henry Bickersteth. 1869.

VIII. L.M.

- PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.
- Bishop Thomas Ken. 1697.

IX. 77,77,77,77.

- PRAISE the Lord, his glories show,
Saints within his courts below,
Angels round his throne above;
Praise him, all that share his love.
Earth, to heaven exalt the strain,
Send it, heaven, to earth again;
Age to age, and shore to shore,
Praise him, praise him, evermore.

Henry Francis Lyte. 1834.

CHANTS.

X. SING we to our God above
Praise, eternal as his love:
Praise him, all ye heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.
Charles Wesley. 1740.

XI. To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.
Tate and Brady. 1696.

XII. To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be honour, praise, and glory given,
By all on earth, and all in heaven.
Isaac Watts. 1709.

XIII. To God, the Father, Son,
And Spirit, Three in One,
All praise be given:

77,77.

Crown him in every song;
To him your hearts belong,
Let all his praise prolong
On earth, in heaven.
Edwin Francis Hatfield. 1843.

XIV. 66,66,44,44.

To our eternal God,
The Father, and the Son,
And Spirit, all divine,
Three mysteries in one,
Salvation, power,
And praise be given,
By all on earth,
And all in heaven.
Isaac Watts. 1709.

XV. 76,76,76,76.

To thee, O righteous Father,
To thy eternal Son,
To Him whose truth shall gather
The kingdoms into one,
All praise for thy salvation,
On earth by us be given,
And nobler adoration
When joined, with thee, in heaven.
Frederick Vincent. 1878.

XXV.—CHANTS.

1 PSALM I.

1 BLESSED | is the | man | that walketh not in the | counsel | of the-un- | godly,
2 Nor standeth in the | way of | sinners. || nor sitteth | in the | seat of-the | scornful:
3 But his delight is in the | law of-the | Lord; || and in his law doth he | meditate |
day and | night.
4 And he shall be like a tree planted by the | rivers of | water, || that bringeth |
forth his | fruit in-his | season;
5 His leaf also | shall not | wither; || and whatsoever he | doeth | shall — | prosper.
6 The ungodly are | not — | so: || but are like the chaff which the | wind — | driveth
a- | way.
7 Therefore the ungodly shall not | stand in-the | judgment, || nor sinners in the
congre- | gation | of the | righteous.
8 For the Lord knoweth the | way of-the | righteous: || but the way | of the-un- |
godly shall | perish.

2 PSALM VIII.

1 O LORD, our Lord, how excellent is thy name in | all the | earth! || who hast set thy |
glory a- | bove the | heavens.
2 Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast thou ordained strength, be- | cause-of
thine | enemies; || that thou mightest still the | enemy | and the-a- | venger.
3 When I consider thy heavens, the | work-of thy | fingers, || the moon and the stars,
| which thou | hast or- | dained;
128

CHANTS.

- 4 What is man, that thou art | mindful of | him? || and the son of man, that |
thou — | visitest | him?
- 5 For thou hast made him a little lower | than the | angels, and hast crowned | him
with | glory and | honour.
- 6 Thou madest him to have dominion over the | works of-thy | hands; ; thou hast
put | all things | under his | feet:
- 7 All sheep and oxen, yea, and the | beasts of-the | field; ; the fowl of the air, and
the fish of the sea, and whatsoever passeth | through the | paths of-the | seas.
- 8 O Lord, | our — | Lord, how excellent is thy | name in | all the | earth!

3

PSALM XV.

- 1 LORD, who shall abide | in thy | tabernacle? who shall | dwell in-thy | holy | hill?
- 2 He that walketh uprightly, and | worketh | righteousness, and speaketh the |
truth — | in his | heart.
- 3 He that backbiteth not with his tongue, nor doeth evil | to his | neighbour, nor
taketh up a re- | proach a- | gainst his | neighbour.
- 4 In whose eyes a vile person | is con- | temned; ; but he honoureth | them that |
fear the | Lord.
- 5 He that sweareth to his own hurt, and | changeth | not. || He that putteth not |
out his | money to | usury,
- 6 Nor taketh reward a- | gainst the | innocent. || He that doeth these things shall |
never | be — | moved.

4

PSALM XIX.

- 1 THE heavens declare the | glory of | God; ; and the firmament | showeth his |
handy- | work.
- 2 Day unto day | uttereth | speech, and | night unto | night showeth | knowledge.
- 3 There is no | speech nor | language, ; where their | voice — | is not | heard
- 4 Their line is gone out through | all the | earth, ; and their | words to-the | end
of-the | world.
- 5 In them hath he set a tabernacle for the sun, which is as a bridegroom coming |
out-of his | chamber, ; and rejoiceth as a | strong man-to | run a | race.
- 6 His going forth is from the end of the heaven, and his circuit unto the | ends of |
it: ; and there is nothing hid | from the | heat there- | of.
- 7 The law of the Lord is perfect, con- | verting the | soul: ; the testimony of the
Lord is | sure, making | wise the | simple:
- 8 The statutes of the Lord are right, re- | joicing the | heart: ; the commandment of
the Lord is | pure, en- | lightening the | eyes.
- 9 The fear of the Lord is clean, en- | during for | ever: ; the judgments of the Lord
are true and | righteous | alto- | gether.
- 10 More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than | much fine | gold; ; sweeter also
than honey | and the | honey- | comb.
- 11 Moreover, by them is thy | servant | warned: ; and in keeping of them | there is
| great re- | ward.
- 12 Who can under- | stand his | errors? ; cleanse thou | me from | secret | faults.
- 13 Keep back thy servant also from presumptuous sins; let them not have dominion
| over | me: ; then shall I be upright, and I shall be innocent | from the | great
trans- | gression.
- 14 Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be acceptable | in
thy | sight, ; O Lord, my | strength, and | my re- | deemer.

5

PSALM XXIII.

- 1 THE Lord | is my | shepherd; ; I | shall — | not — | want.
- 2 He maketh me to lie down in | green — | pastures: ; he leadeth me be- | side the |
still — | waters.

CHANTS.

- 3 He re- | storeth my | soul: || he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness | for his |
name s — | sake.
- 4 Yea, though I walk through the valley of the | shadow of | death, | I will | fear —
| no — | evil:
- 5 For | thou art | with me; || thy | rod and-thy | staff they | comfort me.
- 6 Thou preparest a | table-be- | fore me | in the | presence | of mine | enemies:
- 7 Thou anointest my | head with | oil: | my | cup — | runneth | over.
- 8 Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the | days-of my | life: || and I will
dwell in the | house of-the | Lord for | ever.

6

PSALM XXIV.

- 1 THE earth is the Lord's, and the | fulness there- | of; || the world, and | they that |
dwell there- | in:
- 2 For he hath founded it up- | on the | seas, | and established | it up- | on the |
floods.
- 3 Who shall ascend into the | hill of-the | Lord? || or who shall | stand in-his | holy
| place?
- 4 He that hath clean hands, and a | pure — | heart; || who hath not lifted up his
soul unto vanity, nor | sworn de- | ceitful- | ly.
- 5 He shall receive the blessing | from the | Lord || and righteousness from the |
God of | his sal- | vation.
- 6 This is the generation of | them that | seek him, || that | seek thy | face, O | Jacob.
- 7 Lift up your heads, O ye gates: and be ye lift up, ye ever- | lasting | doors; || and
the King of | glory | shall come | in.
- 8 Who is this | King of | glory? || The Lord strong and mighty, the | Lord — | mighty
in | battle.
- 9 Lift up your heads, O ye gates; even lift them up, ye ever- | lasting | doors: || and
the King of | glory | shall come | in.
- 10 Who is this | King of | glory? || The Lord of hosts, | he is-the | King of | glory.

7

PSALM XXVII.

- 1 THE Lord is my light and | my sal- | vation; || whom | shall — | I | —fear?
- 2 The Lord is the | strength-of my | life; || of | whom shall-I | be a- | fraid?
- 3 Though an host should en- | camp a- | gainst me, || my | heart shall | not — |
fear;
- 4 Though war should | rise a- | gainst me, || in | this will | I be | confident.
- 5 One thing have I desired of the Lord, that will I | seek — | after; || that I may
dwell in the house of the Lord all the | days — | of my | life,
- 6 To behold the beauty | of the | Lord, || and to in- | quire — | in his | temple.
- 7 For in the time of trouble he shall hide me in | his pa- | vilion: || in the secret of
his tabernacle shall he hide me; he shall set me | up up- | on a | rock.
- 8 Therefore will I offer in his tabernacle sacri- | fices of | joy; || I will sing, yea, I
will sing | praises | unto the | Lord.
- 9 Hear, O Lord, when I | cry with-my | voice: || have mercy also upon | me, and |
answer | me.
- 10 When thou saidst, | Seek-ye my | face; || my heart said unto thee, Thy | face,
Lord, | will I | seek.
- 11 Hide not thy face far from me; put not thy servant a- | way in | anger: || thou
hast been my help; leave me not, neither forsake me, O | God of | my sal- |
vation.
- 12 When my father and my mother for- | sake — | me, || then the | Lord will | take
me | up.
- 13 Teach me thy | way, O | Lord, || and lead me in a plain path, be- | cause — | of
mine | enemies.
- 14 Deliver me not over unto the | will-of mine | enemies: || for false witnesses are
risen up against me, and | such as | breathe out | cruelty.

CHANTS.

- 15 I had fainted, unless I had believed to see the goodness | of the | Lord || in the
| land — | of the | living.
16 Wait on the Lord: be of good courage, and he shall | strengthen thine | heart: ||
wait, I | say, — | on the | Lord.

8 PSALM XXXII.

- 1 BLESSED is he whose transgression | is for- | given, || whose | sin is | cover- | ed.
2 Blessed is the man unto whom the Lord imputeth | not in- | iquity, || and in
whose | spirit there | is no | guile.
3 I acknowledged my | sin unto | thee, | and mine iniquity | have — | I not | hid.
4 I said, I will confess my transgressions | unto the | Lord; || and thou forgavest
the in- | iquity | of my | sin.
5 For this shall every one that is godly pray unto thee in a time when thou |
mayest be | found: || surely in the floods of great waters they shall | not come |
nigh-unto | him.
6 Thou art my hiding-place; thou shalt pre- | serve me-from | trouble; || thou shalt
compass me a- | bout with | songs of-de- | liverance.
7 Many sorrows shall | be to-the | wicked: || but he that trusteth in the Lord, mercy
shall | compass | him a- | bout.
8 Be glad in the Lord, and re- | joice, ye | righteous: || and shout for joy, all | ye
that-are | upright in | heart.

9 PSALM XXXIII.

- 1 REJOICE in the Lord, | O ye | righteous: || for praise is | comely | for the | upright.
2 Praise the | Lord with | harp: || sing unto him with the psaltery and an instru- |
ment of | ten — | strings.
3 Sing unto him a | new — | song; || play skilfully | with a | loud — | noise.
4 For the word of the | Lord is | right; | and all his | works are | done in | truth.
5 He loveth righteousness | and — | judgment: || the earth is full of the | goodness
| of the | Lord.
6 Behold, the eye of the Lord is upon them that | fear — | him, || upon | them that |
hope in-his | mercy;
7 To deliver their | soul from | death, || and to | keep them-a- | live in | famine.
8 Our soul waiteth | for the | Lord: || he | is our | help and-our | shield.
9 For our heart shall re- | joice in | him, || because we have trusted | in his | holy |
name.
10 Let thy mercy, O Lord, | be up- | on us, || according | as we | hope in | thee.

10 PSALM XXXIV.

- 1 I WILL bless the Lord at | all — | times: || his praise shall continually | be — | in
my | mouth.
2 My soul shall make her | boast in-the | Lord: || the humble shall | hear thereof, |
and be | glad.
3 O magnify the | Lord with | me, || and let us ex- | alt his | name to- | gether.
4 I sought the Lord, | and he | heard me, || and delivered | me from | all my | fears.
5 They looked unto him, | and were | lightened: || and their | faces were | not a- |
shamed.
6 This poor man cried, and the | Lord — | heard him, || and saved him | out of | all
his | troubles.
7 The angel of the Lord encampeth round about | them that | fear him, || and de- |
liver- | eth — | them.
8 O taste and see that the | Lord is | good: || blessed is the | man that | trusteth-in
| him.
9 O fear the Lord, | ye his | saints: || for there is no want to | them that | fear — |
him.

CHANTS.

- 10 The young lions do lack, and | suffer | hunger: || but they that seek the Lord
shall | not want | any good | thing.
- 11 Come, ye children, hearken | unto | me: || I will teach you the | fear — | of the |
Lord.
- 12 What man is he that de- | sireth | life, || and loveth many days, that | he may |
see — | good?
- 13 Keep thy | tongue from | evil, || and thy | lips from | speaking | guile.
- 14 Depart from evil, | and do | good; || seek peace, | and pur- | sue — | it.
- 15 The eyes of the Lord are up- | on the | righteous, || and his ears are | open | unto
their | cry.
- 16 The face of the Lord is against | them-that do | evil, || to cut off the remembrance
| of them | from the | earth.
- 17 The righteous cry, and the | Lord — | heareth, || and delivereth them | out of | all
their | troubles.
- 18 The Lord is nigh unto them that are of a | broken | heart; || and saveth such as |
be of-a | contrite | spirit.
- 19 Many are the afflictions | of the | righteous: || but the Lord de- | livereth him |
out-of them | all.
- 20 He keepeth | all his | bones: || not | one of | them is | broken.
- 21 Evil shall | slay the | wicked: || and they that hate the | righteous | shall be |
desolate.
- 22 The Lord redeemeth the | soul of-his | servants: || and none of them that | trust
in | him shall-be | desolate.

11

PSALM XXXVI.

- 1 Thy mercy, O Lord, is | in the | heavens; || and thy faithfulness | reacheth | unto-
the | clouds.
- 2 Thy righteousness is like the great mountains; thy judgments | are-a great |
deep: || O Lord, thou pre- | servest | man and | beast.
- 3 How excellent is thy loving-kindness, | O — | God! || therefore the children of men
put their trust under the | shadow | of thy | wings.
- 4 They shall be abundantly satisfied with the fatness | of thy | house; || and thou
shalt make them drink of the | river | of thy | pleasures.
- 5 For with thee is the | fountain-of | life: || in thy | light shall | we see | light.
- 6 O continue thy loving-kindness unto | them that | know thee; || and thy righteous-
ness | to the-up- | right in | heart.

12

PSALMS XLII., XLIII.

- 1 As the hart panteth after the | water | brooks, || so panteth my soul | after | thee,
O | God.
- 2 My soul thirsteth for God, for the | living | God: || when shall I come and ap- |
pear be- | fore — | God?
- 3 Why art thou cast down, | O my | soul? || and why art thou dis- | quiet- | ed in |
me?
- 4 Hope | thou in | God: || for I shall yet praise him for the | help of-his | counte- |
nance.
- 5 Yet the Lord | will com- | mand || his loving | kindness | in the | daytime,
- 6 And in the night his | song shall-be | with me, || and my prayer unto the | God —
| of my | life.
- 7 Why art thou cast down, | O my | soul? || and why art thou dis- | quiet- | ed with-
| in me?
- 8 Hope thou in God: for I shall | yet praise | him, || who is the health of my |
countenance, | and my | God.
- 9 O send out thy light and thy truth: | let them | lead me; || let them bring me unto
thy holy hill, | and to | thy — | tabernacles.
- 10 Then will I go unto the | altar-of | God, || unto | God my-ex- | ceeding | joy.

CHANTS.

- 11 Why art thou cast down, | O my | soul? || and why art thou dis- | quiet- | ed with-
| in me?
- 12 Hope | in — | God: || for I shall yet praise him, who is the health of my | counte-
nance, | and my | God.

13

PSALM XLVI.

- 1 God is our | refuge and | strength, || a very | present | help in | trouble.
- 2 Therefore will not we fear, though the | earth be-re- | moved, || and though the
mountains be carried into the | midst — | of the | sea;
- 3 Though the waters thereof roar | and be | troubled, || though the mountains |
shake with-the | swelling there- | of.
- 4 There is a river, the streams whereof shall make glad the | city of | God, || the
holy places of the tabernacles | of the | Most — | High.
- 5 God is in the midst of her; she shall | not be | moved: || God shall | help-her, and
| that right | early.
- 6 The heathen raged, the | kingdoms were | moved: || he uttered his | voice, the |
earth — | melted.
- 7 The Lord of | hosts is | with us; || the God of | Jacob | is our | refuge.
- 8 Come, behold the | works of-the | Lord, || what desolations he hath | made — | in
the | earth.
- 9 He maketh | wars to | cease || unto the | end — | of the | earth;
- 10 He breaketh the bow, and cutteth the | spear in | sunder; || he burneth the |
chariot | in the | fire.
- 11 Be still, and know that | I am | God: , I will be exalted among the heathen, I will
be ex- | alted | in the | earth.
- 12 The Lord of | hosts is | with us; || the God of | Jacob | is our | refuge.

14

PSALM XLVIII.

- 1 GREAT is the Lord, and greatly to be praised in the city | of our | God, || in the |
mountain | of his | holiness.
- 2 Beautiful for | situ- | ation, || the joy of the | whole earth, | is mount | Zion.
- 3 On the sides of the north, the city of the | great — | King. || God is known in her |
palaces | for a | refuge.
- 4 We have thought of thy loving-kindness, | O — | God, || in the | midst — | of thy |
temple.
- 5 According to thy name, O God, so is thy praise unto the | ends of-the | earth: ||
thy right hand is | full of | righteous- | ness.
- 6 Let mount Zion rejoice, let the daughters of | Judah be | glad, || be- | cause — | of
thy | judgments.
- 7 Walk about Zion, and go | round a- | bout her: || tell the | towers | there- — | of.
- 8 Mark ye well her bulwarks, con- | sider her | palaces; || that ye may tell it to the
| gener- | ation | following.
- 9 For this God is our God for- | ever and | ever: || he will be our guide | even | unto
| death.

15

PSALM LI.

- 1 HAVE mercy upon | me, O | God, || according | to thy | loving- | kindness:
- 2 According unto the multitude of thy | tender | mercies || blot | out — | my trans- |
gressions.
- 3 Wash me thoroughly from | mine in- | iquity, || and | cleanse me | from my | sin.
- 4 For I acknowledge | my trans- | gressions: || and my | sin is | ever be- | fore me.
- 5 Against thee, thee only, | have I | sinned, || and done | this evil | in thy | sight;
- 6 That thou mightest be justified | when thou | speakest, || and be | clear — | when
thou | judgest.

CHANTS.

- 7 Behold, thou desirest truth in the | inward | parts: || and in the hidden part thou shalt | make-me to | know — | wisdom.
- 8 Purge me with hyssop, and I | shall be | clean: || wash me, and I | shall be | whiter than | snow.
- 9 Hide thy face | from my | sins, and blot out | all — | mine in- | iquities.
- 10 Create in me a clean heart, | O — | God: || and re- | new-a right | spirit with- | in me.
- 11 Cast me not away | from thy | presence; and take not thy | holy | Spirit | from me.
- 12 Restore unto me the joy of | thy sal- | vation; and up- | hold-me with | thy free | Spirit.
- 13 Then will I teach trans- | gressors thy | ways; || and sinners shall be con- | verted | unto | thee.
- 14 O Lord, open | thou my | lips; || and my mouth | shall show | forth thy | praise.
- 15 For thou desirest not sacrifice, else | would I | give it: || thou delightest | not in | burnt- — | offering.
- 16 The sacrifices of God are a | broken | spirit: || a broken and a contrite heart, O God, | thou wilt | not de- | spise.

16

PSALM LXIII.

- 1 O God, thou art my God; early | will I | seek thee: || my soul thirsteth for thee, my flesh longeth for thee in a dry and thirsty land, | where no | water | is:
- 2 Because thy loving-kindness is | better than | life, || my | lips shall | praise — | thee.
- 3 Thus will I bless thee | while I | live: || I will lift up my | hands — | in thy | name.
- 4 My soul shall be satisfied as with | marrow and | fatness; || and my mouth shall | praise-thee with | joyful | lips;
- 5 When I remember thee up- | on my | bed, || and meditate on | thee in | the night | watches.
- 6 Because thou hast | been my | help, || therefore in the shadow of thy | wings will | I re- | joice.
- 7 My soul followeth hard | after | thee: || thy | right hand-up- | holdeth | me.

17

PSALM LXV.

- 1 PRAISE waiteth for thee, O | God, in | Zion: || and unto thee | shall the | vow be- per- | formed.
- 2 O thou that | hearest | prayer, || unto | thee shall | all flesh | come.
- 3 Iniquities pre- |vail a- | gainst me: || as for our transgressions, | thou shalt | purge them-a- | way.
- 4 Blessed is the man whom thou choosest, and causest to ap- | proach unto | thee, || that | he may | dwell in-thy | courts:
- 5 We shall be satisfied with the goodness | of thy | house, || even | of thy | holy | temple.
- 6 By terrible things in righteousness wilt thou | answer | us, || O | God of | our sal- | vation;
- 7 Who art the confidence of all the | ends of-the | earth, || and of them that are afar | off up- | on the | sea:
- 8 Which by his strength setteth fast the mountains; being | girded with | power: || which stilleth the noise of the seas, the noise of their waves, and the | tumult | of the | people.
- 9 They also that dwell in the uttermost parts are a- | fraid at-thy | tokens: || thou makest the outgoings of the morning and | evening | to re- | joice.
- 10 Thou visitest the earth, and waterest it: thou greatly enrichest it with the river of God, which is | full of | water: || thou preparest them corn, when thou hast | so pro- | vided | for it.

CHANTS.

- 11 Thou waterest the ridges thereof abundantly: thou settlest the | furrows there- |
of: || thou makest it soft with showers: thou | blessest-the | springing there- |
of.
- 12 Thou crownest the year | with thy | goodness: || and | thy — | paths drop | fat-
ness.
- 13 They drop upon the pastures | of the | wilderness; || and the little hills re- | joice
on | every | side.
- 14 The pastures are clothed with flocks: the va.leys also are covered | over with |
corn; || they shout for | joy, they | also | sing.

18

PSALM LXVII.

- 1 God be merciful unto | us, and | bless us; | and cause his | face to | shine up- |
on us.
- 2 That thy way may be | known upon | earth, || thy saving | health a- | mong all |
nations.
- 3 Let the people praise thee, | O — | God: || let | all the | people | praise thee.
- 4 O let the nations be glad, and | sing for | joy: || for thou shalt judge the people
righteously, and govern the | nations | upon | earth.
- 5 Let the people praise thee, O God: let all the | people | praise thee. || Then
shall the | earth — | yield her | increase;
- 6 And God, even our own God, | shall — | bless us. || God shall bless us: and all the
ends | of the | earth shall | fear him.

19

PSALM LXXXIV.

- 1 How amiable | are thy | tabernacles, || O | Lord — | of — | hosts!
- 2 My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts | of the | Lord; || my heart and
my flesh crieth out | for the | living | God.
- 3 Yea, the sparrow hath found an house, and the swallow a nest for herself, where
she may | lay her | young, || even thine altars, O Lord of | hosts, my | king, and-
my | God.
- 4 Blessed are they that | dwell-in thy | house: || they will be | still | praising — | thee.
- 5 Blessed is the man whose | strength is-in | thee; || in whose heart | are the | ways
of | them.
- 6 Who passing through the valley of Baca | make-it a | well; || the rain | also |
filleth the | pools.
- 7 They go from | strength to | strength; || every one of them in Zion ap- | peareth
be- | fore — | God.
- 8 O Lord God of hosts, | hear my | prayer: || give | ear, O | God of | Jacob.
- 9 Behold, O | God our | shield, || and look upon the | face of | thine a- | pointed.
- 10 For a day in thy courts is better | than a | thousand. || I had rather be a door-
keeper in the house of my God, than to | dwell in-the | tents of | wickedness.
- 11 For the Lord God is a sun and shield: the Lord will give | grace and | glory: || no
good thing will he withhold from | them that | walk up- | rightly.
- 12 O | Lord of | hosts, || blessed is the | man that | trusteth in | thee.

20

PSALM XC.

- 1 LORD, thou hast been our | dwelling- | place || in | all — | gener- | ations.
- 2 Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou hadst formed the | earth
and-the | world, || even from everlasting to everlasting, | thou — | art — | God.
- 3 Thou turnest man | to de- | struction; || and sayest, Re- | turn, ye | children-of |
men:
- 4 For a thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday when | it is | past, || and |
as a | watch in-the | night.

CHANTS.

- 5 Thou carriest them away as with a flood: they are | as a | sleep: || in the morning
they are like | grass which | groweth | up.
- 6 In the morning it flourisheth, and | groweth | up; || in the evening it | is cut |
down, and | withereth.
- 7 For we are consumed | by thine | anger, || and | by thy | wrath are-we | troubled.
- 8 Thou hast set our iniquities be- | fore — | thee, | our secret sins | in the | light of-
thy | countenance.
- 9 For all our days are passed away | in thy | wrath; || we spend our | years as-a |
tale that-is | told.
- 10 The days of our years are threescore years and ten; and if by reason of strength
they be fourscore years, yet is their strength | labour and | sorrow: || for it is
soon cut off | and we | fly a- | way.
- 11 Who knoweth the power | of thine | anger? || even according to thy fear, | so — |
is thy | wrath.
- 12 So teach us to | number-our | days, || that we may ap- | ply our | hearts-unto |
wisdom.
- 13 Return, O | Lord, how | long? || and let it re- | pent-thee con- | cerning thy |
servants.
- 14 O satisfy us early | with thy | mercy; || that we may rejoice and be | glad — | all
our | days.
- 15 Make us glad according to the days wherein thou hast af- | flicted | us, | and the
years where- | in we | have seen | evil.
- 16 Let thy work appear | unto-thy | servants, || and thy | glory un- | to their |
children.
- 17 And let the beauty | of the | Lord | our | God — | be up- | on us:
- 18 And establish thou the work of our | hands up- | on us; | yea, the work of our |
hands e- | stablish thou | it.

21

PSALM XCVI.

- 1 O sing unto the Lord a | new — | song: | sing unto the | Lord, — | all the | earth.
- 2 Sing unto the Lord, | bless his | name; || show forth his sal- | vation from | day
to | day.
- 3 Declare his glory a- | mong the | heathen, | his | wonders a- | mong all | people.
- 4 For the Lord is great, and | greatly to-be | praised: || he is to be | feared a- | bove
all | gods.
- 5 For all the gods of the | nations are | idols: || but the | Lord — | made the |
heavens.
- 6 Honour and majesty | are be- | fore him; || strength and | beauty-are | in his |
sanctuary.
- 7 Give unto the Lord, O ye kindreds of the people, give unto the Lord | glory-and |
strength. | Give unto the Lord the glory due unto his name: bring an offering,
and | come in- | to his | courts.
- 8 O worship the Lord in the | beauty-of | holiness: || fear be- | fore him, | all the |
earth.
- 9 Say among the heathen that the | Lord — | reigneth: || he shall | judge the |
people | righteously.
- 10 Let the heavens rejoice, and let the | earth be | glad; || let the sea roar, | and the |
fulness-there- | of.
- 11 Let the field be joyful, and all that | is there- | in; || then shall all the trees of the
wood re- | joice be- | fore the | Lord;
- 12 For he cometh, for he cometh to | judge the | earth: || he shall judge the world
with righteousness, and the | people | with his | truth.

22

PSALM XCVIII.

- 1 O sing unto the Lord a | new — | song; || for he hath | done — | marvellous |
things.
- 2 His right hand, and his | holy | arm, || hath | gotten | him the | victory.

CHANTS.

- 3 The Lord hath made known | his sal- | vation: | his righteousness hath he openly
| showed in-the | sight of-the | heathen.
- 4 He hath remembered his mercy and truth toward the | house of | Israel: || all the
ends of the earth have seen the sal- | vation | of our | God.
- 5 Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, | all the | earth: | make a loud noise, and re-
| joice, and | sing — | praise.
- 6 Sing unto the Lord | with the | harp; || with the | harp, and-the | voice-of a |
psalm.
- 7 With trumpets, and | sound of | cornet, || make a joyful noise be- | fore the |
Lord, the | King.
- 8 Let the sea roar, and the | fulness-there- | of; || the world, and | they that | dwell
there- | in.
- 9 Let the floods | clap their | hands: | let the hills be joyful to- | gether-be- | fore
the | Lord;
- 10 For he cometh to | judge the | earth: with righteousness shall he judge the
world, and the | people with | equi- | ty.

23

PSALM C.

- 1 MAKE a joyful noise unto the Lord, | all ye | lands. | Serve the Lord with glad-
ness; come be- | fore his | presence-with | singing.
- 2 Know ye that the Lord | he is | God: || it is he that hath made us and | not — |
we our- | selves;
- 3 We | are his | people, | and the | sheep — | of his | pasture.
- 4 Enter into his gates | with thanks- | giving, | and | into his | courts with | praise.
- 5 Be thankful | unto | him, | and | bless — | his — | name.
- 6 For the | Lord is | good; | his mercy is everlasting; and his truth en- | dureth to
| all gener- | ations.

24

PSALM CIII.

- 1 BLESS the Lord, | O my | soul; || and all that is within me, | bless his | holy |
name.
- 2 Bless the Lord, | O my | soul, | and for- | get not | all his | benefits:
- 3 Who forgiveth | all mine-in- | iquities; || who | healeth | all thy-dis- | eases;
- 4 Who redeemeth thy life | from de- | struction; || who crowneth thee with loving- |
kindness-and | tender | mercies;
- 5 Who satisfieth thy mouth | with good | things; || so that thy youth is re- | newéd |
like the | eagle's.
- 6 The Lord executeth righteousness | and — | judgment || for | all that | are op- |
pressed.
- 7 He made known his | ways-unto | Moses, || his acts | unto-the | children of |
Israel.
- 8 The Lord is merciful | and — | gracious, || slow to | anger, and | plenteous-in |
mercy.
- 9 He will not | always | chide; | neither will he | keep his | anger for | ever.
- 10 He hath not dealt with us | after our | sins, || nor rewarded us ac- | cording to |
our in- | iquities.
- 11 For as the heaven is high a- | bove the | earth, || so great is his mercy | toward |
them that | fear him.
- 12 As far as the east is | from the | west, || so far hath he removed | our trans- |
gressions | from us.
- 13 Like as a father | pitieth-his | children, || so the Lord | pitieth | them that | fear
him.
- 14 For he | knoweth-our | frame; | he re- | membereth-that | we are | dust.
- 15 As for man, his | days are-as | grass; || as a flower of the field, | so he | flourish- |
eth:
- 16 For the wind passeth over it, and | it is | gone; || and the place thereof shall |
know it | no — | more.

CHANTS.

- 17 But the mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting upon | them that |
fear him, || and his righteousness | unto | children's | children;
- 18 To such as | keep his | covenant, || and to those that remember | his com- |
mandments to | do them.
- 19 The Lord hath prepared his | throne in-the | heavens; || and his kingdom | ruleth |
over | all.
- 20 Bless the Lord, ye his angels, that excel in strength, that | do his-com- | mand-
ments, || hearkening | unto the | voice of-his | word.
- 21 Bless ye the Lord, all | ye his | hosts; || ye ministers of | his, that | do his |
pleasure.
- 22 Bless the Lord, all his works, in all places of | his do- | minion: || bless the |
Lord, — | O my | soul.

25

PSALM CXVI.

- 1 I | LOVE the | Lord, || because he hath heard my | voice and-my | suppli- | cations.
- 2 Because he hath inclined his | ear-unto | me, || therefore will I call upon | him as |
long-as I | live.
- 3 Gracious is the | Lord, and | righteous: || yea, our | God is | merci- | ful.
- 4 The Lord pre- | serveth the | simple: || I was brought low, | and he | helped | me.
- 5 Return unto thy rest, | O my | soul; || for the Lord hath dealt | bounti- | fully |
with thee.
- 6 For thou hast delivered my | soul from | death, || mine eyes from tears, | and my |
feet from | falling.
- 7 What shall I render | unto the | Lord || for all his | benefits | toward | me?
- 8 I will take the cup | of sal- | vation, || and call upon the | name — | of the | Lord.
- 9 I will pay my vows | unto the | Lord || now in the | presence-of | all his | people.
- 10 I will offer to thee the sacrifice | of thanks- | giving, || and will call upon the |
name — | of the | Lord.
- 11 I will pay my vows | unto the | Lord || now in the | presence-of | all his | people,
- 12 In the courts of the | Lord's — | house, || in the midst of thee, O Jerusalem. |
Praise — | ye the | Lord.

26

PSALM CXXI.

- 1 I WILL lift up mine eyes | unto the | hills, || from | whence — | cometh my | help.
- 2 My help cometh | from the | Lord, || which | made — | heaven and | earth.
- 3 He will not suffer thy | foot to-be | moved: || he that | keepeth thee | will not |
slumber.
- 4 Behold, he that | keepeth | Israel || shall | neither | slumber nor | sleep.
- 5 The Lord is | thy — | keeper; || the Lord is thy shade up- | on thy | right — |
hand.
- 6 The sun shall not smite thee | by — | day, || nor the | moon — | by — | night.
- 7 The Lord shall preserve thee | from all | evil; || he | shall pre- | serve thy | soul.
- 8 The Lord shall preserve thy going out, and thy | coming | in, || from this time
forth, and | even for | ever- | more.

27

PSALM CXXII.

- 1 I WAS glad when they said | unto | me, || Let us go into the | house — | of the |
Lord.
- 2 Our feet shall stand within thy gates. | O Je- | rusalem. || Jerusalem is builded as
a city that | is com- | pact to- | gether:
- 3 Whither the tribes go up, the tribes of the Lord, unto the testimony of | Isra- |
el, || to give thanks unto the | name — | of the | Lord.
- 4 For there are set | thrones of | judgment, || the thrones | of the | house of |
David.

CHANTS.

- 5 Pray for the peace | of Je- | rusalem: | they shall | prosper-that | love — | thee.
 6 Peace be with- | in thy | walls. and prosperity with- | in thy | pala- | ces.
 7 For my brethren and com- | panions' | sakes, || I will now say, | Peace — | be
 with- | in thee.
 8 Because of the house of the | Lord our | God || I | will — | seek thy | good.

28

PSALM CXXVI.

- 1 WHEN the Lord turned again the captivity | of — | Zion, || we | were like | them
 that | dream.
 2 Then was our mouth filled with laughter, and our | tongue with | singing: || then
 said they among the heathen. The Lord hath done | great things | for — | them.
 3 The Lord hath done great things | for — | us. || whereof | we — | are — | glad.
 4 Turn again our captivity, | O — | Lord, || as the | streams — | in the | south.
 5 They that | sow in | tears || shall | reap — | in — | joy.
 6 He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing | precious | seed, || shall doubtless come
 again with rejoicing, | bringing his | sheaves — | with him.

29

PSALM CXXX.

- 1 Out of the depths have I cried | unto | thee, | O | — — | — — | Lord.
 2 Lord, | hear my | voice; || let thine ears be attentive to the | voice-of my | suppli- |
 cations.
 3 If thou, Lord, shouldest | mark in- | iquities, || O | Lord, — | who shall | stand?
 4 But there is for- | giveness with | thee, || that | thou — | mayest be | feared.
 5 I wait for the Lord, my | soul doth | wait, || and in | his word | do I | hope.
 6 My soul waiteth for the Lord more than they that | watch for-the | morning; || I
 say, more than | they that | watch for-the | morning.
 7 Let Israel | hope in-the | Lord: || for with the Lord there is mercy, and with | him
 is | plenteous re- | demption.
 8 And he shall re- | deem — | Israel || from | all his-in- | iqui- | ties.

30

PSALM CXXXIX.

- 1 O Lord, thou hast | searched — | me, || and | known — | — — | me.
 2 Thou knowest my down-sitting and mine | up- — | rising; || thou understandest
 my | thought a- | far — | off.
 3 Thou compassed my path, and my | lying | down, || and art ac- | quainted with |
 all my | ways.
 4 For there is not a | word in-my | tongue, || but, lo, O Lord, thou | knowest it |
 alto- | gether.
 5 Thou hast beset me be- | hind and-be- | fore, || and | laid thine | hand up- | on me.
 6 Such knowledge is too | wonderful | for me; || it is high, I | cannot at- | tain unto
 it.
 7 Whither shall I go | from thy | spirit? || or whither shall I | flee — | from thy |
 presence?
 8 If I ascend up into heaven, | thou art | there: || if I make my bed in hell, be- |
 hold, — | thou art | there.
 9 If I take the | wings of-the | morning, || and dwell in the | uttermost | parts of-
 the | sea;
 10 Even there shall | thy hand | lead me, || and thy | right — | hand shall | hold me.
 11 If I say, Surely the | darkness shall | cover me; || even the | night shall-be | light
 a- | bout me.
 12 Yea, the darkness hideth not from thee; but the night shineth | as the | day: ||
 the darkness and the light are | both a- | like to | thee.
 13 How precious also are thy thoughts unto | me, O | God! || how | great is-the | sum
 of | them!

- 14 If I should count them, they are more in number | than the | sand: || when I
awake, I am | still — | with — | thee.
15 Search me, O God, and | know my | heart; || try | me, and | know my | thoughts;
16 And see if there be any | wicked way | in me, || and lead me | in the | way ever-
lasting.

31

PSALM CXLV.

- 1 I will extol thee, my | God, O | king; || and I will bless thy | name for | ever and
| ever.
2 Every day | will I | bless thee; || and I will praise thy | name for | ever and | ever.
3 Great is the Lord, and | greatly to-be | praised; || and his | greatness | is un-
searchable.
4 One generation shall praise thy | works to-an- | other, || and shall de- | clare thy |
mighty | acts.
5 I will speak of the glorious honour | of thy | majesty, || and | of thy | wondrous |
works.
6 And men shall speak of the might of thy | terrible | acts; || and | I will-de- | clare
thy | greatness.
7 They shall abundantly utter the memory of | thy great | goodness, || and shall |
sing-of thy | righteous- | ness.
8 The Lord is gracious, and | full-of com- | passion; || slow to | anger, and | of great
| mercy.
9 The Lord is | good to | all; || and his tender mercies are | over | all his | works.
10 All thy works shall | praise-thee, O | Lord; || and thy | saints shall | bless — |
thee.
11 They shall speak of the glory | of thy | kingdom, | and | talk — | of thy | power.
12 To make known to the sons of men his | mighty | acts, || and the glorious |
majesty | of his | kingdom.
13 Thy kingdom is an ever- | lasting | kingdom, || and thy dominion endureth
through- | out all | gener- | ations.
14 The Lord upholdeth | all that | fall, || and raiseth up all | those that-be | bowed |
down.
15 The eyes of all | wait-upon | thee; || and thou givest them their | meat in | due — |
season.
16 Thou | openest-thine | hand, || and satisfiest the desire of | every | living | thing.
17 The Lord is righteous in | all his | ways, | and | holy in | all his | works.
18 The Lord is high unto all them that | call-upon | him, | to all that | call-upon |
him in | truth.
19 He will fulfil the desire of | them that | fear him; || he also will hear their | cry, —
| and will | save them.
20 My mouth shall speak the | praise-of-the | Lord: || and let all flesh bless his holy
name for | ever | and — | ever.

32

PSALM CXLVI.

- 1 PRAISE | ye the | Lord. || Praise the | Lord, — | O my | soul.
2 While I live will I | praise the | Lord: || I will sing praises unto my God | while I
| have any | being.
3 Put not your | trust in | princes, || nor in the son of man, in | whom there-is | no
— | help.
4 His breath goeth forth, he returneth | to his | earth; || in that very | day his |
thoughts — | perish.
5 Happy is he that hath the God of Jacob | for his | help, || whose hope is in the |
Lord — | his — | God;
6 Which made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that | therein | is; || which |
keepeth | truth for | ever;
7 Which executeth judgment | for the-op- | pressed; || which | giveth | food to-the |
hungry.

CHANTS.

- 8 The Lord | looseth the | prisoners: || the Lord | openeth the | eyes of-the | blind:
 9 The Lord raiseth them that are | bowéd | down: || the | Lord — | loveth the |
 righteous:
 10 The Lord pre- | serveth the | strangers; || he relieveth the | fatherless | and — |
 widow:
 11 But the | way of-the | wicked, || he | turneth | upside | down.
 12 The Lord shall | reign for | ever, | even thy God, O Zion, unto all generations. |
 Praise — | ye the | Lord.

33

ISAIAH XL.

- 1 COMFORT ye, comfort ye, my people. | saith your | God. || Speak ye comfortably to
 Jerusalem, and | cry — | unto | her,
 2 That her warfare | is ac- | complished, || that her in- | iqui- | ty is | pardoned.
 3 The voice of him that crieth | in the | wilderness, || Pre- | pare ye-the | way of-the
 | Lord,
 4 Make straight | in the | desert | a | highway | for our | God.
 5 Every valley shall | be ex- | alted, | and every mountain and | hill shall-be | made
 — | low:
 6 And the crooked shall be | made — | straight, || and the | rough — | places |
 plain:
 7 And the | glory of-the | Lord | shall | be re- | veal- — | ed.
 8 And all flesh shall | see-it to- | gether: || for the mouth of the | Lord hath | spoken
 | it.
 9 O Zion, that bringest good tidings, get thee up into the | high — | mountain; || O
 Jerusalem, that bringest good tidings, lift | up thy | voice with | strength;
 10 Lift it up, be | not a- | fraid; || say unto the cities of | Judah, Be- | hold your |
 God!
 11 Behold, the Lord God will come with strong hand, and his | arm shall | rule for-
 him: || behold, his reward is with him, | and his | work be- | fore him.
 12 He shall feed his flock | like a | shepherd; || he shall gather the lambs with his
 arm, and carry them in his bosom, and shall gently lead | those that | are with |
 young.

34

MATTHEW V.

- 1 BLESSED are the | poor in | spirit: || for | theirs is-the | kingdom-of | heaven.
 2 Blessed are | they that | mourn: || for | they — | shall be | comforted.
 3 Blessed | are the | meek: || for | they shall-in- | herit the | earth.
 4 Blessed are they which do hunger and | thirst after | righteousness: || for | they
 — | shall be | filled.
 5 Blessed | are the | merciful: || for | they shall-ob- | tain — | mercy.
 6 Blessed are the | pure in | heart: || for | they shall | see — | God.
 7 Blessed | are the | peacemakers: || for they shall be | called the | children-of |
 God.
 8 Blessed are they which are persecuted for | righteousness' | sake: || for | theirs is-
 the | kingdom-of | heaven.

35

LUKE I.

- 1 My soul doth magni- | fy the | Lord, || and my spirit hath re- | joiced in | God my
 | Saviour.
 2 For he that is mighty hath done to | me great | things; || and | holy | is his | name.
 3 And his mercy is on | them that | fear him || from gener- | ation to | gener- | ation.
 4 He hath showed | strength with-his | arm: || he hath scattered the proud in the
 imagi- | nation | of their | hearts.
 5 He hath put down the mighty | from their | seats, || and exalted | them of | low
 de- | gree.

CHANTS.

- 6 He hath filled the hungry | with good | things; | and the rich he hath | sent — |
empty a- | way.
7 He hath holpen his | servant | Israel, || in re- | membrance | of his | mercy;
8 As he | spake to-our | fathers, || to Abraham, and | to his | seed for | ever.

36

LUKE I.

- 1 BLESSED be the Lord | God of | Israel; || for he hath visited | and re- | deemed his
| people,
2 And hath raised up an horn of sal- | vation | for us | in the | house of-his | servant
| David.
3 As he spake by the mouth of his | holy | prophets, || which has been | since the |
world be- | gan;
4 That we should be saved | from our | enemies, || and from the | hand of | all that |
hate us;
5 To perform the mercy promised | to our | fathers, || and to re- | member-his |
holy | covenant;
6 The oath which he sware to our | father | Abraham, || that | he would | grant-
unto | us,
7 That we being delivered out of the | hands-of our | enemies, || might | serve him |
without | fear,
8 In holiness and righteousness be- | fore — | him, || all the | days — | of our | life.
9 And thou, child, shalt be called the prophet | of the | Highest: || for thou shalt go
before the face of the Lord | to pre- | pare his | ways;
10 To give knowledge of salvation | unto his | people, || by the re- | mission | of their
| sins,
11 Through the tender mercy | of our | God; || whereby the dayspring from on |
high hath | visited | us,
12 To give light to them that sit in darkness and in the | shadow of | death, || to
guide our feet | into the | way of | peace.

37

LUKE II.

- 1 THERE were shepherds abiding | in the | field, || keeping watch | over their | flock
by | night.
2 And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone |
round a- | bout them; || and | they were | sore a- | fraid
3 And the angel said unto them, | Fear — | not: | for, behold, I bring you good
tidings of great joy, which | shall be | to all | people.
4 For unto you is born this day, in the | city of | David, || a Saviour, | which is |
Christ the | Lord.
5 And this shall be a | sign-unto | you; || Ye shall find the babe wrapped in
swaddling clothes, | lying | in a | manger.
6 And suddenly there | was with-the | angel || a multitude of the heavenly host |
praising | God, and | saying,
7 Glory to God | in the | highest, || and on earth peace, | good will | toward | men.

38

GLORIA IN EXCELSIS DEO.

- 1 Glory be to | God on | high: || and on earth | peace, good | will towards | men.
2 We praise thee, we bless thee, we | worship | thee, || we glorify thee, we give
thanks to | thee for | thy great | glory.
3 O Lord God, | heavenly | King, || God the | Father | Al- — | mighty!
4 O Lord, the only-begotten Son | Jesus | Christ; || O Lord God, Lamb of God, | Son
of-the | Fa- — | ther,
5 That takest away the | sins of-the | world, || have | mercy up- | on — | us.
6 Thou that takest away the | sins of-the | world, || have | mercy up- | on — | us.

CHANTS.

- 7 Thou that takest away the | sins of-the | world, || re- | ceive — | our — | prayer.
 8 Thou that sittest at the right hand of | God the | Father, || have | mercy up- | on
 — | us.
 9 For thou | only art | holy; || thou | only | art the | Lord.
 10 Thou only, O Christ, with the | Holy | Ghost, || art most high in the | glory of |
 God the | Father. Amen.

39

TE DEUM LAUDAMUS.

- 1 We praise thee, | O — | God; || we acknowledge | thee to | be the | Lord.
 2 All the earth doth | worship | thee, || the | Father | ever- | lasting.
 3 To thee all angels | cry a- | loud; || the heavens, and | all the | powers there- | in.
 4 To thee | cherubim and | seraphim | con- | tinual- | ly do | cry.
 5 Holy, | holy. | holy. || Lord | God of | Saba- | oth:
 6 Heaven and | earth are | full | of the | majesty | of thy | glory.
 7 The glorious company | of the-a- | postles | praise | — — | — — | thee.
 8 The goodly fellowship | of the | prophets, | praise | — — | — — | thee.
 9 The noble | army-of | martyrs || praise | — — | — — | thee.
 10 The holy church throughout | all the | world || doth | — ac- | knowledge | thee,
 11 The | Fa- — | ther || of an | infinite | majes- | ty;
 12 Thine honourable, true, and | only | Son; || also the Holy | Ghost, the | Com-
 fort- | er.
 13 Thou art the | King of | glory. | O | — — | — — | Christ.
 14 Thou art the ever- | lasting | Son, | of | — the | Fath- — | er.
 15 When thou tookest upon thee to de- | liver | man, || thou didst humble thyself to
 be | born — | of a | virgin.
 16 When thou hadst overcome the | sharpness of | death, || thou didst open the
 kingdom of | heaven to | all be- | lievers.
 17 Thou sittest at the | right hand-of | God, | in the | glory | of the | Father.
 18 We believe that | thou shalt | come || to | be — | our — | Judge.
 19 We therefore pray thee | help thy | servants, || whom thou hast redeemed | with
 thy | precious | blood.
 20 Make them to be numbered | with thy | saints || in | glory | ever- | lasting.
 21 O Lord, | save thy | people, || and | bless thine | heri- | tage.
 22 Gov- | — ern | them || and | lift them | up for | ever.
 23 Day | — by | day || we | magni- | fy — | thee;
 24 And we | worship thy | name | ever, | world with- | out — | end.
 25 Vouchsafe, | O — | Lord, || to keep us | this day | without | sin.
 26 O Lord, have mercy up- | on — | us, || have | mercy up- | on — | us.
 27 O Lord, let thy mercy | lighten up- | on us, || as our | trust — | is in | thee.
 28 O Lord, in | thee have-I | trusted; || let me | never | be con- | founded.

40

GLORIA PATRI

GLORY be to the Father, and | to the | Son, || and | to the | Holy | Ghost;
 As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever | shall be, || world | without | end.
 A- | men.

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ab. signifies that the hymn has been abridged.

sl. signifies that the hymn consists of verses selected from a poem, or two or three different hymns of the author.

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The text of every hymn in the book is given as the author wrote it, with the exception of those alterations notified in this index.

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In nearly every case, the hymns of living authors have been submitted to them, and specially revised by them for this Hymnal.

The text of the hymns of John and Charles Wesley selected from that portion of the Wesleyan Hymn Book published in John Wesley's lifetime, is retained from that source.

The date attached to a hymn is that of its first publication.

orig. signifies the text as the author wrote it.

6.

v. 3, l. 4, 'whispers' orig. 'whisper'

13.

v. 5, l. 3, 'mercies' orig. 'bowels'

15.

v. 1, l. 3, 'mercies' orig. 'bowels'

18.

v. 2, l. 1, 'with' orig. 'by his'

l. 2, 'Filled' orig. 'Did fill'

v. 3, l. 1, orig. 'His chosen people he'

v. 4, l. 2, 'Looked upon' orig. 'Beheld us in'

v. 5, l. 1, 'things living' orig. 'living creatures'

l. 2, orig. 'And with'

32.

v. 2, l. 5, 'it beam' orig. 'its beams'

l. 6, 'On' orig. 'Gild'; 'it' orig. 'them'

33.

v. 1, l. 1, 'Christ' orig. 'he'

34.

v. 3, l. 6, 'Prostrate' orig. 'Groveling'

v. 4, l. 2, orig. 'Squeezed and wrung till'

l. 3, orig. 'View thy Maker's deep'

l. 4, orig. 'Hear the sighs and groans of'

42.

v. 3, l. 2, 'have' orig. 'hath'

50.

v. 2, l. 8, 'kingdom' orig. 'kingdoms'

60.

v. 1, l. 4, orig. 'equal his stupendous love'

v. 4, l. 3, orig. 'Fix me, dear Lord,'

143

63.

v. 1, orig.

'O never, never canst thou know

What then for thee the Saviour bore,

The pangs of that mysterious woe

That wrung his frame at every pore,

The weight that pressed upon his brow,

The fever of his bosom's core.'

v. 3, l. 1, 'For' orig. 'But'

l. 4, orig. 'angel-breasts'

l. 5, 'blesséd Lord,' orig. 'Lord of hosts,'

l. 6, 'infinite,' orig. 'fathomless,'

82.

v. 1, l. 1, 'Christ' orig. 'him'

84.

v. 3, l. 6, orig.

'My life in death; my heaven in'

85.

v. 2, l. 3, orig. 'Extol the stem of Jesse's'

v. 4, orig.

'Let every tribe and every tongue

That bound creation's call,

Now shout in universal song,

The crownéd Lord of all.

89.

v. 2, l. 3, 'anointed,' orig. 'appointed,'

112.

v. 2, l. 3, 'they pass' orig. 'I passed'

l. 4, 'breathe' orig. 'breathed'

v. 3, l. 1, orig.

'For though in dreadful whirls we hung'

l. 3, orig. 'I knew thou wert'

v. 4, l. 2, 'we'll' orig. 'I'll'

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v. 5, l. 3, orig. 'if death must be my doom,'
l. 4, orig. 'my soul'

113.

v. 3, l. 1, 'praise' orig. 'bless'
v. 5, l. 1, 'let' orig. 'shall'
l. 2, orig. 'Then I and mine shall'

115.

v. 5, l. 2, 'its' orig. 'his'

121.

v. 3, l. 3, 'now, nor e'er' orig. 'for you can't'

125.

v. 4, l. 1, orig. 'View him grovelling'
l. 2, 'Saviour' orig. 'Maker'

134.

v. 2, l. 3, 'are' orig. 'is'

136.

v. 4, l. 3, orig. 'This is that moment'
ls. 1, 2, are transposed from a following verse in the original.

158.

vs. 3, 4, are transposed.

171.

v. 1, l. 1, 'Lord' orig. 'Now'

v. 3, l. 4, orig.

'That shall have the same pay?'

v. 5, l. 1, 'has' orig. 'hath'

213.

v. 1, l. 2, 'thy' orig. 'thine'

v. 4, l. 3, 'my' orig. 'mine'

214.

v. 3, l. 3, 'contrite' orig. 'fleshly'

228.

v. 2, l. 2, is as C. Wesley wrote it. It is altered in the Wesleyan Hymn Book.
Part Second v. 2, l. 5, 'mercies' orig. 'bowels'

231.

v. 4, l. 2, 'eyelids close' orig. 'eyestrings break'

232

v. 1, ls. 3, 4, orig.

'Scorned be the thought by rich and poor;
O may I scorn it more and more:'

v. 2, ls. 3, 4, in the original follow v. 3, making 'noon' the last word of v. 2.

v. 2, l. 3, 'beams of light' orig. 'beam of noon'

l. 4, 'this benighted' orig. 'all this midnight'

v. 3, l. 2, 'be ashamed' orig. 'blush to think'

l. 3, 'midnight' orig. 'evening'

l. 4, orig. 'That Morning-Star, bids'

v. 4, l. 1, 'that dear' orig. 'of that'

l. 2, orig.

'On whom, for heaven, my hopes'

l. 3, orig. 'It must not be—'

v. 5 l. 2, 'guilt' orig. 'crimes'

l. 3, 'good' orig. 'joy'

l. 4, 'fear' orig. 'fears'

v. 6, l. 5, 'glory' orig. 'portion'

234.

v. 1, l. 2, 'true' orig. 'sweet'

v. 3, l. 2, orig.

'Of my strength and wisdom spoiled,'

236.

v. 1, l. 1, 'ye' orig. 'we'

247.

v. 1, l. 3, orig. 'See thy followers, O Lamb,'

l. 4, 'Let us all' orig. 'All at once'

258.

v. 1, l. 6, orig.

'Feed me till I want no more.'

v. 2, l. 3, 'fiery, cloudy' orig. 'fire and cloudy'

261.

v. 2, l. 1, 'Thou art' orig. 'Christ is'

l. 2, 'thy' orig. 'his'

v. 3, l. 3, 'will' orig. 'shall'

ls. 5, 6, 'How can I sink with such a prop,
That bears the world and all things up.'

v. 4, l. 2, 'port' orig. 'haven'

l. 3, 'sails' orig. 'wings'

l. 6, 'waves' orig. 'seas'

263.

v. 5, l. 1, 'his heralds' orig. 'vaunt-couriers'

278.

vs. 3, 4, 5, are 6, 5, 4 of the original.

280.

vs. 2, 3, are transposed.

v. 3, the two tetrastichs, parts of different verses in the original, are transposed.

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281.

v. 3, l. 2, 'its' orig. 'her'
l. 3, 'it' orig. 'she'

284.

v. 9, in the Latin, does not belong to the original hymn, but has been added by some one at a later date.

285.

v. 2, ls. 1-4, orig.

'The dead in Christ are first to rise
And greet the archangel's warning;
To meet the Saviour in the skies
On this auspicious morning;'

v. 3, ls. 1-4 orig.

'Far over space, to distant spheres,
The lightnings are prevailing;
The ungodly rise, and all their tears
And sighs are unavailing;'

l. 6, orig. 'his throne'

v. 4, ls. 1-5, orig.

'Stay, fancy, stay, and close thy wings,
Repress thy flight too daring;
One wondrous sight my comfort brings,
The Judge my nature wearing:
Beneath his cross I view the day'

286.

Madan's hymn reads,

v. 1, l. 6, 'Hallelujah, Amen.'

v. 3, l. 1, 'Every island, sea, and mountain.'

291.

In the original v. 2 stands between
vs. 4 and 5.

295.

Part Second, v. 2, l. 5, 'And' orig. 'But'
In the original v. 2, ls. 5-8 come after v. 3.

v. 3, l. 1, orig.

'Beheld, when morn shall waken'

l. 2, 'The' orig. 'And'

l. 5, 'There' orig. 'Yes'

299.

v. 1, l. 2, 'the' orig. 'God's'

l. 3, orig.

'And from the Lamb; a living stream'

v. 3, l. 5, 'fly' orig. 'flee'

310.

v. 3, Nunn's hymn reads,

'May we a good example set
Before them while we're here:
In heaven—what joy, if we should meet
Our dearest children there!'

319.

v. 1, l. 1, 'Saviour' orig. 'And then'

150

336.

v. 1, l. 3, 'lengths' orig. 'length'

v. 2, l. 1, orig.

'Thy dazzling beauties whilst he sings'

v. 4, l. 1, 'hath' orig. 'has'

l. 2, 'babes' orig. 'worms'

341.

v. 1, l. 2, 'thy' orig. 'his'

342.

v. 4, ls. 3, 4, orig.

'Make us meet thy face to see,
Prays our solemn psalm.'

357.

Altered.

363.

Last line of the refrain is added.

380.

v. 1, l. 2, 'tender' orig. 'tenderest'

l. 4, 'fold' orig. 'folds'

v. 4, l. 3, orig.

'Blesséd Lord, and only Saviour,'

415.

v. 1, orig

'Sweet the time exceeding sweet,
When the saints together meet;
When the Saviour is the theme,
When they join to sing of him.'

v. 4, l. 2, 'stubborn' orig. 'wretched'

ls. 3, 4, orig.

'Things of precious Christ he took,
Gave us hearts and eyes to look.'

v. 5, orig.

'Sweet the place, exceeding sweet,
Where the saints in glory meet;
Where the Saviour's still the theme,
Where they see, and sing of him.'

419.

v. 1, l. 5, orig. 'When will our hearts.'
The other verses are quite different.

420.

v. 1, l. 2, 'brethren' orig. 'pastor'

v. 2, l. 1, 'calm' orig. 'good'

l. 3, 'our brethren' orig. 'O God, him'

l. 4, orig. 'His way attend'

The other verses are much altered.

Dox. V.

l. 3, orig.

'Ope'd his heart's pure fount to lave us,'

ls. 5-7, orig.

'Give we glory—

His be glory,

By whose death—whose life, we live.'

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